

THE TRUE
ANTI-PAMELA:
OR,
MEMOIRS
OF
Mr. *JAMES PARRY*,

Late ORGANIST of *Ross* in *Herefordshire*.

In which are inserted,
His AMOURS with the celebrated
Miss P—— of *Monmouthshire*.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

In TWO PARTS complet.

PART I. MEMOIRS of his LIFE and AMOURS.

PART II. Genuine LETTERS of *Love* and *Gallantry*.

*Beware the dangerous Beauty of the Wanton ;
Shun their Enticements ; Ruin, like a Vulture,
Waits on their Conquests : Falshood too's their Business ;
They put false Beauty off to all the World ;
Use false Endearments to the Fools that love them :
And when they marry, to their silly Husbands
They bring false Virtue, broken Fame and Fortune.*

OTWAY.

D U B L I N :
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OF
LONDON
1851



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T O

Dr. G A L E N.

S I R,

OF all Persons on Earth, I think I ought in Justice to dedicate the following Sheets to you. In the first Place, for the many singular Favours I received from a near Relation of yours. Secondly, For your kind Treatment of my Publishers, by threatening to prosecute them for printing my Life, if it should any Way reflect on the Characters of any Person or Persons of your virtuous Family. Thirdly, Your laying in wait for me, attended by a Russian (or Fellow-Companion) knocking me down, and borrowing my Hat and

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Cutteau

iv DEDICATION.

Cutteau (without my Consent) are such Instances of your Goodness towards me, that it will be impossible to erase them out of my Memory; and the many singular Favours I receiv'd from your Relations in *Monmouthshire*, by putting me in Jail (for kissing *Parthenissa*) convinces me that you would be willing to serve me in the same Way, if it lay in your Power, as long as I live.

As for fine Language, or Wit, it must not be expected from me, both for my Want of Capacity and Education; but you will peruse in these Memoirs *Truth*, and that without Disguise.

As for the warm Expressions us'd in the Letters, &c. as most were writ by the above-nam'd Lady, surely you will forgive them, because I was willing to have them printed exactly as they were written.

I own my Want of Education was a great Hindrance in my Amour at first; but I afterwards supplied myself very well with Books, so that I retained several Passages in my Memory, and
used

D E D I C A T I O N.

v

used them as I thought most convenient.

If *Pamela* is a virtuous Character, I think *Anti-Pamela* (alias *Parthenissa*) the Reverse. For *Pamela*, a poor innocent Virgin, withstood all the Attacks of a Person of Fortune; the Reverse, *Anti-Pamela*, is rich, and kept me for her Pleasure several Years, still leading me on with the Thoughts of marrying me, till I was almost ruined, and then she jilted me.

I should have printed it before now, but my Friends might have looked upon it as wrote out of Revenge, for being disappointed, which I do assure you it was not.

I wrote it entirely to set the Truth in its proper Light, without Regard to any Interest in the World; and, I think, I have been very sparing of her Character; as several Persons that are now living can testify.

Sir, as to your saying that the Letters are counterfeit, I entirely deny it; for

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I can

i DEDICATION.

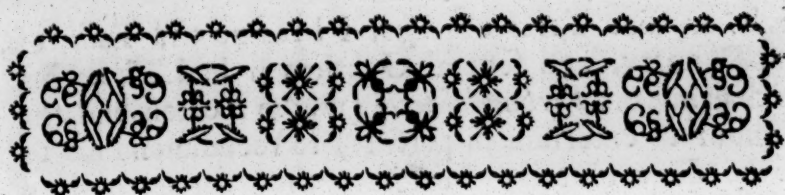
I can bring several Letters that she wrote to divers Persons, to testify they are genuine. But when a lady has once lost her Virtue, she will stick at nothing, how false soever, to make the World believe her virtuous; when, alas! Virtue is from her fled!

I am, Sir, Yours,

(As much as you are mine)

Revenge Pri-
vateer, June
12th, 1741.

JAMES PARRY.



MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE
OF

Mr. JAMES PARRY.



SINCE that nothing but my unhappy Amour with Miss ———, whom I shall hereafter call *Parthenissa*, has obliged me to write these Memoirs, I shall give the Reader some Account of myself from the Day of my Birth, until the fatal Day that I got acquainted with her; and what Evils accrued to me afterwards.

I was born in *Carmarthen, South Wales*, upon *Thursday* the 20th of *March*, 1712. My Father was a Hair-Merchant; my Mother * died when I was young, and not sensible of the Loss of so indulgent a Parent. However, my Father and two affectionate Sisters took particular Care of my Education, by giving me as good as our Corporation would allow.

Nature was very favourable in giving me an exceeding fine Voice; and by the Time that I was

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eight

* Whose Maiden Name was *Lewis*, each Parent being descended from the most ancient Family of their Names in *Cardiganshire*.

eight or nine Years of Age, I became the Talk of the Country, and several Gentlemen had Thoughts of desiring Sir *Richard Steele* (whom I often had the Honour to entertain in private) to recommend me to *Drury-Lane House*; but how they came to drop their Resolution, I cannot determine. I had, at that Time, the Honour of waiting upon the Right Rev. Dr. *Smallbroke's* (then Lord Bishop of St. *David's*) Daughters weekly; I cannot say to teach them; however, to sing Psalms with them; and his Lordship always gratify'd me in a generous Manner.

At twelve Years old I went to *Bristol*; and, after a great many fair Promises from some of the Cathedral, I was bound an Apprentice to Mr. *Nathaniel Priest*, the then Organist. The Dean and Chapter were to allow me Cloaths, and paid my Master the Salary for me, which was twice the Sum that was given to any Boy before me. I had frequently Crowns and Half-crowns given me before I was bound to my Master; but when once I had signed my Indentures, I found them (I mean the Clergy) tired of putting their Hands in their Pockets, excepting Dr. *Harcourt*; that worthy Gentleman was my real Friend.

I was soon famous in *Bristol* for my fine Voice, and People came from all Parts of the City, to hear me sing; and those that did not know me would ask the next Stander-by, *Which is the Welch Boy?* (for that was the Name I was best known by) and some honoured me so far as to add the *Famous* to it. And upon *Sundays* I have known the Choir so thronged, that it has not been in the Sexton's Power to open Pews for the Gentlemen and Ladies.

When a Concert of any Consequence was to be performed at *Bath*, my Master would be sent for, and me along with him; and tho' he was paid for my Performance, he would take Money from me, which had been privately given me by Persons of Quality, &c. Nay he has taken Shillings, and even Six-pences from me; and when I found his Usage to be such, I was fully determined to be even with him,

him, and I own I have had a great many Pounds unknown to him; but it was given me; and I did not care how lavish I was of Money, for I very well knew, if my Master had heard of my having Money, or seen any with me, I was sure to be deprived of it immediately.

By the Time I had been at *Bristol* two Years, I began to be very ill used, both by the Dean and Chapter, and my Master. First, I was informed, that if I wanted Cloaths I might buy them myself, for I had got Money enough to furnish myself. Secondly, my Master would not teach me the Harpsichord, which was the only Thing I ardently wished for. I often complain'd to the Rev. Dr. *Harcourt* of it, and he asked my Master, why he did not teach me to play as well as the rest; the only Excuse that he could make the Doctor was, that Playing would take off my Singing; and that it would be Time enough for me to learn to play, when my Voice was breaking, or broke. The Doctor believed him, but my Master dissembled; and the Reason was this.

He had parted with his own Wife, and went to live with a Widow Woman. She had a Son, whom my Master took an Apprentice for nothing, the same Day that another and myself were bound with Money. This Woman (finding that I got Twenty Shillings to her Son's one) hated me worse than a Quaker does a Parrot, and did (as she had the greatest Influence over him) all that lay in her Power to make him hate me. She carried her Point; for he would by no Means teach me the Harpsichord.

His Complaisance in one Case I will not omit. Knowing my Voice to be so good, and having some Years to serve him, he advised me to be castrated; telling me, that no one could force me to it, the Laws of the Land being severe against such Proceedings; but that if I would give my Consent, there was Dr. *Rouffe* the Anatomist, and Mr. *Sam. Pye* the Surgeon, who would perform the Operation upon me with the utmost Safety and Secrecy; and for that Purpose, there should a House be taken for me up at *Kingswood*; and (added he) you'll ride in

your Coach when you go from me, and be worth Thousands.

I had a first Cousin, a noted Watchmaker at *Bristol*, whose Name was *Lewis*, and he back'd my Master's Discourse ; telling me, if I would consent to be so served, he would give me a Gold repeating Watch worth Fifty Pounds ; and at the same Time, he shew'd me a Chapter in one of the Evangelists, where some Verses run thus : *Some are born Eunuchs of Women ; some are made Eunuchs by Men ; and some make themselves Eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake, they that can bear, let them bear.*

I gave both my Master and Cousin the Hearing, and told them I would consider of it ; so they went out together. Whilst my Master, &c. were talking to me, a young Gentlewoman, of about seventeen Years of Age, overheard them, and the Moment their Backs were turned, she gave me such strong Reasons for not suffering myself to be made an Eunuch, as dissuaded me entirely from it ; that had it been in my Master's Power to have given me Mountains of Gold to make me one, I would have refus'd him, and the first Time I met my Kinsman, I call'd him a canting Villain, and that he might keep his repeating Watch, and be da—d, for that I was resolv'd to part with nothing with which the Almighty had created me. The Result of our Discourse, I imagine, he communicated to my Master, for I heard nothing more upon that Subject.

About *January 1726-7*, *Sir Thomas Grosvenor*, of *Chefbire*, Bart. came to *Bristol*, and after he had heard me sing, sent for me to his Lodgings ; and when I had sung him two or three Songs, he gave me a Guinea, and asked me if I would part with my Master, provided he could buy my Time out : I assur'd him in the Affirmative ; for that my Master did not the Justice he was bound to do, by his not teaching me the Harpsichord. *Sir Thomas* assur'd me, that if he could by any Means have me, I should not want the best Masters of all *Italy*. He sent for my Master, and asked him what he would take for my

my Time, my Master told him, he would not take a Farthing less than Five Hundred Guineas. Sir *Thomas* offered him a very considerable Sum at first, but my Master persisted in the Five Hundred Guineas. Then Sir *Thomas* bid him more, and desired that he would consider of it: so my Master came home, and asked me if I was willing to go with Sir *Thomas*; I assured him I was, and that it was my Opinion it would be better for both of us: *Go when you will,* says my Master, *I will have the Money I asked him.* I went from my Master to Sir *Thomas's* Lodgings, for he had given me Leave to sing to him, or any one he should desire, and the first Thing he said to me was, *My dear Child, I am afraid your Master has no Mind to part with you, by asking such a large Sum of Money; I have offered him what I would not give for any Boy in England, besides yourself; I'll offer him Money once more, and if he refuses it, it will be his own Fault.* Sir *Thomas* (observing Tears in my Eyes whilst he spoke to me) bid me not be uneasy, for I should not live with Mr. *Priest*, let the Event be what it would; so he gave me a Guinea, and bid me come to him every Day.

I was not born to be so happy as to go with Sir *Thomas Grosvenor*, for there came an Express to him the last Night that I was with him; it came soon after I went from his Lodgings, and to my Sorrow, I never saw him more, for he went away next Morning by Break of Day, and the Moment I heard of it, I thought my Heart would have burst; I told my Master of it with Tears in my Eyes, and he (after having stood some Time confounded) said, if he is gone it cannot be helped; but I took Care of the Money Sir *Thomas* gave me, and my Master had but Half a Piece in all from me.

I gave (as you'll find) my Master Cause enough (this Year) to repent his refusing the Money offered by Sir *Thomas Grosvenor*. This Summer, to me was like unto the last; for I had nothing to do but sing, and trifle away my Money.

I got

I got into my Seat one Day sooner than usual: Just before Prayers began, the Sexton brought a young Lady into the Choir, and put her into a Pew that was next to mine. The Lady was about Seventeen; she was the loveliest Creature I had ever seen; I thought her an Angel; no one can judge the sudden Emotions of my Heart at the Sight of her;—I went home sick, and was taken very ill with a violent Pain in my Head, insomuch that I was incapable of going to Evening Prayers: However, the Thoughts of seeing her the next day revived me. As I wished, so it fell out; the Lady was there before me, and my Eyes glutted themselves with looking at her. As she came to Prayers constantly, and sometimes, so I was determined not to be behind-hand with her; and one Day (when there was scarce three besides ourselves) she offered me her Snuff-box, to take a Pinch of Snuff: No Prince did ever receive a Crown with greater Pleasure, than I did the Box; I return'd it to her immediately, making her the best Bow I was Master of. I now thought myself as happy as a Monarch; and every Day, for the Space of a Fortnight, I was sure to be there to beg a Pinch of Snuff, and I was as sure to have the Box given me under my Surplice Sleeve, which I would lay over the Partition of the Seat that parted us.

She miss'd coming to Church two Days successively, which drove me almost distracted; and on one of the Days (being to sing a Solo Anthem) I burst into Tears before I had sung six Words, to the great Surprise of the whole Choir: My Master was resolved to whip me very severely for it, but I was before-hand with him, by running to Dr. *Harcourt*, and telling him, I had heard, just before Prayers began, that my Father was dead. This Lie saved me; the Lady came to Church next Day and I was all alive, and merry; I had nothing now left to do, but (as I knew where she lodg'd) to get into her Company, which I effected in the following Manner.

Being one Day in the College Green, and having some Words with a Boy, bigger than myself, he called me

me a *Welch* Son of a B——b; that Language put my *Welch* Blood up, I own; I flew at him, and a Battle ensued; I was vanquished by a Fall, which bruised my Right Elbow in such a Manner, that I was unable to move my Arm.

This Accident (as it happen'd) I was not sorry for, since it gave me the Opportunity of going to the young Lady's Lodgings (at one Mr. *Symes's*) for a Plaister; I knock'd at the Door, and a comely iniddle-aged Lady opened it: She was so exceedingly well-dress'd, that I was ashamed to ask for Mrs. *Symes*, and was just going to ask her Pardon, under Pretence that I had mistaken the House; she asked me who I would speak with? With Mrs. *Symes*, Madam, says I. Pray step in, says the Lady; so I advanced four or five Steps into the Entry. Mrs. *Symes* (says the Lady) is not at home, Sir; so I made her a Bow, and was going out again; but the Lady, in a Moment, slipp'd her Hand under my Arm, and said, "Pray walk with me into the Parlour; " I saw you out of my Chamber Window, engage " that hulky Boy, and do believe that I can be of " as much Service to you, as if Mrs. *Symes* was at " at home." When we came into the Parlour, she desired me to sit down, then call'd her Maid, and bid her fetch a particular Gallipot from the Closet belonging to her Room; the Maid brought it, and she dress'd my Arm. As soon as she had pinn'd up some Linen about it, she was pleased to say, "Sir, " my Daughter has given me an extraordinary Cha- " racter of your Singing, and if you'll be pleased to " favour me with a Song, I shall desire no farther " Fee from you, 'till I have made a Cure of your " Arm." I thank'd her for the Care she was pleased to take of me, and was going to begin a Song, but was struck with an agreeable Surprize, to see her most beautiful Daughter come into the Room, who (the Moment she saw me) startled, and cried, "Mamma, Mamma, this is the dear little *Welch* " Boy, that sings so charmingly." I now thought myself as happy as a Deity; I sung three Songs, and the

the Bell toll'd for Prayers. At taking my Leave, the Lady put Half a Guinea into my Hand, but I declin'd accepting of it, telling her she had sufficiently paid me, by taking Care of my Arm; but she (resolving I should have it) put it into my Coat-Pocket, and begg'd the Favour of my Company to Supper. " Indeed, Mamma, (says the beautiful Daughter) he shall come, for I'll stay at the College Door 'till he comes out, but I will bring him along with me." The young Lady was as good as her Word, so I went home with her, stayed 'till Supper, sat down to Cards, and there made a Night on't, *i. e.* stayed 'till Twelve o'Clock.

The Reader may wonder how an Apprentice that had not serv'd half his Time, could be allowed to keep such late Hours. To this I answer, my Master (to please the Widow he liv'd with) would not let me lodge in his House, but took a Lodging for me in the Lower Green, at a Woman's, who supply'd the Place of Sexton at the *Guant's* Church. I could keep what Hours I pleas'd, and she would never tell my Master, because I always had Money, and made her several Presents to prevent her so doing. But whether my Master acted the Part of an honest Man, I leave the unprejudiced Reader to determine: However, he cared for me as much as I did for him, as you'll find in the End; and all thro' the Means of the aforesaid Widow. By this Time I got such an Intimacy with the Lady and her Daughter, that (except Prayer and Bed-Time) I was not out of their Lodgings; and the Signs given me by the most charming of her Sex, the young Lady, when to come there of a Morning, were as follow, *viz.* I was to walk in the large Walk of the Green, between Eight and Nine in the Morning; if the Curtains of the Window were close, then she was in Bed; if they were half open, she was going to rise; but if they were quite open, she was surely up, and dressing herself.

No one on Earth liv'd happier than myself, having all my Soul could wish, excepting the Love of my Master;

Master ; but I liv'd better than he did, having the choicest of every thing *Bristol* afforded ; I breakfasted, dined, and supped with the Lady, daily. My Master was at no Expence for my Eatables that Summer ; and if the Ladies went out to dine, I was welcome to any Dainties that Mr. Alderman *Becher's*, and *Thomas Coster*, Esq; Houses afforded, their good Ladies being always fond of hearing me sing.

Being one Day walking with the young Lady, I took the Freedom of asking her of her Country and Family. “ *Femmy*, (says she) I wonder'd at
 “ your long Silence upon this Subject ; you must
 “ know then, that my Papa is a Man of Fortune,
 “ and a great Gamester, well known at *Tom's Coffee-house*, *Covent-Garden*, *London* ; his Name is
 “ *D—g*, and owns *P—t—n*, and *P—t—n Passage*, in *Gloucestershire*, (one *Martin Inman* keeps
 “ it) my Mamma was a Goldsmith's Daughter in
 “ *Lombard-street* ; my eldest Brother *Tommy* is a
 “ Cornet in the Duke of *Argyle's* Regiment of
 “ Horse ; my Papa has lost most of his Estates
 “ among Gamesters, and is among them, known by
 “ the Name of Beau *D—g*. Papa, at last, had
 “ the good Fortune to get an Estate of Colonel
 “ *Percival* in *South Carolina*, about thirty Miles
 “ from *Charles-Town*, known by the Name of the
 “ *Ponds*, or *Weston-Hall*, in the Parish of *Dorchester* ; one Esquire *Skeene* is our Steward there ;
 “ and my Papa has ordered my Mamma and myself, with two young Brothers, *George* and *Ben*,
 “ (who are coming from *Uxbridge*, where they have
 “ been at School some Time) to go over to *Carolina*.
 “ The Ship we are to go in belongs to Sheriff *Jeffreys*, and we expect to sail in about six Weeks.”

This frank Information of her's both pleas'd and troubled me, and she (seeing me not so easy in my Temper as usual) asked me, What ail'd me ? “ You
 “ need not ask me, Madam, (says I) what ails me,
 “ after you have told me of your going to *Carolina*.
 “ If we do go (says she) I hope you'll go with us,
 “ and if you do, you shall live as I do, and have as
 “ much

“ much Care taken of you, as if you was Heir to
 “ Papa’s Estate.” “ That, Madam, (says I)
 “ would be too great a Blessing to expect ; but as
 “ this is an Affair that in a great Degree concerns
 “ my Welfare for ever, I must beg Leave to suspend
 “ giving you my Answer, ’till such Time as your
 “ Ship is just going to sail.” “ Nay (says the beau-
 “ tiful Lady) the sooner you let us know, the bet-
 “ ter ’twill be, because we shall provide Sea-Linen,
 “ and Bedding for you ; you very well know, ad-
 “ ded she, the Respect I have for you, and have always
 “ shewn you. After all, I hope, and persuade my-
 “ self, you’ll not stay behind.”

Now my Master’s ill Usage came fresh into my Memory ; his neglecting to instruct me, and in preferring one before me for the Sake of an ordinary Woman, who was not worthy of it. Then the severe Drubbing-bouts, I unjustly have had for that Boy’s Sake, appear’d fresh to me. And last of all, his refusing some Hundreds of Pounds from Sir *Thomas Grosvenor* for the remaining Part of the Time I had to serve him ; all these, I say, put together, brought no Thought into my Mind but that of Revenge.

His Majesty’s Coronation being fix’d upon the 11th of *October*, I was resolv’d to be as fine as the best, I mean as to a Coronation-Knot, and desired Miss *D——g* to chuse me out an extraordinary one. She comply’d with my Request, and bought me one which cost her Half a Guinea, at Mr. *Tipton’s*, in *Wine-street*. No Boy had (I believe) a handsomer, and I wore it with as much Pride as if it had been a Leek upon St. *David’s* Day. I acquainted Miss, that I was to sing three Solo Anthems ; and she took care to be as fine as the best, having on a rich Diamond Necklace and Crozier, Diamond Ear-rings and Drops, several upon her Fingers, among which one of a single Stone, that cost an Hundred Guineas.

I thought she look’d like a Comet among common Stars, and could not forbear making the following Reflection, whilst in the Choir : Poor *Nat!* (mean-
 ing

ing my Master) little dost thou think that I am going to leave thy Servitude, and that I shall accompany the fairest of human Creatures into a strange World; and I had rather be with her among *Indians* and *Negroes*, than in the finest Palaces with thee. Now I shall give thee Reason to wish, that thou hadst parted with me for the Money offer'd, &c.

This was the last Day that I sung a single Anthem; and notwithstanding what I have said concerning giving my Master the Go-by, I could not determine with myself what to do. But at last he put the finishing Stroke to my Scruples, by taking the other Boy to *Bath* to sing at a Concert, when I myself was sent for by the Name of the *Welsh* Boy. This struck me to the Soul, and I swore by Heaven he should never receive a Farthing Benefit by me after that Week.

Miss *D——g* sent for me, and told me, the Ship was to sail down next Day to *King-road*, and from thence immediately to Sea without stopping; and now was the Time to fix the Manner of my Escape; we contrived it in the following Manner.

As the Ship was to unmoor at the Quay exactly at Nine o'Clock in the Morning, Mrs. *D——*, Miss, three young Gentlemen, woman, and maid-servant, likewise Mr. *Bolt*, who was Mr. *D——*'s Gentleman, were all (and some Friends that went to attend them down the Water) to go in the Long-boat prepared for them; they were to put off at Ten o'Clock. There was a Yaul and four Men to wait for me at Eleven o'Clock down at the *Lime-kilns*, because if I had miss'd Morning-prayers, I should have been detected immediately. Another Caution was, that I should not bring any Apparel 'with me, but those I had about me. The Plot was as well laid as could be wish'd; so after staying till Twelve o'Clock, I went home to my Lodgings, but had not a Moment's Rest that Night.

The next Day (being *Saturday*, I think it was the 11th of *November*, 1727) a great Number came to take their Leave, wishing them all a prosperous Voyage

Voyage (among the rest you may be sure that I was one) and after saluting the old and young Lady with Tears in my Eyes by Virtue of an Onion, I went to Prayers, and they down the River after the Ship.

During Prayers my Heart beat pit-a-pat, and every Limb of me trembled. I sung as if one had had a Dagger at my Throat. As soon as Prayers were over, I put off my Surplice with all the Calmness imaginable, lest if I had been in a Hurry, I should have been mistrusted; and to put a better Gloss upon my Design, I walked in the Green about 15 Minutes in Sight of several who belonged to the Cathedral.

I had on a Fustian Frock with Black Velvet Sleeves, and a White Waistcoat, and nothing else but what I usually wore; so walked out of the Green, and afterwards ran as fast as I could to the Place, where the Men impatiently waited for me with the small Boat. I immediately jumped into the Boat, and they put off in a Moment. After looking behind me a thousand times, we lost Sight of *Bristol*. We did not overtake the Ship (which was called the *Two Friends*) 'till she was in the Mouth of *King-road*. The Merchant (Sheriff *Jeffreys*) was in her, and the Moment I was on board I was beckoned into the great Cabin, where Miss *D——g* was. I was once more pensive, and said, *What signifies my going, Miss? I may as well go back with Esquire Jeffreys in his Boat to Bristol; I cannot be of any great Service to you, and you know I am of Service at the Cathedral.* But she gave me such strong Reasons for going with her, that nothing but main-Force could have prevailed upon me to go back again. She made me stay in the Cabin while she went upon Deck, where was the old Lady, and all of them.

By this Time those that were to go on Shore took their Leaves of every one in the Ship, especially Mr. *Jeffreys*. All the Boats put off, and now I was out of Danger. We did not cast Anchor, but made down.

down the Channel immediately, so that by this Time my Heart was as light as a Cockle.

Our Commander's Name was *Whitefield*; our Ship's Burden was 300 Tuns, and never was a Merchant-man better provided with Provisions. We (I mean our Family) had a large Quantity of Turkeys, Ducks, Geese, common Fowls, and Peacocks; we had likewise a large Quantity of *Gloucestershire* Cheese and Salt Butter. Then, as to Liquors, we had 18 Hogsheads of Bottled Cyder and Beer on board, besides Brandy, Rum, and a sufficient Quantity of Hotwell Water. We had not gone three Leagues before we all fell Sea-sick: Miss, and myself, were by much the sickest; our Sustenance for sixteen Days was nothing but Chicken Broth. In three Weeks we were tight upon our Legs, had Stomachs like Hawks, and to do ourselves Justice, we fetch'd up our lost Time, by eating three or four Meals a Day, and a Supper at Night.

I shall not pretend to write the Ship's Journal, that being entirely out of my Sphere, but shall give a small Account, how (whom I call now) our Family manag'd. As soon as we were under Sail from *Bristol*, Mrs. D——g fell to cutting some Pieces of Check, which she had bought on Purpose to make me some Shirts, so that in a Week's Time I had half a Dozen compleat. She had given Capt. *Whitefield* Twenty Guineas for the Great-Cabin and State-Room. The Mother and Daughter lay there; the Lady's Woman and Maid lay in a little Cabin; the three Youngsters and myself lay in the Hammocks, which we slung and unslung in the great Cabin Night and Morning, before the Maids went to Bed and rose again; Mr. *Bolt* lay in a little Cabin in the Steerage built on Purpose. Thus our Family were exceedingly well lodg'd, and I was put into Commission immediately, *viz.* Steward of the Eatables and Drinkables; there was nothing but what went through my Hands, except the Ship's Victuals and Drink, we having nothing to with that. My chief Business was to toast the Bisket, and butter them for the Lady's Breakfast,

Breakfast, Mifs's, and of Course my own; every one else to manage for themselves. I had a Boy to carry the Tea-Kettle fore and aft; I had likewise the same Boy to feed the Poultry, of which we had Plenty; and I never wanted Hands (as there was eight Transports on board) to pluck my Fowls, and and make them ready for the Pot or Spit; for every one knew, that whoever obliged me never wanted for a Dram, Cheese, Butter, or any Thing our Stock afforded. Now and then, when the Crew wanted a Sea-Pye (which is made of Fowl, Pork, Beef, Bisket, Flower, and Herbs, besides Water) 'twas only speaking me fair, and I would tell them they might dispatch such a Turkey, or such a Goose in the middle Watch of the Night, and bring it, in the Morning, as if it had died a natural Death. Nothing was more punctually obeyed than my Orders; one or other of the Crew would take hold of the Fowl fix'd upon, and thrust a Packing-needle (with which they mend their Sails) into its Ears, and kill it instantly. I was always the first who was made acquainted with the Fowl's Death; then I would acquaint the Lady, who would bid me fling it over-board, upon which the Boatswain, or some of the Crew, would beg it for a Pye. There was no Occasion for twice asking; and by this Means we had half a Dozen in the Voyage. I own I lov'd Sea-Pye as well as any of them, and so did Mifs, after she had seen me eat some, or else the *Jack Tars* would not have had six in their Passage; and they did not dare kill any without my Privity, because I knew the Trick; but indeed they had no Occasion, for I was easily prevail'd upon.

We had a pleasant Voyage for the Space of five Weeks; all the Crew as well as ourselves, alive and merry; our Family spent the Time in nothing but Merriment, and every *Saturday* Night I gave a great Quantity of Rum, Brandy and Sugar (which was bought for that Purpose) to each Mess in the Ship, in order to make Flip to drink to the Welfare of
their

their Wives, &c. We pass'd the Evening at Cards, &c. And now we wanted nothing but to see *Carolina*, which by the Captain's Reckoning was near, or quite up. We saw it in five Weeks and three Days after we left *Bristol*, but the Winds proving contrary, we were nine Weeks before we got to *Carolina* Bar, all our fresh Provision was gone, and brought at last to a Pint of Water *per Diem*, and the Lady was pleased to order a Bottle of Cyder between two each Day, for six Days together, 'till we anchored at the Bar's Mouth. The first Thing the Captain ordered, was a Gun to be loaded, in order to fire for a Pilot: I was willing to hear a loud Report after three Weeks ranging at Sea off the Coast; so while the Fellows were busy about letting down the Anchors, I put about a Hatful of Musket-Balls into the Cannon; I put in some Oakham, and afterwards ramm'd them as hard as I could. The Captain to prevent Mischief, ordered a Squib to touch the Hole, because the Gun was a very peaceable one. The Orders were obey'd, and while the Squib was burning, every Man took Care of himself; when, of a sudden, the Gun went off, and by the Force of the Charge, flung itself backwards, and broke the Carriage in an hundred Pieces. 'Twas the loudest Report that ever was heard from any Merchantman (well it might) and the Pilot said, that the Merchants of *Charlestown* thought us to be a large Man of War: But the Minute we fir'd, the Fort fir'd to the Town, so that we were not long without a Pilot. When we came over the Bar, and near the Fort, our Captain went on Shore to the Fort (as is usual) in order to acquaint the Governor who, and what we were. The Governor (a *Scots* Gentleman) came on board with our Captain, and brought fresh Provisions, Wine, and what most delighted me, *viz.* minc'd Pyes. Miss, the three young Gentlemen, and myself eat, who could eat fastest; and I believe never did Peal of Bells moye with more Regularity than did our Jaws; and had not the good old Lady put a Stop to the Movement of them, by taking

taking away what Pyes were left from us, we should have eat on, perhaps 'till we had brought a Surfeit upon us. She gave each of us a Glafs of Surfeit Water, after we had stuff'd ourselves, to prevent our being out of Order.

That Night we landed at *Charles-Town*, and lay at Colonel *Bruinton's*. By Break of Day I got up, and ran all over the Town, and was very much surprized to see nothing but a Multitude of Negroes, some singing, others dancing, &c. At last spying some Sailors of my own Colour, not a little delighted me, because I did not really know my Way back to the Place from whence I came.

After three or four Days Stay at *Charlestown*, the Family went up to their Seat, which was call'd *The Ponds*, otherwise *Weston-Hall*. The Seat is by much the best in the Province, and is built at the Mouth of the River *Asbely*, which ends in three Ponds. The House is more a Fort, than a Seat, being wall'd in, and having a Battery of twelve small Pieces of Cannon. The Reason of its being so fortified is, that it lies upon the very Borders of the Settlements (between the *Carolinians* and the *Indians*) and they are oblig'd to secure themselves, lest the wild *Indians* should make Excursions upon them; but the Report of a Cannon frightens the *Indians* to that Degree, that they seldom care to come within a League of any Place where any Cannon are planted.

It would be needless for me to give an Account of the Country, being incapable of such an Undertaking. But, to me, the Country was the most delightful in the World, abounding with every thing very plentiful. I lived like a petty King, passing away my Time in the best Families of the Province; particularly at *Charles Hill's*, Esq; Colonel *William Bull's*, and Mr. *Whittaker's*, the (then) King's Attorney General. The Ladies and Families circumjacent to *Charlestown* (and those Gentlemen's Seats before-mentioned) would come to hear me sing, insomuch that every Body spoke of me, and I had handsome Presents made me by several in Paper-Money,

Money, which there is current. But a Curse attended my Happiness here as well as else-where; and in order to let the Reader know in what Manner, I must give an Account what happened at *Bristol*, after my Escape from thence.

My not being at Prayers, the Day we set sail, gave an immediate Alarm to those that belonged to the Cathedral, that I was either sick, or had given them the Slip. The Choristers were sent to my Lodgings, and elsewhere, in Search of me, but to no Purpose; the Bird was flown. The first welcome News my Master had when he came from *Bath* was, Sir, the *Welch* Boy has been absent since Yesterday, and has not been since heard of; and to clinch the Truth of it, a Person assured them, that I was met in the River, and in a Boat row'd by four Men.

My Master storm'd and swore, when he heard the News, but that avail'd him but little. Putting me in the News-Papers would have been of no Manner of Signification, because I was on Ship-board; so that he had no Remedy, but that of fretting; and tho' he did not value me, for the Widow's Sake, when with him, yet he miss'd me, when gone; and as soon as he found out where Captain *Whitefield's* Wife liv'd, he went and bully'd the poor Woman, telling her, he would make her Husband pay 500 Pounds for taking me away, and that an Action should be clapp'd upon his Back the Moment he came home. In short, this and some opprobrious Language, affrighted the poor unhappy Woman to that Degree, that she fell ill, and died soon afterwards. I have often since Thought myself unhappy, for being the Occasion of the Death of that unfortunate Person.

The next Person that was talk'd to, was Mr. *Jefrey's*, the Merchant, it being his Ship in which I went. In short, the Confusion and Noise made about me by the Dean, Chapter, and my Master, was so great, that the Merchants wrote several Letters, by way of *London*, to the Merchants of *Charlestown*, to take me up, and send me home to *Bristol*, by the first *English* Ship that should happen.

Sir

Sir *William Strickland*, Bart. Secretary of War, at the Request of the Hon. and Rev. Doctor *Booth*, the Dean of *Bristol*, likewise sent Orders to the Governor of *South-Carolina*, to take me up, and to send me to *England* by the first Ship that should sail.

These Letters arrived in *Carolina*, the Way above mention'd, three Weeks, or near it, before our Ship, by Reason of our long Passage; and I remember *Charles Hill*, Esq; (the Merchant to whom the Goods on board were consign'd) came on board, and ask'd me a great many Questions. I little thought of returning to *England* so soon as I did; and one Day in particular, I met Captain *Whitefield*, who smil'd and said, *Jemmy*, there's Captain *Jennings*, of *South-Carolina* (a Ship belonging to the same Owners as mine) is bound to *Bristol*, won't you go on board him, and give us a Song? Yes, says I, with all my Heart; so went on board, drank Punch, and was very merry with them. Says Captain *Jennings* to me, won't you write a Letter to your Master *Priest*? Yes, says I, I will, wherein I shall let the Dog know how well I live here; not but I'll send him a Barrel of Rice, and some Rum by the next Ship that sails from hence. I accordingly wrote a Letter to my Master, and gave it to Captain *Jennings*, little thinking that I was to bear him Company into *England*.

I took my Leave of him, wishing him a prosperous Voyage, &c. so took a Yaul, and went on Shore.

Mrs. *D—g* all this while was settling her Family Affairs, and taking Care of the Estate out of the Hands of — *Skeene*, Esq; who took the Charge of it upon him, since the Time that it became Mr. *D—g*'s Property. As for the rest of the Family, they had nothing to do, but to take their Pleasure. Our Diversion was shooting, and riding about the Country; and nothing, this Side the Grave, could be happier than I was, having all my Soul could wish. But, alas! my Felicity was come to a Period in a short Time, as you will immediately find.

The

The Ship that I was to be taken in to *England* was to set sail in four or five Days, and *Charles Hill*, the Merchant, gave me an Invitation to come to his Country-Seat, which was about four Miles from *Charlestown*: I accordingly went there, and agreed to teach two of his Daughters to sing (this was to prevent my mistrusting any Scheme that was laid against me) I likewise some Weeks before had taught Colonel *Bull's* two Daughters, viz. *Elizabeth* and *Charlotte*; so that I thought now of nothing but being established in the Country. But herein I was mistaken, for upon the 22d of *February*, Captain *Whitefield*, and six Men, came to Mr. *Hill's*, laid Hands upon me, and carried me to the Boat, from thence down the River, and so on board the *Old Carolina*, which lay at Anchor about a Mile below *Charlestown*. Mr. *Hill's* Lady shed a great many Tears at my being seized; and my Heart was so full of Sorrow, that it was some Time before I could say one Word, or give my Passion vent; so at last gave a loose to my Passion by calling Mr. *Whitefield* all the Villains, Rogues, and the worst Language I could think of. He seeing me in such an Agony, did all that lay in his Power to make me easy, and then disclosed the whole Affair to me, concerning what happened at *Bristol* after my leaving it, and the Trouble that would befall him if I was not delivered back. As soon as Captain *Jennings* came on board, he told me the same, and bid me not be dissatisfied, for that I should live as well as he did in the Passage. So far he made his Words good. But what added to my Grief, I was put in Irons in the Cabin that Night, and the next Morning the Ship fell down the River, when my Irons were taken off. The Captain (by a Caution given by Mr. *Whitefield*) was apprehensive that I would have jump'd over-board, and so have swam to Shore, had I not been secur'd. He certainly guess'd right; but I was secur'd, and the Moment we came to open Sea, I had my Liberty again.

No Pen is able to describe the Anxieties-I was in ! The Thoughts of going to *Bristol* (a Place which my Soul abhorr'd) and leaving Miss *Winifred D—g*, who was my Heart's Darling, behind me, almost distracted me. Had it been in my Power, I would have given the World to have stay'd with her, whom I thought to be the most beautiful, inoffensive, and the best temper'd young Lady breathing. One Instance of her Good-Nature I can never forget : One Day (when she was at *Bristol*) she came Home from paying a Visit, and having her best Ear-Rings on, I wanted to see them out of her Ears ; she did not Care to take them out ; but I insisted upon it, and in taking them out I lost one of the Drops, which never could be found, and it cost her fifteen Guineas to match the other. The harshest Word I had for losing the Drop, was *Naughty Boy*.

But I was born to be unfortunate, and now did not care what became of me. I often wish'd that a *Spanish Guarda Costa* would come and attack us, and take us any where, rather than to *Bristol* : And I found a great deal of Difference between our Outward-bound and Homeward-bound Passages ; not but that I liv'd as the Captain did.

Having been by this Time six Weeks at Sea, we were by the Captain's Reckoning, in the *English* Latitude. I was the first that spy'd Land, which was the Island of *Lundy*, which stood upon our Larboard-Bow ; and whilst I was eagerly looking at the Island, a great Wave broke over the Head of the Ship, which wetted me from my Head to Feet, and had like to have taken me over-board. The Sea-Water being naturally very warm, made me take but little Notice of my being fluic'd. I did not take my wet Cloaths off so soon as I should have done, which occasioned my Voice's breaking perhaps Years sooner than it would have done.

In a Day or two we moor'd our Ship at *Kingroad* ; Captain *Jennings* ordered a Boat and four Men to go with me, and safely to deliver me to my Master. Heaven knows how heavy-hearted I was, lest I should

should be imprisoned (by the Dean and Chapter, and my Master) during the Remainder of my Time. In short, one might have blown me down. My Master was at Dinner when the Men took me to his House, and one went in to tell him of my Arrival: He came out, where I stood trembling; and look'd sternly upon me, asking me, how I could look him in the Face, after using him in the Manner I had done. I cry'd, but could say nothing for myself: *Well*, says he, *your Voice is breaking, and cannot hold long, and as you have serv'd me in the vile Manner you have done, I will have no more to say to you; stay and dine, and come To-morrow for your Indentures, and you are free to go wherever you please.* I thank'd him with all my Soul, yet did not stay to Dinner, but came the next Day and parted mutually, to my great Satisfaction; for had he taken me again, I should have led a miserable Life, and have been kept entirely in Ignorance.

But after all, was not this an inhumane, monstrous, and scandalous Proceeding, to make such a Stir about me, when Abroad, and to have me brought back from a Country several Thousand Miles distant, where I was respected, and might have done very well, and at last to leave me to my own Disposal? 'Twas such an idle Proceeding, that a reasonable Man would have been asham'd of. However, I was satisfy'd, and had nothing to do with my Master but to get my Cloaths, &c. from him: To that End I spoke to Mr. *Watkins*, an Attorney, who was so good as to get me all my Moveables, except my Surplice (by much the best among the Singers) which the good Widow took a Fancy for, and fitted it up for her Son.

Here I must acknowledge, before I go any farther, that I am more obliged to Mr. Knelm Rogers, the Organist, and to the Rev. Mr. Samuel Rogers, his Brother, for what little I knew of Musick, than to my Master, Mr. Nath. Priest.

As one Misfortune commonly attends another, so it fell out with me; I had not been at *Bristol* above a

Week, but was taken ill of a violent Fever and Ague: I really believ'd it would have finish'd me. After taking a great deal of Bark, and other Slip-flops, I was advis'd to go to the *Bath*, on Purpose to drink the Waters; which I did, and was with that, and other Medicines, soon after cured.

Bath was this Season very full, by Reason of Princess *Amelia*'s being there; and I was of Opinion some Money might be got, so resolv'd to make myself known to that Friend of the distress'd, *R. Nash*, Esq; which I accordingly did, who made me sing in several polite Companies, whereby I got Money considerably, particularly from his Grace the present Duke of *Norfolk*.

The particular Obligations I owe my sincere Friend, Mr. Thomas Chilcot, Organist of Bath, shall never be eras'd out of my Memory; for when I first came to Bath, very sick, and not over-stock'd with Money, I found a sincere and hearty Welcome at his House, and liv'd as he did himself.

The *Beggar's Opera* had been out but the Winter before, so that it had not been acted in the Country. The *Bath* Company of Comedians had Orders to get it up with all imaginable Speed: accordingly, the Parts were written out, but not a Soul of them could sing. What to do they could not think of. They could meet with No-body that could instruct them in the Songs, tho' they had the particular Advantage of having Mr. *John Gay*, the Author, to teach them the Action. Being upon the Stage whilst they were rehearsing, one of the Musicians knew me: He ran and told Mr. *Hornby* and Mrs. *Power* (Heads of the Company) that such a one (pointing to me) could teach the Company the Songs, if any one could; *because* (said he) *he's an old Dab at it.* The Company hearing this, came in a Body to intreat me to teach them; and that they would each of them pay me, &c. which I did in a very short Time, tho' something too cheap.

By this Time my Voice fell; yet I kept the upper Part so strong and clear, that no Person unless they heard

heard me speak) could distinguish it from my natural one. I sung between the Acts, upon the Stage, the first Season, and was allowed a handsome Premium for so doing.

The Bath Season being over, the Company remov'd to *Bristol*. They were as glad of me, as I was of them, so we all went together. Here I had Thoughts of saving my Money, in order to pay my Passage back to *Carolina*; but was inform'd, by one of Alderman D——g's Family, that Miss D——g was drowned in a Canoe soon after I left *Carolina*, which drove me melancholy. It was some Time before I recover'd my Spirits: But was inform'd to the contrary, some Years after, by Dr. *Capel*, of *Gloucester*, when (to my Sorrow) I was otherwise engag'd.

The latter Season coming on at *Bath*, the Company return'd thither! and 'twas to be thought, I was not long behind 'em, having a strong Aversion to *Bristol*.

In the Interim, my eldest Sister (who always had my Welfare very much at Heart) was in *London*, and hearing, by some Family or other, of my being at *Bath* among a Company of Players, she immediately set out from *London*, and came directly to *Bath*, where she soon found me out; and after some persuasive Arguments, took me with her to *Bristol*, and from thence to my native Place *Carmarthen*.

I had not been there long, before my Sister writ to an Acquaintance in *London*, about placing me with some noted Organist there. Mr. *Robinson*, Organist of *Westminster-Abbey*, was the Person spoke to. He, as I heard, writ to my old Master for a Character of me. Mr. *Priest* answered him, that I was wild, roving, and an extravagant Youth, &c. So that Mr. *Robinson* (and no one could blame him) would have nothing to do with me. But Mr. *Priest* forgot himself, when he writ to Mr. *Robinson*; and had he been alive at this Time, I could have published a Thing very much to his Disadvantage. But

I should scorn to do any thing unbecoming a Man, and much more a Christian.

My Sister writ once more to *London*, about putting me out; and Mr. *Francis Rowe* (one of the Gentlemen at the Chapel-Royal, *Westminster*, &c.) writ a Letter to Mr. *Henry Swarbrick* (both of them having been formerly acquainted.) Mr. *Swarbrick* made no Scruple of taking me upon the Terms proposed by Mr. *Rowe*, so was ordered to *Hereford*, and my Sister equipt me for the Journey. I set out from *Carmarthen* the 6th, and was in *Hereford* the 8th of *December*. I soon found Mr. *Swarbrick*, not only a very good Master, but a good-natur'd Man; and had Mr. *Priest* done me as much Justice as Mr. *Swarbrick* did (the short Time I was with him) without Vanity I say it, I should have been as good a Master as any of my Standing. I liv'd very happily at *Hereford*; and whilst under Mr. *Swarbrick's* Tuition, had the Honour to be sent for to sing, to the late Lady *Scudamore* (her Grace the present Dutchess of *Beaufort*) to the Rt. Hon. the Earl of *Coningsby*, and to the best in the Country; insomuch, that I wanted Pocket-Money but seldom: And upon a Horse-Race Time I was sent for to *Shrewsbury*, to sing at a Concert, for the Benefit of Mr. *Morgan*, a Musick-Master. Here I went, as express'd in the Bills, by the Name of Signior *Perini*, a Gentleman lately come from *Italy*. A great many Ladies, &c. thought by my smooth Face and shrill Notes, that I really was equipt for the Opera-House; however, I got some Pieces of Gold by the Bargain, and so return'd to *Hereford*, where I stay'd twelve Months, having had nothing extraordinary that happen'd to me.

After my having stay'd at *Hereford* a Twelve-month, I was preparing for my Return to *Carmarthen*; but that Journey was stopp'd upon my hearing the News of the Organist of *Ross's* Death. This was immediately affirm'd, by the coming over of Mr. *Hill*, a Painter: and Mr. *Swarbrick* advis'd me to go over; telling me, he would write by me to Doctor

Bisse

Bisse (Brother to the late Bishop of *Hereford*) and to Doctor *Morgan*, the Rector of *Ross*. I embrac'd the Opportunity, and on the 8th of *December*, 1729. I went to *Ross*, where I found the Town very much divided concerning an Organist, because there was no fix'd Salary, as is usual, but one had been rais'd by Subscription. However, I made the best of my Way to Doctor *Bisse's*, who instantly assur'd me of his Friendship (he knowing me when at *Bristol* and *Hereford*) and recommended me, by Letter, to Doctor *Morgan*, as an Organist. I waited upon him that Day, who made me sensible, that the Town was divided, and that he would leave the Choice of an Organist entirely to them: And at the same Time advis'd me, to look out for a good Place, where there was a certain Salary. I took my Leave of him, resolving not to make a fruitless Journey, if I could by any Method prevent it.

By the Time that I had been there two Days every one knew my Business; and some of the Inhabitants (who us'd to go to *Bristol* Fairs) remember'd me, and wish'd that I might succeed. Accordingly, the 12th of *December* was fix'd for the Election, at which were present the principal Inhabitants, who voted me in Organist, *Viva Voce*, to the Satisfaction of my Friends; and particularly, to *Parthenissa*, who could not rest, as she afterwards inform'd me, till I was elected; and had sent Messages to Mr. *Nicholas Fisher*, a Chandler, begging, that he would let her know what Time I was elected, and on what Terms. Mr. *Fisher* comply'd with her Request, and she was very much pleas'd.

This young Gentlewoman (who is principally the Subject of the following Sheets) was very desirous of hearing me sing, and had been inform'd by some of the Town Girls, that I was equipt for the Opera-House. She sent for one *Betty Fisher*, in order to accompany her to see me, who at that Time lodg'd at my Predecessor's Widow's, who had taught this young Lady the Spinnet. I was sitting by the Parlour Fire, when *Betty Fisher* and the Lady came in;

and, seeing them well dress'd, made them a Bow, and left the Room, thinking that they had Business with Mrs. *Apperley*, my Landlady.

I went and walk'd under the Town-hall, and had not been there five Minutes before my Landlady called me, and made me soon sensible that the Visit made by the two Ladies, was upon no other Account than that of mine : And (added she) the pale-fac'd young Lady, with the brown Hair (for they were both pale, and dress'd alike) is *Parthenissa* ; she is the greatest Fortune in Town, and that she intended to learn the Spinnet of me, provided she could persuade her Mamma to be at the Expence. But says Mrs. *Apperley*, she is very uneasy at your going out, and would be very much obliged to you if you would favour her with a Song ; and that the young Lady, and *Bet. Fisher* had ask'd her if I was an Eunuch. Mrs. *Apperley* said, she knew not. We have heard, says the inquisitive Ladies, that he was made one in *Italy*, and we'll ask him if he ever was there ; and if he says yes, then the Report is most certainly true. I could not forbear laughing at what Mrs. *Apperley* related to me ; and assured her, that if the Ladies were inclin'd to make Trial of me, they would be apt to find me Man enough for them, tho' but in my Teens. As I was ask'd, I went with Mrs. *Apperley* into the Parlour, and sat opposite to *Parthenissa*, and eagerly gaz'd at her : I observed her to do the same at me. She brake Silence, by asking me to sing. I readily complied ; and, after I had sung her two or three Songs, we went to Cards (the Game was Whisk.) During our playing, I often observ'd *Betty Fisher* pull *Parthenissa* by the Sleeve ; 'till at last *Parthenissa*, with a Smile, ask'd me, *If I ever had been in Italy ?* Yes, Madam, (says I) but I thank my Stars I came Home as safe and sound as ever I was born. My Answer confounded her ; and, after playing three or four Games, her Servant came for her, and so we broke up. After they were gone, my Landlady asked me,

which

which of the two I lik'd best: I gave my Heart the Lye, by telling her, Mrs. *Fisher*.

In *January* I took a Ride to *Bristol*, to see some of my old Acquaintance; and, among the rest, my old Master. He, and the Family (Teeth outwards) professed themselves glad to see me. In *February* following, having Liberty from the Rector and Churchwardens; I went to take my Diversion in *London* for about a Month; and at my Return, had the Pleasure of seeing *Parthenissa*, who assur'd me, she would learn the Spinnet of me, as soon as the Month of *May* came in, her Mother not caring to be at the Expence of burning an unnecessary Fire in the Room where the Instrument lay; and that, when 'twas Summer Time, there was no Want of Firing.

Quis Talia fando temperet a Lacrymis.

Now begins my unhappy Amour with *Parthenissa*, who was the only Daughter of *W——m P——l*, Esq;

As my Amour with this young Lady gave me an infinite deal of Pleasure for several Years; so, on the contrary, it has since given me a deal of Affliction. I heartily wish I could possibly suppress it, in order to remove some Circumstances, which I would be glad (as well for my own Sake, as her's) to forget eternally. But how is it possible to conceal an Accident which has been made publick round the Countries circumjacent? I have lost a good Livelihood, by this unhappy Affair; as you'll find in the Sequel of these Memoirs. Then the Person (whom I ador'd and lov'd as my Soul) had me imprison'd several Months, very unjustly. Most in the Country are, and I firmly am of Opinion, that others will be convinc'd of what I assert. And what Apology could I make to the Publick (particularly those of my Acquaintance, in *London*, *Oxford*, *Hereford*, *Worcester*, *Gloucester*, and the Principality of *Wales* in general) should I be silent upon this Occasion: Especially, since I've promis'd to give a faithful Account of my most minute Actions; particularly, in my unhappy

Amour with *Parthenissa*: Therefore, as it will be impossible for me not to mention it (after having been abused and jilted in so scandalous a Manner) I shall write the whole Amour out in full Length; and tho' I call to Mind an unhappy Affair, which has given me the greatest of Anxieties, yet it will be of some Consolation to me to acquaint the Publick with the barbarous Usage that I have met with from my Enemies, and the villainous Manner with which they have prosecuted me.

May the 1st, 1730. Mrs. P—— sent her Servant (who is related to the Family) for me. She had been at my Lodgings, and some other Places, to look for me, but I was not to be met with. She then left Word, at the *King's-Arms*, and Mrs. K—— assured me, that she had good News for me, for that Mrs. P—— had sent for me, to teach her Daughter Musick. I went immediately; and 'twas not long before we agreed for the Teaching-price. Observing the Instrument to be very much out of Order, and the young Lady not at Home, I took my Leave of the old One, telling her I would wait upon Miss in the Morning. I was punctual; in the Morning I strung and penn'd the Instrument. Miss was, I thought, agreeably officious in helping me to the Crow Quills, and in fixing the Strings; and, amongst other Talk, how I lik'd *Herefordshire*, &c. she ask'd me how I lik'd the *Rofs* young Women, but particularly those I had seen with her, at Mrs. *Morse* the Milliner's. I assured her, that I thought it too hard a Task to judge of Stars in Presence of the Sun; at which she blush'd, and turn'd her Face from me, and left the Room for two or three Minutes; and when she returned, I put her some new Musick, in which she made a very pretty Progress, in a short Time.

Instead of instructing her thrice a Week (as by the Mother's Agreement) I came every Day; and, one Time in particular, she told me, that when Mr. *Apperley*, my Predecessor, taught her, she always had her Mamma, or the Maid in the Room; and,

and, that her Mamma, had ask'd her, if she would have any Body with her whilst I taught her ; but she answer'd in the Negative. Her Frankness pleased me to a high Degree. I spent most of my Time with her ; and I not only thought her Person equal to that of the beautiful Miss D——g (before-mentioned) but her Conversation far more agreeable ; so, in Fact, I fell deeply enamour'd of her.

Mrs. P—— would often ask me to dine and sup with them ; I as often declined so doing, lest the old Lady should be quick-sighted and espy me gazing upon her Daughter ; for, do all I could, 'twas impossible for me to avoid it. In some short Time, Miss ask'd me why I refused to dine and sup with her Mamma, after I had been so often ask'd : *Mamma* (added she) *takes it very ill of you ; and, if you refuse her again, I too will be angry with you.* I thank'd her ; that I did not Care to be so troublesome ; that I would comply with any Request of her's, for that I valu'd her good Opinion more, or as much, as all the Blessings of Life. So from that Time I din'd often with them.

There was no Man living that frequented the House besides myself ; and I often brought the old Lady, what she dearly lov'd, *viz.* News from Town and Country ; and when there was none stirring, I made some : And, to do myself Justice, I never was at a Loss. As the old Lady seldom or never went out, but was constantly smoaking Tobacco by the Kitchen-Fire, there was no one to contradict me : If any of the Visitors (Girls) said any thing contrary to what I before spoke of, they were accounted Liars ; so far was I ingratiated in the Family.

I commonly was there five or six Hours a Day (*Sundays* excepted) and when tir'd of playing, we would often chat upon several little Subjects that happen'd uppermost, with the Freedom of Brothers and Sisters. I grew fonder and fonder of her ; inso-much that I lov'd her as my Life. Indeed, her Looks told me, I was not disagreeable to her ; so that, at length, my Flame became unquenchable :

Yet

Yet I did not presume to discover my Passion to her (knowing the Inequality of our Fortunes) lest I should have been banish'd her Presence for ever. Thus we pass'd our Time gazing upon each other, and there was not any thing agreeable to me, but her Presence. So far had Love infatuated me.

I was obliged to be in *Bristol* the latter End of *June*. The Day before I set out, I acquainted her with the Necessity of being there, and that I should be absent no more than six Days. She appear'd concern'd at my going; and, after recovering herself a little, gave me strict Charge not to keep idle Company, particularly Women: *For (added she) if you do that, Mamma will certainly come to hear it one way or other, and then she will not let you teach me any longer.* I took my Leave of her, promising to pursue her Advice in every Thing, but could not help reflecting upon the serious Caution she gave me. I flattered myself that she had an Affection for me; and, from that Day, I resolved to discover my Passion to her, the very first Opportunity that offer'd. I went to *Bristol*, and after four Days Stay there, came back to *Ros*s. The first Thing I heard at the Place I dismounted, was, that *Parthenissa* was gone to her Brother's in *Monmouthshire*. This gave me a great deal of Uneasiness; but however, her Stay there was not three Weeks. The Moment she came Home, she sent her Maid to inform me of her Arrival. I ran there in an Instant, and found her playing her Musick. As soon as I enter'd the Room, she moved off from her Chair, and came half Way to meet me. I could have sprung into her Arms, as quick as Thought; but, being young and timorous, was fearful lest I should be repuls'd. But my Eyes told her the Language of my Heart, and they received the same Compliment from her bright ones.

Here we reciprocally gave an Account of ourselves, since we had seen each other. She laugh'd heartily at mine; and, at the same Time, gave me a fresh Charge not to keep any of the Girls Company,

pany, especially those of an indifferent Character ; for, if I did, that no People of Credit would Care for employing me. So far I own she was right ; but she had in that (as you'll find she had in every Thing else) two Meanings. However, I protested that I would keep no Girls (especially those of the Town) Company, much less those of ill Repute ; and that there was but one Woman among the fair Sex, that I thought worth while conversing with : Looking wishfully at her, I said, *Dear Madam, you may easily guess what, and who she is ;* with that she took me by the Hand, and begg'd I would make my Words good, which I really did.

Nothing material happened 'till *September*. *Gloucester* Musick-meeting beginning upon the first *Tuesday*, I went upon the *Monday* ; tho' she was far from being pleased with my going there ; and she quarrell'd with me in the following Manner, after my Return, for my going to *Gloucester*. The very Hour I came to *Ross* I went to her ; and after I had given an Account of what top Companies there were, who and who were together, and what the Ladies wore, (being counted expert at that) and the like, Miss took an Occasion to mention the *Welch* Gentry ; then their good Living ; and began to praise *Monmouthshire* : I was of the same Opinion ; then put in a Word for *Carmarthenshire* (my native Place) and here the Quarrel began ; she fell into a Passion, and insisted upon it, that the Gentlemen's Servants of *Monmouthshire* wore better Linen, lay upon better Beds, eat and drank better far than did the Gentlemen themselves of *Carmarthenshire*. I foolishly insisted on the contrary, and told her, no Person that had ever seen the Country would ever offer to aver what she had done, especially for a Truth, as she did. The Word had not been out of my Mouth a Moment, but she took a Mug full of Cyder, which stood upon the Table, and flung it full in my Face, it likewise wetted my Breast, and so ran down to my Heels. The old Lady was so confounded at the young one's Behaviour, that she look'd very pale,
and

and turned herself and Chair from the Table towards the Fire. As for Miss, she did nothing but blush. I took my Hat, thank'd her for the Compliment, so went Home to shift myself; resolving at the same Time never to go near her more. The next Morning I sent a Letter to a young Woman of my Acquaintance in *London*, desiring her to look out for a convenient Lodging for me, as near to her House as could be had. Furthermore, I writ the Reason of my coming up, and that I would most certainly see her in fourteen Days Time. Just as I had put the Letter into the Post-Office, Mrs. P——'s Servant came to me in the Street, and assured me, that her Mistress was in a violent Passion with Miss, for her indiscreet Behaviour to me the foregoing Night; *But pray, Mr. Parry (says she) come to our House; for my Mistress and Miss do earnestly beg you'll come: And they hope you have not mentioned any thing of your Quarrel with Miss, among those of your Acquaintance.* I assured the Servant to the contrary; and at the same Time told her, I never intended to come to their House any more; for that was the only Way to prevent such ridiculous Usage for the future: The Servant acquainted Miss with what I had said. The next Day Miss came to Mr. Fisher's, (a Chandler) and stood some Time in the Shop, before I came that Way; the Minute she saw me she beckoned to me; I went to her: She desired that I would come to their House, for her Mamma wanted me about some Business; *And (added she) dear Mr. Parry, if you have any Regard for me, shew it by coming.* I assured her I would wait upon her Mamma in the Afternoon: Accordingly I went. I presently found that the old Lady had never sent any such Message, so was for going away; *Parthenissa* caught me by the Arm, and desired to speak with me. I went into the Parlour with her; she laid her Hands upon my Shoulders, look'd wishfully in my Face, and said, *Dear, dear Mr. Parry, forgive me for being so silly to fling the Cyder in your Bosom t'other Night; Mamma will hardly speak to me, she is so very*
angry.

angry. I clasp'd her in my Arms and forgave her; not a little proud of the Opportunity. *I shan't be really convinced* (says she) *of your being reconciled to me, unless you stay 'till Supper with me, and play at Cards.* I with Pleasure complied with her Request, and went Home well enough pleased. During all this Time I never ventured to kiss her; which makes me of Opinion, that, 'till several Months afterwards, she thought me really equipt for the Opera-house! But now there happened an Accident, which brought a fresh Quarrel on between us. There came a Letter from *London*, in Answer to that which I had written to the Gentlewoman of my Acquaintance, concerning her taking a Lodging for me. The Person that carried the Letters knowing me to be commonly at Mrs. P——'s, went there, and left the Letter with Miss. She seeing the Directions to be of a Woman's Hand-writing, made no more ado, but opened it: In the Interim I met the Fellow, who told me he left a Frank'd Letter for me with *Parthenissa*. I went immediately up. As soon as she heard my Voice, she ran down Stairs, speaking aloud, that there was a Letter for me in the Parlour; but when we came there, to my Surprise, she pulled it, opened, from under her Apron; telling me, she was quite deceived in me, for that I had a fine Mistress in *London*. *If I have, Madam,* (says I in a Heat) *that's no Business of yours; and I want to know by what Authority you broke it open: But however, I shall leave Orders for the future, to have my Letters delivered into no Person's Hands but my own.* She then begg'd of me, for Heaven's Sake to forgive her, for she would never offer to do the like any more: My Passion was soon over, we were immediately Friends; and as the Person that writ me the Letter is now upon the Town, her Letter shall e'en take its Chance among the rest, and is as follows:

To

To Mr. James Parry, Organist of Rofs, Herefordshire.

“ My dear little *Welchman*,

“ **Y**OUR kind Letter agreeably surprized us ;
 “ for *Dick Ball* not only told us you was
 “ dead, but that you died a Martyr to Love ; and
 “ am glad to find myself deceived. I beg you’ll
 “ make all the Haste you can up here, and insist
 “ upon it that you will make my House your Home,
 “ my Bed shall be yours, and my Bosom your Pil-
 “ low. I have often been a Mistress, but never
 “ was a Lover ’till now ; and had it been my good
 “ Fortune (as it is the unkind fair One’s you men-
 “ tion in your Letter) to have captivated your
 “ Heart, I should have thought myself happy, and
 “ would with Pleasure have flung myself into your
 “ Arms. I am glad to hear you are so chaste, but
 “ am very much of Opinion I shall rob you of your
 “ Chastity the very first Time I am blest’d with your
 “ Company. I therefore conjure you to come up ;
 “ and if you can away with what we live upon, no
 “ one on Earth shall be more welcome. If your
 “ young Lady has not the Fire in her Eyes which I
 “ have, I hope you will leave her, and come to me,
 “ and nothing shall be wanting in me to make you
 “ pass your Time here agreeably ; but I hate the
 “ Thoughts of your young Lady. *Judy* and *Hetty*
 “ desire to be remembered to you ; and should you
 “ prove boisterous, I can assure you, we shall be
 “ apt to cool you. I hope you don’t forget the
 “ Time you broke my China Punch-Bowl between
 “ ye, which cost me two Guineas. Pray lay out
 “ Five or Six Shillings for me in some of your *He-*
 “ *refordshire* Bacon, which I’m fond of, and I’ll re-
 “ pay you with Pleasure. So now, thou lovely
 “ Son

“ Son of *Venus*! I take my Leave ; subscribing myself, with Sincerity,

Your most Affectionate and Sincere

London, Gray's-Inn-
Lane, 27th of September, 1730.

Friend and Servant,

A. H.

Whilst I was reading this Love Epistle *Parthenissa* was playing a Lesson ; of a sudden she stopt, and begg'd that I would promise her one Thing. I wanted to know what 'twas : *I will not* (says she) *tell you, until you swear a great Oath, that you will not only Promise what I shall ask you, but you shall likewise keep that Promise.* I told her, I thought it a very unjust Proposal to have me promise I could not tell what ; if she did but let me know what she designed, I would comply with any Thing, provided it would not prove to be of any Manner of Detriment to me. She assured me that it was so far from being detrimental, that it would be of Service to me. After a little arguing, I swore the Oath she put me ; *Then* (says she) *never answer the London Letter, and never write to that Lady of Pleasure, or to any other Woman, unknown to me.* I clasp'd her round the Waist, and said, *I hope. dear Mijs, if I fulfil your Desire, you'll oblige me in the same Manner. I will not promise you now,* says the fair One ; *but if you'll keep yours, you don't know what I shall do for you in Time.* Being over Head and Ears in Love, I bow'd, obey'd, and left the Room.

All this Time I was obliged to carry myself very resery'd, especially among the Girls, for she had a watchful Eye upon my Actions ; nay, she kept a Spy sometimes.

One Day, in particular, we were talking of the Pictures which I had seen at *Blenheim-house*. After I had given her the best Description that I was capable, of what I had seen, &c. she told me she would produce me a Piece of Painting, that I did not know what to make of : At last there was Six-pence laid

laid that I did. She ran up Stairs, and brought down a Fan (which had been given her by Miss *Alice Clarke*, as she informed me) and told me, that there was the Painting upon it ; *'Tis a Scripture Piece*, says she, *and now let me hear your Description of it*. I look'd at it, and, not knowing the History, said, *Faith, Miss, all that I know of it is, here are two old Men with long Beards ; here is likewise a Woman sitting upon the Earth, by a large Chest, which seems to lie open*. She could not forbear laughing heartily at me ; she took the Fan out of my Hand, and told me, That that old Man (pointing at one of the Figures) was *Laban*, who had pursued *Jacob*, for stealing his Images. *The other*, says she, *is Jacob, who knew nothing of his Wife's having the Images, and opened the Chest, to convince Laban of his Innocence*. That *Woman*, added she, *is Rachel, sitting on the Ground, who had stolen the Images, and hid them under her Petticoats : But I will shew it you in the Bible ;* so ran up Stairs, and brought me down a Bible, opened at the 31st Chapter of *Genesis*, and bid me read the 34th and 35th Verses, which are as follow. *Now Rachel had taken the Images, and put them in the Camel's Furniture, and sat upon them : And Laban searched all the Tent, but found them not. And she said to her Father, Let it not displease my Lord that I cannot rise up before thee ; for the Custom of Women is upon me ; and he searched, but found not the Images, &c.*

I (making myself a greater Ninny-hammer than I really was) asked her what *Rachel* meant by having the Custom of Women upon her ; likewise what those Customs were. Between a Blush and a Smile she said, *If you are a Stranger to those Things now, you will not be so long, I warrant you*. For my Part, I was glad I had lost the Wager ; flattering myself I should get a lovely Prize e'er long from the Winner.

It being now the Depth of Winter, we pass'd away most Nights (especially when any of Miss's Companions, I mean, any of the Town Girls were there)

at

at *Quadrille*, &c. And when we could get any Odds by Betting, let who would lose, we were sure to win, by always going Halves. When the Company were gone, (which was commonly about Nine or Ten o'Clock) Miss and myself were sure to play an Hour or two: And very often the old Lady was forced to come and take away the Cards. But one Night in particular, we were asked to leave off, it being late. *Indeed, Mamma* (says Miss) *we will not leave off, 'till we have play'd two Games more at All-Fours.* This put the old Lady (who was just going to Bed) into a violent Passion; she came and told us, that she would burn the Cards, Music and all, before she would be subservient to any Daughter in *England*; so away she went up to Bed. The Minute she went up Stairs, I was for going Home, telling Miss I would not stay any longer, lest I should incur her Mamma's Displeasure. *I don't care, Mr. Parry,* (says she) *you shall stay longer with me, and I will make Mamma believe you went away as soon as she did.* Upon which she went to the Street Door, unlock'd it, then opened it, and afterwards flamm'd it together aloud; by which Means the old Lady thought me to be gone as soon as she was got up Stairs. The Servant could not avoid being privy to all this, and left her young Mistress and me together in the Parlour, whilst she went to the Kitchen, where she quickly fell fast asleep; Miss and myself sat close by each other. I having my Right Hand round her Neck, and she her Left round my Waist. Our Talk was Constancy in Love, and what not; 'till at length we fell asleep in each other's Arms; to me 'twas a Paradise; and there we were snug enough till Three o'Clock in the Morning, when the Maid awaken'd us by the Noise of the Kitchen Door. She begg'd of Miss to go to Bed, and me Home. They were both fearful of opening the fore or back Doors, by Reason of the skreeking Noise they made, which would most certainly have awakened the old Lady; so that they let me out of the Parlour Window, from whence I went Home, well pleased with the Night's Adventure.

The

The *Christmas* Holidays coming on, Mrs. P—paid me off for teaching Miss, who was to go to *the Hill*, (the Seat of *Jos. Clarke*, Esq;) there to stay with those young Ladies, for six Weeks or two Months; during which Time, (I should say indeed of my being at *Ross*) I created, and undeservedly, a Female Enemy, one Mrs. *Painter*, a milliner. 'Twas thro' the Insinuations of her Husband, who was averse to my being made Organist, he having, a Kinsman that could play upon the Organ. Mrs. *Painter* resolving to have me removed from teaching *Parthenissa* Musick, strove to effect it in the following Manner.

Miss *Bond*, of *Cowberry*, (since married to — *Hanger*, Esq;) being one day at Mrs. *Painter*'s, ask'd, *What News? No great News*, says Mrs. *Painter*; *but if you'll keep it a Secret, I'll tell you some*. Miss *Bond* replied, *If 'tis worth keeping, I will: Why then*, says t'other, *Mr. Tudor the Curate told me, that he actually saw Parry the Organist, and Parthenissa,, walking in the Garden; he with his Hand round her Waist, and kissing her like any thing*. The Story (not worth keeping, especially by a Lady of Fortune) was told Mrs. *Hannah Dew*, a manteau-maker; (those are a Sort of Species that can keep no Secret but their own) she tells it Mrs. P—'s Servant, and she tells it of course to her Mistress; Mrs. P— gave no Manner of Credence to it, because it came from the Mouth of Mrs. *Painter*: However, she sent her Servant to ask Mr. *Tudor* the Curate, whether he really said, (or ever saw any Familiarity between Miss and me) what Mrs. *Painter* averr'd for Truth. Mr. *Tudor* was surprized at so monstrous a Fallacy, and gave his Service to Mrs. P—, assuring her, that, to convince her of his Innocence, he was ready at any Time to receive the Communion upon it, that he never saw me in the Garden with Miss, neither did he ever see me kiss her. Mrs. P— was satisfied that the Author of this Report was none other but Mrs. *Painter*; and to shew what little Regard she had for any thing she should assert, she immediately sent for Miss home from the *Hill*: who, as soon as she heard of

of this lying Affair, sent for Mrs. *H. Dew*; and as soon as they were alone, *Parthenissa* fell upon her Knees, and thank'd her for letting *Pen* their Servant into the Affair, whereby she was clear'd of Mrs. *Painter's* Aspersions.

I was at *Hereford* when this Hurly-burly happened; and when I came home, I was surprized to hear, by Mrs. *P—*'s Servant, (who came to call me) that Miss was come from *the Hill*, for I expected her to have staid above a Month. When I came to the House, Mrs. *P—* inform'd me, that her Daughter should learn of me again, by that Time *April* or *May* was come; but that I was welcome to come there as usual 'till Miss did begin again: *Nay*, says the old Lady, *I insist upon your coming every Day, or else I shall think you are angry with us.* This was all in Despite of Mrs. *Painter*; for if I, at any Time, miss'd coming either Night or Morning, I was ask'd by all the Family where I had been, and what made me so strange? And 'twas some Months before I knew the Reason of the old Lady, and her Maid's, being so uncommonly civil. I was sensible I had taken no Pains to initiate myself into their good Graces; but, on the other Hand, the young One's Idea was always in my Sight.

May the 1st, 1731. Mrs. *P—* brought Miss with her into the Parlour, and said, *Mr. Parry, my Daughter this Day begins to learn again of you; so Miss* (continued she) *follow it close.* I had now Thoughts of nothing but that of discovering my Passion to her, and was grown so excessively fond of her, that I was as restless as a Butterfly, unless 'twas when I was sitting by her Side: And one Day, in particular, she open'd her Bosom, to shew me a small Pimple, which newly broke out; I laid my Hand upon it, and press'd it hard to her Breast; I immediately put my other Arm round her Neck, look'd very passionately at her, and repeated the following Distich, which I had seen in *Ramsay's* Poems.

*Upon your Cheek sits lovely Youth,
Heav'n sparkles in your Eye;*

There's

*There's something sweet about your Mouth,
Dear M—y, let me try.*

I then eagerly embraced her, and 'twas a Minute before I disengaged myself from her ; and was so confounded after I had taken that Liberty, (especially when I saw her Head-Cloaths half off, and her Face confused with a beautiful Blush) that I was incable of speaking to her. So after both walking in Disorder about the Room for two or three Minutes, she broke Silence, by asking me to play a Tune. After I had play'd, I put her to play. And now, finding myself in Raptures, I made my Passion known to her in the softest and most endearing Eloquence, that my mean Capacity would allow. I assured, that from the first Moment my Eyes were bless'd with the Sight of her lovely Person, I had been passionately in Love with her, that my Flame was unquenchable, and that without her, Life would be miserable to me. While I was making Love to her, she smiled, and asked me if I was not ashamed to talk of Love at those Years, being but a Boy, and not out of my Teens. *'Tis Time enough for you* (continued she) *to talk of Marriage, Love, and the like, when you come to be Six or Seven Years older.* That was no satisfactory Answer to me: I made Love to her so incessantly for two or three Days after the first Kifs, that I brought her to this open Confession: *Dear, Mr. Parry, I was as much enamour'd with you, as you could possibly be with me ; nay more. I never would let Mamma rest in Quietness, 'till I had the Man I lov'd, to teach me ; and should you abuse this generous Declaration of mine, you'll be the most barbarous of your Sex.* My Angel, (says I, embracing her) if I thought 'twas in my Power to prove so inhuman, after so generous a Confession, I would this Moment forfeit a Life which I only value for your Sake.

And now was the Time I was made acquainted with Mrs. Painter's Story before-mentioned. She begg'd that I would not let any Body know that I knew any thing of it. The Maid, next Day, being in a very good Humour, told me the same, and desired that I
would

would not mention it to any Body, no not even to Miss. I promised her I would not, and kept my Word with both of them, and never heard any more of it.

Now having open'd our Hearts, we became free and familiar with each other. I often propos'd Marriage to her, and was often answer'd by her, that if I would stay till she was of Age, and that if I kept no lewd Women Company, she would be my Wife, or none others upon Earth. But (says she) I will never marry before I am of Age, therefore you'll not be uneasy, for it will not be a very long while to stay; and my being married to you then, entirely depends upon your Carriage, in regard to the Company you keep betwixt this and that Time.

This Promise was sealed with numberless rapturous Kisses, and I now thought myself more than happy, blest with the Esteem of so beautiful a Creature.

About this Time I had the following Song given me, which she would very frequently make me sing to her in a low Voice, lest the old Lady should hear me.

I.

*BY the Mole on thy Bosom, so soft and so white;
By the Mole on thy Neck, where my Arms would
unite;
By whatever Mole else thou hast got out of Sight;
I beseech thee to hear me, dear Molly.*

II.

*By the Kiss just a starting from off thy moist Lips;
By the Tip of thy Tongue, which all Tongues far out-
tips;
By the delicate up-and-down Jerk of thy Hips;
I beseech thee, &c.*

III.

*By the soft downy Bosom, on which my Soul dies;
By the Downe of all Downs, which I love as my
Eyes!
By your last Thoughts at Night, and the first when you
rise;
I beseech thee, &c.*

IV.

IV.

*By all the soft Pleasures a Virgin can share ;
 By the critical Minute no Virgin can bear ;
 By the Joys that I languish to ask, but don't dare ;
 I beseech thee, &c.*

I commonly embraced her between each Verse ; and whenever I came to the last Line, she would tell me I fibb'd ; for I did dare ask for the Joys that I languished, and that I should have them one Day or other, if I could have Patience, &c.

She thought it adviseable, to prevent our being suspected, that I should go and chat with some pretty Girl ; especially since that she and myself sat so often and so long together. My Angel (says I) I'll obey your Commands in any thing : If you please to name one, I'll manage the rest. Then (says she) let it be *Betty Hughes*, the Mantua-maker ; but you shall let me know when you go and come ; be sure take care you don't love her in Earnest : No, Madam, (says I) I should not, was she *Venus* herself. Thus we parted that Night, pleased with the Thoughts of our Scheme, to keep the old Lady in Ignorance.

One Day (as she informed me afterwards) she asked her Mamma, if she had heard any News of me. No, says the old Lady, I have not. Why then, says Miss, I will tell you some ; Mr. *Parry* is courting *Betty Hughes* ; I would give any Thing to have a Job contrived for her to do here. The Maid upon hearing this, said, she had a Couple of Gowns that wanted altering ; they were looked out ; and accordingly, Mrs. *Hughes* finished them at Mrs. *P*—. When I came there next Time, the old Lady assured me, she thought I had made a very pretty Choice : Yes, thinks I, if you knew all : However, I carried the Jest on for a Month or two, in which Time I lost my Mantua-maker, she going to live elsewhere.

September, 1731. The Triennial Musick-meeting was held at *Worcester*. Mr. *Clarke*, of the *Hill's* Family went there, and would have had *Parthenissa* to have gone with them. She had laid her Commands upon

upon me a Fortnight before, not to go ; I did the same by her, so neither of us went.

In the Beginning of *October*, there was a great Hunting-match near *Ross*. The Gentlemen call'd themselves the *Buck-hunters-Club*. I observ'd one *R—s* an Attorney of *Ross*, among the Gentlemen. How he came to thrust himself among them, to me is Matter of Surprize. To be brief ; the Gentlemen wanted a Ball ; *R—s* engaged to bring half a Dozen young Girls. The Moment I heard the Proposal, I ran to *Parthenissa*, and told her, if she had any Regard for me, she would refuse going to the Ball that Night. Lord bless me, says she, what are you afraid of? You have no Reason I am sure ; I have not danced this long Time, &c. Finding her eager of going, I assur'd her that I would spoil their Sport, by making the Musick drunk ; she eagerly (I ought to say coaxingly) kissed me, and promised never to go again, without my being willing thereto. I gave the old Lady (you may guess at my Reason) some Hints, not to let Miss go ; because I knew several Rakes among the Gentlemen. If so, says she, I am resolved she shall not go, unless my Cousin *D—y C—e* comes for her ; I can't refuse him, being a Relation. I went down the Town, and saw the Girls, who were to be at the Ball, frisking it about like Wild-fire from one's House to the other's. Poor Creatures ! I could not blame them ; I knew Six or Seven, the best Fortunes of the Town, that had never been asked the Question by any Man ; unless as I had done by the Mantua-maker.

I met Mr. *R—s*, he asked me where my Scholar was ; She is at home, Sir, says I. I tell thee what, *Parry*, says he, (with a Face as rough as a Map of *Switzerland*) she is to be my Partner to Night. By all Means said I to him ; I would advise ye to open the Ball by dancing a Minuet with her. Gad, so I will, quoth he. I left him, knowing she had had an Aversion to him, ever since he brought some Gingerbread-Nuts from *Worcester*, and bragg'd that Miss *Clarke* gave 'em to him ; when at the same Time he was

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only asked (by Mrs. *Aspey*) to carry a Plate-full to Miss *Clarkes*, by which Means he slipp'd a Handful or two into his own Pocket. Had *Parthenissa* thought of him as of any other, he should have been d—d as soon as have danced with her, for the following Reason. Immediately meeting Mr. *G—s*, a Surgeon, (whom I had a great Regard for) he asked me, which of the Girls danced best ; *The best Dancer*, says I, is *Parthenissa* ; *G—R—s* designs to open the Ball with her. *He !* says Mr. *G—s*, *a Rock-faced Puppy ! the Girl, is not crazy sure. Well*, says I, *If you'll give me a Bottle of Wine, you shall dance with her. I will*, says he, *upon Honour*. So away goes I to Miss, and insisted upon her dancing with Mr. *G—s*, to refuse *R—s*. *I would as soon dance with a Ragman*, says she ; *and will oblige you in any Thing*. Mr. *Richard C—ke* came about Seven o'Clock for her ; and as soon as the Musick (which was of my procuring, and consisted of a Nailer, a Shoemaker, and a Pedlar) was ready, Mr. *R—s* advancing to *Parthenissa*, and begg'd of her to dance a Minuet ; she refused him. Whilst he was asking another, I tipt Mr. *G—s* the Wink, and her a Nod ; when, to Mr. *R—t's* Surprise, they were upon their Toes in an Instant. *Parry*, says he to me in a Hurry, *dost thee mind that ?* Yes, says I, *and think it comical enough. I ask'd her to dance*, says he, *she would not ; 'tis out of the Frying-pan into the Fire*. I advis'd him not to concern himself about her. Miss and myself often laugh'd at him ; when he little thought of us.

In a Month's Time after, Mrs. *P—* paid me for teaching Miss ; and told me, she did not care that Miss should learn any more Musick till Spring ; because the making of a Fire daily in the Parlour, during the Winter Season, would prove expensive, &c. As soon as Mrs. *P—* had left the Parlour, I observed Tears in Miss's Eyes. I begg'd to know the Reason of her Uneasiness. *How can you ask me*, says she, *when Mamma has but just paid you, and you must not come near me till Spring, and perhaps not then neither ; with that she fetch'd a sorrowful Sigh ; I could not refrain from weeping with her. For Heaven's Sake,*
says

says she, contrive some Way or other to come here often, otherwise I shall be miserable! My Dear (says I) I have a Thought just come into my Head, that shall keep me a Month longer with you, unsuspected by your Mamma. Out with it, says she eagerly, for God's Sake. You was three Weeks, says I, learning some of Gasparini's Sonata's; You shewed some Dislike to the Musick when first I writ it down for you; I'll teach you, in Lieu of that Musick, a Concerto of Signor Vivaldi's; by this Means I shall come to my fair One as usual. Parthenissa liked the Proposal very well, and ran to the Kitchen Door, speaking aloud in the following Manner, viz. Mamma, I was three Weeks learning of an ugly Tune; Mr. Parry does not at all like it himself, tho' he made me learn it; neither do I; so Mr. Parry shall teach me to play one of Vivaldi's Concerto's, instead of the other that I have already learnt, and all into the Bargain. But perhaps, Child, says Mrs. P—, Mr. Parry will not be willing. Yes, yes, Madam (says I) with all my Heart; and I am very willing to teach Miss a newer, and a far better Tune than the last. Well, says the old Lady, do as you will Miss, I will leave it to yourself. The Hearing pleased both Miss and me. So we went on as usual, 'till the other Month was past, when Miss desired me to come there constantly for the future. "For Mamma," says she, does not think of the Expence that she talk'd of before to you; and if she does not pay you for teaching me, I will; for she allows me so much a Year, to do what I will with it." I was easily satisfied, and glad of the Opportunity of being (especially alone) with her; and this Winter I spent most of my Time with her, seldom having any Person to disturb us, except Two or Three that used to come to play at Cards with them.

There was, at this Time, a Gentleman enamour'd of Parthenissa, as well as myself; his Name was Doomf-day, then Batchelor of Arts of Baliol College, Oxon, but now he practices Physick: He gave me to understand that he had a great Regard for my Scholar Parthenissa; and promised me, if I could bring the Mat-

ter about, (*i. e.* a Marriage) I should have Two Hundred Pounds the Day the Ceremony was perform'd. I thought Mr. *Doomsday* deserving a Woman of Fortune, but did not like his Proposal for *Parthenissa* in the least; knowing myself to be very much in her good Graces, I resolv'd to hasten my Marriage with her as soon as possible, because I found Mr. *Doomsday* intent upon paying his Addressee to her.

Two Hundred Pounds to a Person that had had no Engagement with a young Lady, would have been a pretty Sum for conveying Letters, &c. but if it had been in his Power to have given me Two Thousand, I would have reject'd his Proposal. I (to carry on my own Amour) told him I would do him all the Service I could; he, with a great deal of Credulity, believed me sincere: But who to a Rival can be so?

At *Candlemas*, 1731-2, Miss advis'd me to pretend Love to some pretty Girl or other, in order to blind her Mamma, concerning our Amour; "My Angel, says I, I cannot, at this Time, think of any Girl, to whom I can pretend to write." I, says she, *will think of a Girl for you; likewise I will get you a Letter, which you shall copy out, and send her.* I consented of Course, and in a Day or two's Time she inform'd me, that she had thought of a Girl: "She is, said she, a Clergyman of *Worcester's* Daughter; her Name is *Betty D—ne*; she is Waiting-woman to the Miss *C—s of the Hill*; she is a jolly, comely, Sort of a Girl; you shall send her a Letter, and our *Pen.* (for the Maid's Name was *Penelope*) shall carry the Letter to *Betty D—ne.*" "Really Miss, says I, I never writ a Love-letter to any one in my Life; and do assure you, that I am a perfect Novice in the Affairs of Love; and that, dear Miss, I need not tell you." "Well, says she, I will fetch you a Book that has Letters enough in it, and I will chuse one for you to write." With that she went up Stairs, and brought me down a Book, (entitled, *God's Revenge against Murder*) and pick'd out a Letter for me, and afterwards made me write it out, and she sent it by the

the Relation of her's, (I mean *Pen*.) to deliver it to Mrs. *D—ne* (see * Letter, No. I.) at the *Hill*. The Moment Mrs. *Deane* had perused it, she flung it into the Fire, call'd me Block-head, Hobbeydyhoy, and what not. The Servant *Pen*, that carried the Letter, assured Mrs. *Deane* that I had a great Respect for her; and that Mrs. *Deane* in my Eyes was the most agreeable Woman breathing. In short, Mrs. *Deane* gave herself Airs that did not become her; and had she known my real Thoughts of her, she undoubtedly might have had Reason to have been out of Temper. *Pen* came Home, and informed us of the Progress she had made in the Courtship between Mrs. *Deane* and myself; and when Miss and I were by ourselves, I told her it was not right in sending such a sincere Letter to a Girl that I despised: "And, my Dear, says I, I never will write such another to any of the Sex, unless it be to yourself." "Dear Mr. *Parry*, says she, you shall send *Betty Deane* one more, then I will never desire you to write another to any other Woman." I gave her my Sentiments, by telling her it would be but Nonsense; "For the Girl says I, has called me Hobbeydyhoy, for I imagine she does not think me big and old enough for her." "I am fully resolved, says she, that you shall send her one more." Thinks I, when Beauty commands, who can deny? She then brought me the aforementioned Book, and made me write another Letter (see Letter, No. II.) to Mrs. *Deane*; but after I had written it we could not think of a Way to convey it to her: for if *Pen* had taken it, the other would not have received it. But this Week Mr. *Clarke's* youngest Daughter came and made *Parthenissa* a Week's Visit. In the mean time *Parthenissa* informed her how deeply I was in Love with *Betty Deane*; and that I could think of no Way to have a Letter safely conveyed to her. "I beg, says *Parthenissa* to

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" Miss

* These Letters are inserted in a Numerical Order at the End of these Memoirs.

“ Miss *Molly Clarke*) as your Papa is now at the
 “ *King’s-Arms*, that you will write to your Sister,
 “ Miss *Jenny*, and inclose Mr. *Parry*’s Letter to *Betty*
 “ *Deane* in yours, by which Means *Betty Deane* will
 “ have Mr. *Parry*’s Letter by the Hands of Miss *Jenny*.”
 There being no great Occasion for importuning, Miss
Molly writ to her Sister, and inclosed my Letter in her’s.
 I carried it to the *King’s-Arms*, where Mr. *Clarke* was,
 and gave it him, telling him it was from Miss *Molly*
Clarke to Miss *Jenny*. As soon as Mr. *Clarke* went
 home, he gave the Letter to Miss *Jenny*, who read
 over mine, being unsealed purposely; then sealed it,
 and gave it to *Bett. Deane*. She next Day came in
 a violent Passion to *Ross*, and scolded at Miss *Molly*,
 for making a Foot-post of her Father. I being then
 at Mrs. *P——*’s, and hearing her use an innocent
 young Lady rudely, could not forbear giving her a
 harsh Sentence, intermixed with an Oath or two;
 and lo! here ended this sham Courtship.

If Mrs. *Deane* had really been a Woman of any
 Fortune, she might have had some Reason for giving
 herself those Airs. I afterwards begg’d her Pardon,
 and told her the Truth, *i. e.* that what I had written
 to her was only in Jest, &c. The Misses *Clarkes*
 (as *Parthenissa* informed me afterwards) were con-
 cerned for my Passion to Mrs. *Deane*, and were sorry
 she had sent so uncivil an Answer to my Letter; the
 young Ladies pitied my, as they imagined, unhappy
 Case, in loving *Bet. Deane*, and not being belov’d by
 her; but those Ladies (as well as every one else)
 were deceived in my Affairs, until Time brought my
 unhappy Amour with *Parthenissa* to Light.

I was obliged (to so great a Height did our Inti-
 macy reach) to give *Parthenissa* an Account where I
 went, what Company I actually kept, what Money
 I expended; and would very often make me swear
 that I offered no Immodesty to any Woman, since
 the Time I became acquainted with her; and that I
 should not offer any rude Thing to any Woman for
 the future. I, at the same Time, would press her
 to Marriage; her constant Answer was; “ Stay
 “ ’till

“ till I am of Age, and I will be your Wife, or no
 “ Man’s upon Earth ; therefore be patient, and
 “ give yourself no Uneasiness ; Riches shall not
 “ tempt me to be any other Man’s, and am resolved
 “ to be lawfully yours.”

I thought this Declaration of hers so satisfactory, that ’twas some considerable Time afterwards, before I made mention of the Word Matrimony to her.

About this Time (*March, 1732*) to visit her Relations in *Ross*, there came one Miss *Mary Hill* from *London*. This young Gentlewoman had a good Voice, was fond of Musick, and being at the House of a Friend of mine, I had the Opportunity of hearing her sing, was delighted with her Manner of Singing ; and as she knew nothing of Musick, any more than by Ear, I undertook to teach her an *Italian* Song or two. I soon made *Parthenissa* acquainted with it ; upon which she flew into a Passion, and insisted that I should not teach *Polly Hill* a Note more, until she had heard her sing ; nay, she made me swear it. She then insisted that I should go and fetch Miss *Hill*, and bring her to the Organ-loft, and there make her sing what little she learnt of me. Miss *Hill* readily came, and sung two or three Songs ; during which Time I never look’d at Miss *Hill*, lest *Parthenissa* (who kept a strict Eye upon me) should think I had a liking to her, and had much ado in in persuading *Parthenissa* to the contrary ; but she expressly laid her Commands upon me, that I should not teach Miss *Hill* one Note more ; nor be even in her Company at any Time or Place whatsoever : All which Commands, as a sincere or rather foolish Lover, I carefully obey’d.

In the Beginning of *April, 1732*. *M—P—*, Esq; (Brother to Miss by the Father’s Side) sent down an Account of the Death of his Spouse. The poor Woman came of a Family hardly to be match’d again. Her Grandfather was the noted Sir *R—H—ll*, of *D—nb—m* of *Uxbridge* ; her Father robbed a Church in *Thames-Street*, for which he (committing Sacrilege) was condemned to be hanged, but

was reprieved by Queen Anne, and afterwards died in *Isvelcheſter* Goal in *Somerſetſhire*; her Father's own Brother was hang'd at *Glouceſter*, for the Highway. All this I'll prove to be true; by which you may ſay how careful he was to marry into a polite Family. And the Reader will ſee further, before he has run over theſe Memoirs, what particular Reaſons could have induced me to have given ſo juſt an Account of him and his Gang, I mean M— P—, Eſq; The ſame Day that his Wife paid the Debt of Nature, he writ a Letter (which came to *Rofs* upon the 7th) requiring Mrs. P—, and Miſs, to meet the deceased Corps, as Chief Mourners, by Ten of the Clock, at *Monmouth*, upon *Thursday* the 14th of *April*.

This Piece of News ſhocked me; for the Thoughts of being abſent from my Fair One, made me look as diſmal as could a Dead Warrant, had it come for an Execution. As for Miſs's Part ſhe ſeem'd very much afflicted (the Day the Letter came) for the Death of her half Brother's Wife; but conſidering that Death's a Debt we all muſt pay, after I had done all that in my Power lay, to keep up her Spirits, ſhe comforted herſelf, and bore the Loſs with Chriſtian Patience.

I frequented the Houſe in the ſame Manner as heretofore, altho' ſhe would not be ſeen or heard to play any Muſick; and I had the more Time to tell her what Anxieties I ſhould be in, during her Abſence, &c. Dear Mr. Parry, ſaid ſhe, *do not grieve; for as I live and breathe, Mamma and I will not ſtay in Monmouthſhire above a Fortnight. I know 'tis a long while for a Lover to wait; but I fear, after Enjoyment, you will not think a much longer Stay tedious.* I tenderly embraced her, made her firm Proteſtations to the contrary, which very well ſatisfied her.

Wednesday (the 13th of *April*) being come, proved the laſt Day 'till ſome conſiderable Time, that I had the Pleaſure of her Converſation afterwards. I was determined to make Uſe of every Opportunity,
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so spent that Day with her; promising, at her Request, sincerely to avoid the Company of any Women, but those of a good Character. “ If you “ faithfully fulfil, said she, what you promise, “ I will make you Amends by marrying you very “ soon; and I do not in the least doubt, but you’ll “ make up your Defect of Fortune, by making “ the best of Husbands.” I, of Course, promised fair.

I went into the Room where Mrs. P— sat, to take my Leave of her for that Night: but, by Miss’s Appointment, came again a little before Midnight, whistled softly through the Key-hole, and the Maid opened the Cellar, through which I went in, and so up to the Kitchen, where Miss sat unlaced, and almost undressed. The Maid went up Stairs to pack up Linen, &c. for the Journey; so that Miss and myself being some Hours together, the old Lady safe in Bed, we eagerly clasped ourselves in each other’s Arms, embracing each other tenderly; I assuring her of my strong Affection, she me of her Love, and both of Constancy. At last the Morning’s Dawn occasioned our Separation; and, Heaven knows, not without a great deal of Reluctancy.

I came again at Ten o’Clock the same Morning, in order to help them to fix their Portmanteaus, to get on Horseback, and about Eleven they set out. As I was setting Miss’s Foot in the Stirrup, she squeezed my Hand, and softly whisper’d, *Adieu, my Dearest*.

After *Parthenissa*’s Departure from *Ross*, I was as solitary as *Noah*’s Dove; but yet I flattered myself with the Hopes of seeing her soon, and very often despaired of seeing her, and frequently ran up to the House, expecting their coming Home, but to no Purpose, which gave me a great many Inquietudes; and it was some Months before she returned again to *Ross*.

When I found their Stay to be longer than first intended, I was in different Minds very often, whether I had best make a Visit to *Monmouthshire*, or not:

but again considering, that the Mistress of my Wishes had not been gone above a Month or so, I suspended my Journey 'till *July* following, lest my going sooner should be the Cause of raising any Manner of Suspicion.

When I came there, the old and young Ladies expressed themselves well pleased to see me; and the first Opportunity I had of being alone with her, I caught her in my Arms, pressed her to my Breast, and said, "My lovely Angel! How can you be so cruel, in staying here so long, after the many Promises you made me of returning to *Ros* in a Fortnight? My Life, when you are absent, is nothing but a Series of Disquietudes." Mr. *Parry*, said she, I assure you I feel the same Uneasiness, and sympathize with you in every thing. We (added she) should have been at *Ros* soon after my Sister-in-law was buried, but that my Brother has wrote several Letters, desiring us to stay here 'till he comes from *London*, which, by Promise Week after Week, was to have been in "*June*."

The old Lady interrupted us, by coming into the Parlour.

The next Interview we had she shook her Head, and said, "Ah! Mr. *Parry*, the Death of my Sister will be a great Loss to both of us." "How can that possibly be, my Angel, said I?" "My Brother will marry again, added she, and then neither you nor myself will be a Farthing the better for his Estate, especially if he has any Children; and if it had not been the cursed Brandy and Rum, she might have been yet alive; but, poor Woman! she lov'd those Liquors prodigiously, and was fuddled almost every Day; so that it was impossible for her to hold out for ever." I had not been there above three Days before her Brother came from *London*. As I had heard a great deal of Talk concerning this Gentleman, was resolved to make what Observations I could of him. The Moment he alighted from his Chariot he saluted his Mother-

Mother-in-law, then his Sister-in-law, and said, "Dear Miss, I have brought you a handsome Present, 'tis a *Dutch Whelp* that my Servants stole from Niss *N.* of the *Blue-Boar-Inn* in *Holburn* : " 'Twas a Favourite ; my Coachman *William* broke the Collar from off his Neck ; and I assure you, " Madam, I sent my Man *Ambrose* with him as far as *Uxbridge*, nine Days before I set out, and so " I took him up there, and brought him to you." She thank'd him for the Present, and seem'd pleased with his out-of-the-way Harangue. As for my Part, I protest I took him to be *Dicky Dickenson*, alias *Scarborough Dicky*, late Master of that *Sparw* in *Yorkshire*, remarkable for impudent Wit, &c. And as Mr. *P.* could neither taste nor smell, (thro' a natural Deficiency in his Palate,) I could not forbear thinking him to be the *Dicky*, whose Picture I had seen a short Time before, but was soon convinced to the contrary, for I found a great Deficiency here of common Understanding, as well as the Palate. Mr. *Robert Da—es*, an Attorney, asked him (knowing his Weakness) to divide Thirteen Pence Halfpenny, between three People ; which simple Question he could not resolve, 'till 'twas put into his Mouth by one *Will. Edmunds*, a Catchpole. I could give two or three Stories concerning him, by which some would pity his Simplicity, but more laugh at his Weakness. In short, altho' I have given myself this Trouble concerning him, he is not worth my Notice, and have nothing to do to make any mention of his Principles, those being known to most in the Country, especially Bakers, &c. Day-Labourers, and particularly to the Attornies, who have been employed against him. But to proceed. The first Time he set footing into his House after his Journey, I stood by the Kitchen Fire. As he pass'd by me in his Way to the Parlour, I made his Worship a reverent Bow ; he was too busily engaged, to take much Notice of me at that Time ; but upon his seeing me immediately afterwards, he ask'd his Sister who I was : She informed him, that I was the Organist.

ganist of *Ross*, that I taught her Musick, and that I came there to pay her Mamma and her a Visit: "I tell you what (says he to her) Egad these Musicians and Dancing-masters are such damn'd gawdy Fellows, that there is no such thing as knowing them from Men of Fortune." Ah! thinks I, (who heard him all this Time unseen) if that Speech had not come from thee, thy Brains most certainly must have come out.

As soon as Supper was ready, I was ask'd to walk into the Parlour. Whilst we were at Supper, he, in an obscene Manner, thrust his Hand down his Sister's Bosom, and was pleased to handle her snowy Bubbles, as a Bear would have done a Pancake. Then, says he to her, *Egad, Madam, these Breasts begin to look and swell very prettily; I must look out for a Husband for you; it shall be some honest Whig, for I hate these damn'd Tories.* I could with Pleasure (had it been any where else) have beaten his Paper Scull. Miss, as well as myself, was so confounded, that we hardly knew how to look or behave. As soon as Supper was ended, he ordered in a particular Box, to be opened, wherein he kept his Books of Accounts: He then shewed us his Method of keeping them; and added he, *This is the exactest Method in the World; 'tis the very same that the old Dutchess of Marlborough uses.* For my Part, I was soon tired of him, and made it my Business to be in private with his Sister as much as possibly I could; but did not think it adviseable to stay above a Day or two longer there, lest they should mistrust our Intrigue; for, do all we could, we could not help ogling each other: And the Day before I went back to *Ross*, I had the Pleasure of being with her alone for above an Hour: in which Time I earnestly requested of her (if she had any Regard for me) that she would not make any long Stay there, but return to *Ross*. Dear Mr. Parry (said she) *I will teize Mamma every Day 'till we come; but am afraid my Brother will not let us come until my Birth-day is over, which is the 10th of October next. But I will (added she) persuade my*
Brother

Brother to come to Hereford Musick-meeting, and there I shall see what Sort of Women you keep Company with.

“ Dear Miss, says I, embracing her, your lovely Idea is always in my View, be it where, or in what Company I will.” So taking first my Leave of her, and then of the Family, I went back to *Ros*.

In two or three Weeks afterwards, at Miss's Desire, I sent over a Quantity of *Indian* Seeds (which I had had from a Gentleman lately arrived from *Carolina*, and one that I had been acquainted with there) to sow in her Brother's Garden; and, towards the latter End of *August*, I sent the Maid a Letter, which she was to shew her young Mistress; wherein I gave an Account what Time the Meeting at *Hereford* began; that there would be a grand Appearance, a fine Set of Performers; such as Mr. *Grano*, Mr. *Festing*, &c. And farther assured her, that the Town was free from the Small Pox. I went to *Hereford*; my Hopes of seeing her there were frustrated. The Horse-Races being to begin at *Monmouth* the following Week, I was determined to go there; hoping, as she was so near, that I should see her there, with, or (much rather) without her Brother. Accordingly, I went from *Hereford* to *Monmouth*; but, to my great Mortification, she did not come there. By the Time the Horse-Race was over I had been from Home a Fortnight, and all my Cash was gone. I could think of no properer Place to go and recruit, than at *Parthenissa's*, so went over, (being but five Miles from *Monmouth*) and from a neighbouring House, sent for the Maid, told her I had spent all my Money, and that I must beg of her to ask her Mistress for some. *A single Guinea* (says I) *will do the Business*. She said she would, and accordingly left me at the House, expecting her Return with the Money.

I would have gone myself to the House, but that I did not in the least care for the Conversation of the Brother. The Maid return'd, gave her Mistress and Miss's Service to me, and moreover told me,

me, that they desired I would come to see them. Miss's Name inspired me; I went with the Maid Home, where every one express'd themselves glad to see me, especially *Parthenissa* and her Mother. As for the Esquire (who was more proud than fat) he took as much Notice of me as I did of him, which on both Sides was little enough. After I had made mention of what News I was ask'd, I wink'd at the Maid; she knowing my Meaning, call'd her Mistress out of the Parlour, leaving Miss and myself behind. I caught her into my Arms, kiss'd her, at the same Time complaining of her long Stay, &c. "Dear
 " Mr. Parry, said she, for Heaven's Sake, and by
 " all the Affection you bear me, do not stay here
 " any Time; not but I could be with you for ever:
 " My Brother is of a mistrustful Temper, and has
 " asked me already, whether or no you ever kiss'd,
 " or made Love to me in any Shape; all which, you
 " may be sure, I denied." Here we embraced one
 another: "And, added she, I beg you'll not stay
 " now; for, by all that's heavenly and sacred I
 " swear, it shall not be above a Month before we
 " return to *Ross*." We vow'd Constancy and Affection to each other; and hearing somebody coming, we disengaged ourselves from one another's Arms. 'Twas Miss's Mother that came into the Parlour, who told me, that the Maid was in the Hall, and wanted to speak with me. I guess'd at the Business, took my Leave of the Mother and Daughter, expecting to have received the Guinea by the Servant, at that Time not caring to ask for it myself, altho' there was more due to me.

I went into the Hall, where the Maid was: from thence, with her, into the Church-yard, (which lies near the House) where, to my Surprise, she told me, her Mistress had sent me all the ready Money she had, which was but eight Shillings; that her Mistress was sorry she had no more. *Damn the Eight Shillings*, said I, *this will do me no good, for I owe Ten in Monmouth*. However, I was forced to be contented, so went to *Ross*, by Way of *Monmouth*,
 where

where I diverted myself as well as her Absence would let me, 'till *December* following; when, about that Time, *Parthenissa's* Brother got drunk, and, at Twelve o'Clock in the Night, turn'd *Parthenissa* and her Mother out of Doors; and had they not been near some of their Tenants or Neighbours, they must inevitably have been starv'd to Death: So that now Mrs. P—— thought it high Time to return to her own House in *Ross*.

Some Days before this happened (as Miss afterwards informed me) her Mamma took her aside, and told her, she did not think of having me come to their House as often as I had been heretofore, lest People should raise Lies, and speak ill of Miss, as Mrs. *Painter* had done a Year or two before, when Mr. *Tudor*, the Clergyman's Name, was called in Question, without any Manner of Foundation. *Parthenissa* stood like one confounded for some Time, not knowing what was best to say: "At last, said she, I do not Care if he never comes near the House; and when the Spinnet wants to be put in Tune, *Dick Painter* shall tune it: As he has learnt Musick of Mr. *Parry*, it is not to be doubted but he can tune a Harpsicord or Spinnet." "No," says the old Lady, whatever Money I lay out that Way, Mr. *Parry* shall get it, because I am sure he is the properest Person." I dare be of Opinion, that Miss thought so too, as well as her Mother, and was much better pleased with hearing her express herself so, than the old Lady was in speaking so of me.

About the 18th of *December*, 1732, they came Home to *Ross*. Among several of the Town, I went to welcome them Home, but had not the Opportunity of being alone with Miss 'till some Time after the Holidays, because of the Town Girls; who, after so long Absence, visited her daily and hourly; and believe some of them were as welcome to her, as Rain to a parching Climate; but others quite the Reverse. During the Holidays, the Servant came to me in the Church-yard, and said, Lord! Mr. *Parry*,

ry, I cannot imagine what Sort of a Woman my Mistress is; neither do I know what to make of her: Last Night she was uneasy at your staying so long at our House; and this Morning she was wishing that you wou'd come and dine with her. I was chagrin'd at what the Servant had said; and told her, I did not Care if I never came to the House any more. But what I intended by so saying, was with an Intent to know more, if possible, of her Mistress's Temper than I really did. The Servant begg'd of me, for God's Sake, to come to the House as often as ever: Or else (added she) Miss will know that I told you something more than ordinary, and then I shall never hear the last on't.

'Tis to be imagined that one in Love, as I was, did not require a great deal of Entreaty to go to the Place where the Mistress of his Affections was. I constantly attended her, renewed my Addresses, &c. and one Day in particular she spoke to me as follows: Dear Mr. Parry, it will be a good while before I shall be of Age; and in all Probability, Mamma will pay you off one Day or other, and send me to board at Mr. Clarke's of the Hill, or to some other Place; and then we, alas! must be parted. Mamma has been talking to me about it these two or three Days.

This Discourse was worse than Daggers to me; I stood confounded, incapable of making her any Answer. But, added she, if you will court and marry Dolly Dew, or Jenny Birch, I will settle Six Hundred Pounds upon you the Moment my Fortune comes into my own Hands: You shall get Mr. Lewis, or any Attorney, to draw my Promise in Writing; and when I am of Age (for you must not marry any one 'till then) I'll sign the Writing before the Attorney, in the Presence of any other Witness you can confide in; also before yourself, the Girl you make Choice of, &c. But, added she, if you'll marry Dolly Dew, she being a Favourite of mine, I will, besides the Six Hundred Pounds, settle Two Hundred upon the first Child, and likewise stand Godmother to it.

This

This *Dolly Dew* was Mantua-maker, about Seventeen, a blooming, finical Girl, fitter for a Play-thing of her Christian Name, than a Husband. Mrs. *Birch* was an agreeable Woman, something above Twenty-one; and withal, a Woman capable of making any Man happy.

I was angry at *Parthenissa's* Proposal, and said, *Dear Miss, can you after the most solemn Vows and Protestations that have pass'd between us, of Love and Constancy, ask me to make Love to any other Woman?* *Dolly* is a lively Girl, and *Jenny Birch* a very agreeable young Woman; but had they each of them a Million, I would not, was it in my Power, marry either of them. And laying my Hand upon her Breast, I said to her, *Here my Affections are rooted, my Heart is here fixed; I call Heaven to Witness, that 'tis you, and only you, I can love upon Earth; and as I have no Regard to any thing but your lovely Person, 'tis barbarous in you to strive to dissolve the Love and Friendship between us, that has been so long cementing.* She then lean'd her Head upon my Shoulder, and after some Kisses interchangeably, "Well, Mr. Parry, said she, what I proposed to you concerning *Dolly Dew* and *Jenny Birch*, was only to try your Constancy; if you had consented to the Proposal which I offer'd you, I was fully resolved never to speak to you, never to admit you into my Company, never to think of you any more, but with Horror. Since I find you constant, love on, and be happy, as you can wish." I need not mention the agreeable Surprise; I obey'd her Commands, and thought myself very happy.

In the Spring of the Year 1732-3, the Small-Pox broke out at *Ros's*, and prov'd very fatal, so that Miss and her Mother hardly ever stirr'd out of Doors, because neither of them had had it. The old Lady stuff'd all the Windows with Tobacco Dust, in order to keep out the infectious Air. As for myself, pretending to be as fearful as either of them, I carried daily a large Bundle of Rue in my Bosom, and took care to observe the old Lady's Directions, which was
not

not to go near any House that the Small-Pox was in. This Caution of hers gave me an Opportunity of staying Hours in a Day longer than usual at the House ; which exactly fitted my Purpose, wishing for nothing more than I really had, except the entire Possession of her Daughter, &c.

Before I proceed any farther in my Amour, I will relate one Instance of Mrs. P—'s Weakness, &c.

Mrs. P. was a comely Gentlewoman of 56, and formerly had been counted a Beauty. She was thought, by most People, to be a good Christian, was a Communicant, &c. yet her Temper was such, if she took the least Pique against any one, she was for ever irreconcilable : She was conceited to the last Degree, and valued herself much upon reading Histories, &c. and yet I could make her believe any thing. She was of Opinion, that the Northern Lights were particular Signs of the World's being near its Period. If any Light extraordinary appeared in the Horizon, then, to be sure, the North-Pole would be on Fire, and the World was to be quickly at an End. If a Star shone brighter than ordinary, I could, and have done several Times, made her come to the Door, and gaze upon it half an Hour together.

One Day, going to the House, she met me between the Street Door and the Kitchen ; Mr. Parry, says she, *I have got something, that if a Person carries it about him or her, 'twill be a Means to stop any Infection of the Small-Pox : But,* added she, *you must doctor it for me.* I went into the Kitchen with her, and what should this surprizing Antidote be, but about two Ounces of Mercury in a small Vial. This I put into three different Quills, and stopp'd them up with black Sealing-wax. I had one, Miss another, and the third she kept herself. In a Day or two after it thunder'd and lighten'd most terribly ; Mrs. P. and Miss, being always affrighted at such Times, begg'd of me (as if I could hinder the Storm) to stay that Evening there : I comply'd with their Request. There we sat in the Dark, shutting all the Window-shutters and the old Lady diverting herself, as well as she could

could, by smoking, which she did daily, and in no small Quantity ; but being too near the Fire whilst it thunder'd, she heated her Petticoats to that Degree, that the Wax which stop't the quick-silver'd Quill was melted. It got among some Silver she had in her Pocket, and so disfigur'd it, that it look'd like Pieces of new-cast Pewter. She was very much surprized at the first Sight of the metamorphos'd Coin ; and ask'd me, *What could be the Reason of the Money's being so prodigious bright ;* I told her, *It could be nothing but the Thunder and Lightening, which happen'd the Day before.* She believed me, and shew'd the Pieces to Mrs. Morse, a Milliner, and to several others, as an extraordinary Curiosity. I had three Shillings to shew my Companions (as she thought) but took care to rub off the Mercury with wet Salt, so spoil'd the Curiosity. Miss knew, as well as myself, what had occasioned the Alteration in the Money, would not contradict what I had said, but afterwards begg'd me, for God's Sake, *Not to impose upon her Mamma any more, for if once she found me making Sport of her, she never would forgive me : And that is the Way,* added she, *to make us both miserable, by being for ever separated.*

I happened in March 1733, to be at Monmouth, playing at Billiards at the *King's-Head* ; ere a Game was finished, a Woman almost out of Breath, came and enquired for the Organist of *Ross*. She was shewed up to me. After asking her what Business she came upon, she inform'd me, that Mrs. Hunt was dropt down dead, at Mrs. Margaret Seys's. This Mrs. Hunt was an elderly Gentlewoman, of a very good Family, one whom I had formerly been very well acquainted with in *Charlestown*, and other Places in *South Carolina*. I ran immediately to Mrs. Seys's, and saw the Family in Tears upon the unhappy Accident. All the Methods that could be thought of were put in Execution, in order, if possible, to save her Life, but they prov'd ineffectual. Mrs. Seys, her Sister, and others that were in Company with Mrs. Hunt the Day before her Decease, inform'd me,

That

That Mrs. Hunt declared, was she to depart this Life at any Time whilst I liv'd, she would leave me every Thing she died possess'd of, was it to the Value of Ten Thousand Pounds, because I had shew'd her more Civility than any Relation in England; and take Notice, says she, whenever I die, Mr. Parry shall be my Executor. The two Mrs. Seys's begg'd I would take the Executorship upon me; that I would come at Mrs. Hunt's Effects; for, should they be at the Expence of burying her, as the Effects lay in the Hands of the Deceased's Relations, it would be the Means of putting them to great Inconveniencies. I took the Matter upon me without any great Persuasions, and gave immediate Orders for a Shroud, Coffin, Hatband, Gloves, &c. I then set out for *Ros*, where the Premises lay, and secured them for my own Use. As soon as I had done that, I return'd to *Monmouth*, and buried the old Gentlewoman there in a handsome Manner. I got, by the old Gentlewoman's Death, 40 Gallons of Madeira Wine in Casks, 5 Dozen in Bottles, 30 Yards of fine Muslin, 500 Yards of Ribbons, 3 fine Bed Quilts, her Wearing Apparel, 35 Yards of fine Cloth, made of a Mixture of Cotton and Holland, 3 Gold Rings, and a Bond of Forty Pounds Sterling, dated 1731, upon a Gentleman in *South Carolina*. Mrs. *Powel* had the Cloth at her own Price, which was like her Conscience; and that, God knows, was little enough. The Bond I sent over by a *New-England* Merchant, one *John Furney*, Esq; an Inhabitant of *Marble-Head*, but as yet have heard nothing of it. As for the rest, I made away with it in the best Manner that suited my Convenience.

About this Time Mr. *Lewis C. A. Grano*, the celebrated Trumpet, came to *Ros*, and took Lodgings near the Town, for the Benefit of the Air. As it's common for gay Gentlemen to inquire what Ladies there are, who are the best Fortunes in a Town, &c. so Mr. *Grano* enquired at his Lodgings who were the best in *Ros*. They informed him of *Parthenissa*; and as he frequented the Church daily, had an Opportunity

portunity of seeing her often, by Reason of Mrs. P—'s living close to the Church-yard. Mr. Grano, after having pretended to have convers'd with some of the finest Women in the Kingdom, thought *Parthenissa* very agreeable, and was resolved to make Love to her.

I happened to go to *Wigmore*, a small Town the farthermost Part of *Herefordshire*, where I stay'd nine Days. Whilst absent from *Ross*, Mr. Grano writ her a Love-letter, and begg'd the Favour of one Mrs. *Hannah Mann* (whose Brother's House Mr. Grano lodg'd at, as she was acquainted with *Parthenissa*) to give her the Letter. Mrs. *Mann*, willing to oblige Mr. Grano, took the Letter from him, and went to Mrs. P——'s with it, under Pretence of paying Miss a Visit. After a little Chat Mrs. *Mann* gave Miss the Letter; and said she was desired so to do by the Gentleman that lodg'd at their House; and that he was the Person that Miss had seen at Church so often.

Miss took the Letter from Mrs. *Mann*, immediately carried it up Stairs to her Mother, who opened it. Whilst she was reading it, Miss came down again into the Parlour; before she had Time to say any Thing, Mr. Grano, and another Sister of Mrs. *Mann*'s knock'd at the Door, and were immediately shewed into the Parlour to *Parthenissa* and Mrs. *Mann*. After some *Congee's*, *Curt'sy's*, &c. Mr. Grano begged the Favour of a Lesson upon the Spinnet from *Parthenissa*; but she would not oblige him neither upon the Spinnet nor the Flute, which she likewise played on, tho' very much importuned by Mr. Grano, and the two Sisters.

By this Time the old Lady had read over Mr. Grano's Letter; and, in an angry Tone, ordered the Maid to call Miss out of the Parlour, who, no sooner, came into the Kitchen, but her Mother took her up Stairs, and bid the Maid shut the Kitchen Door, to leave the Street and Parlour Doors open, *That*, said she, *the Gentry may at their own Leisure go out as they came in.* Mr. Grano and Company all this while

while stood dumb as Mutes at a Funeral, and finding not any one to come near them, did, as they call it in *London*, take themselves away.

The next Day Mrs *P——* sent for Mrs. *Mann*, and asked her, how she dar'd to bring Letters to her Daughter from any Man. Poor Mrs. *Hannab* made the best Apology she was Mistress of; assured Mrs. *P——* he was a Gentleman of Fortune, &c. *If he is*, says Mrs. *P——*, *keep him to yourselves; you have more Occasion for his Fortune than my Daughter. Pray take his Letter back, and let me see neither his nor your Face near my Doors any more.* Mrs. *Mann*, glad of the Opportunity, took the Letter, went Home, and never after that Time was at Mrs. *P——*'s.

Mr. *L. A. Grano*, soon after, having heard how Mrs. *Mann* had been used, came to speak with Mrs. *P——*. After she had asked him his Business, he told her, he hop'd, as she did not think it proper that he should wait upon her Daughter, she would make no Words about it, nor think ill of any Thing that had past. "Sir, (said she, in a haughty Manner, peculiar to herself) I shall not think it worth my while;" with that she turned from him, as if she had thought him a Beggar.

For my Part, (who had seen Mr. *Grano* in other Counties) I thought him (as most People that knew him did) a pretty Gentleman, a Person that no Woman could dislike, and one that married *Parthenissa*'s Superior, both in Fortune and Family.

When I returned from *Wigmore*, I was inform'd of all that I have related concerning this Affair by Mr. *D—M—*, Surgeon; but *Parthenissa* took no Manner of Notice of it to me, neither did I to her, 'till above a Month afterwards; and when I mentioned it to her, she gave exactly the same Account to me of this short Amour, as Mr. *M.* had done before; And (added she) the only Reason that I did not tell you of it before was, I was afraid it would make you jealous.

Before

Before this Interview of her's and mine, (after the Information of Mr. M——'s) I one Day overtook Mr. *Grano*, in a Walk near *Ross* Church-yard. After some Discourse, foreign to Mrs. P.'s Affair, I told him I was sorry to hear of the cold Reception he met with at Mrs. P——'s; that if he had given me the Letter he had written to Miss (instead of the Person that carried it) he might have depended upon an Answer. "Mr. *Parry*," says he, "I am heartily obliged to you, and wish it had been my good Fortune to have sent it by you, but unhappily, you was not at Home, &c. I am informed (said he again,) that Miss writes a very fine Hand; I should be very much obliged to you, if I could see something of her Hand-writing." That you shall, Sir, says I; so took my Leave of him; immediately went to *Parthenissa*, and begged she would write me out half a Dozen Verses of any Sort that pleased her best. *Pray* (says she) *who are they for?* "They are (says I) for a Gentleman of my Acquaintance, that lodges at Mr. *Mann*'s, at *Old-Town's-Court*." As before hinted, I knew of Mr. *Grano*'s being at Mrs. P——'s, but took no Manner of Notice of it to any one.

Parthenissa very readily went, writ about Fourteen or Sixteen Lines; and the last were upon a Beau's being dress'd at a Looking-Glass. To the best of my Memory, 'twas these:

*Here this vain Thing sets up for Man,
But see what Fate attends him;
The powd'ring Barber first began,
The Barber-Surgeon ends him.*

"Mr. *Parry* (said she, as she gave them me) these Verses suit the Stranger that you speak of." I could not forbear laughing at my perusing of them, made what Haste I could to wait upon Mr. *Grano* with them, who was extremely well pleas'd therewith; and afterwards behaved towards me like a Brother, during the short Time I had the Pleasure of this Acquaintance.

That

That Summer, 1733, *Parthenissa* paid some long Visits at *the Hill*, (the Seat of *Jos. Clarke*, Esq;) I often went into *Monmouthshire* till the Beginning of *September*, when the Triennial Musick-meeting was to be held at *Gloucester*; and resolving to have new Cloaths against that Time, was obliged to consult with her what Colour, &c. to have, as much as if she was to have paid for what I wore. She pitch'd upon a Copper-colour'd Coat and Breeches; and as the Prince of *Orange's* Marriage was very much talk'd of, an Orange-colour'd Waistcoat, laced; For (says she) Mamma will like you the better, because she will think you a Whig. I fitted myself according to Order; and before my Journey for *Gloucester*, I went to see her. She made me solemnly swear that I would not meddle, or salute any Woman, until I returned back to her. I complied with her Request in every Point. I returned from *Gloucester*, in Company with Mr. *Valentine Snow*, the Trumpet, some *French* Horns that belong'd to the Opera, Mr. *Harry Parry*, the famous Harp, and others, who were determined to have a Concert at *Monmouth* Horse-Race; and as we came through *Ros*, I ran up to Miss, and told her, that I was obliged to be at *Monmouth*, because I had promised the Musicians to do them all the Service I could there; she seem'd very uneasy; I embraced her, and swore, that nothing but Death, or some great Accident, should keep me a Day longer than the Horse-Race lasted.

I have observed before, that the Small-Pox broke out in *Ros*, the Beginning of this Year. Whilst I was at *Monmouth*, it broke out at Mrs. *K—le's*, a Widow Gentlewoman, who lived next Door to Mrs. *P—'s*; upon which Mrs. *P.* immediately removed from that Neighbourhood, to one Mrs. *H—n's*, a Milliner, the opposite Side of the Church-yard. This was a great Mortification to me, because as they rented but two Rooms, it was an Impossibility for me to have the Blessing of being in private with Miss, for the tedious Space of two Months.

This Year there was a Troop of the Right Honourable the Earl of *Stairs's* Regiment (but now Lord *Cadogans*.

Cadogan's) quarter'd in *Ross*, and most Part of the Time they lay there, the Honourable *Tho. H—*, Esq; was the Commanding Officer. That Honourable Gentleman was pleased to take a great deal of Notice of me, and made me several handsome Presents: So that (unless 'twas when I was with *Partbenissa*) I was most commonly in his Company. Upon the 29th of *October*, Sir *D. W.* Bart. came to *Ross*, with several others, in order to celebrate his Majesty's Birth-day. After the Dragoons had fired their Rounds, Sir *D.* and others gave them Money, and the Gentlemen crown'd the Evening.

The next Morning I came to the *King's-Arms* Inn, where were Mr. *H.* and Sir *D.* Upon my coming into the Kitchen, Sir *D.* ask'd him who I was. Says Mr. *H.* he is your Countryman, an honest Taffy, our Organist; if you please, Sir *D.* he shall go and give us a Voluntary upon the Organ. *With all my Heart*, reply'd Sir *D.* We went to the Church, where I diverted them to the best of my Abilities; from thence we went down to the *King's-Head* Inn, where we did nothing but carouze, &c. 'till the Fifth of *November*. By that Time Mr. *H.* (not being used to such hard Drinking as Sir *D.* had been) was very much out of Order, he took a Walk out of Town, leaving Orders with the Serjeants, for Firings by the Dragoons. Had not Mrs. *P.* at this Time lodged at Mrs. *H—*'s (where I could have no Manner of Intercourse with her Daughter) Sir *D.* would not have had so much of my Company, indifferent as it was; but as there was an Improbability of being with Miss, I could not leave Sir *D.* by himself, although I was well nigh as sick as Mr. *H.* Sir *D.* was very uneasy at his Absence; I assured him that he was almost dead with drinking; Sir *D.* swore he would write him a Letter, and that I should carry it, which he did, and was as follows.

D

To

To the Honourable THO. H——R, Esq;

SIR,

*M*Ethinks, like Jove, I still here boldly stand,
The Drawer watching my divine Command.
Like Him I thunder, like Him I'm obey'd,
Pomona, Thetis, Bacchus, stare dismay'd,
To see their Cordials make me not afraid.
But yet Dominion has a ghastly Hue,
Ten Thousand Phantoms present to my View,
And all is owing to the Want of you.
Come here, and give me but one gracious Nod,
I'll make you drunk, or you shall me, by G—.

Nov. 5, 1733.

D. W.

As soon as I delivered the Letter to Mr. H. (altho' he was not very well) he could not forbear laughing; he came with me to Sir D. where we staid two Days longer, at the End of which Time he returned towards *Brecknockshire*, so that now I had Time to cool myself.

In the Beginning of *December*, Mrs. P. returned to her own House; every Thing went as I could wish; every Evening I spent there at Cards. The most constant Visitors were Mrs. M—se, a Milliner, and Mrs. *Eliz. Dew*. Our Game, generally, was *Quadrille*. *Parthenissa*, as well as myself, often observed Mrs. *Dew* to look over our Hands, which we not thinking fair Play, contrived the following Method to be even with her. As 'tis the Custom of that Game, after having had Leave (which is not given, if any one of the Gamesters has an Inclination to play *Sans prendre*, i. e. for one to play against the other three) to name the Trump before they call a King, so Miss and myself were sure of calling each other by the following Signs, if 'twas in either of our Turns. The Sign for the King of Spades, the Hand was to be laid flat upon the Table; the Hand was to be clinch'd when the King of Clubs wanted to be call'd; the King of Hearts her Sign would be to stick a Pin in her Gown, under her

her Left Breast : I was to put my Right Hand in my Bosom : For the King of Diamonds, we rubbed either an Eye or a Finger. By this Method I often got spending Money : Had we play'd for a Shilling a Fish, I should have got very considerably.

Nothing very remarkable happened between Miss and myself, 'till *Wednesday*, the 6th of *March*, 1733-4, at which Time I went to Mrs. P—'s in the Morning. As soon as Miss heard me playing, she came and told me she was going to Breakfast at Mrs. *Morse* the Milliner's ; that she would be back again again by Eleven o'Clock, and desired that I would stay 'till her Return. *I'll take a Walk* (said I) *down into the Town, and will be here again by your Return*, and went out about five Minutes before her. I accidentally went into Mr. *Dew's* Shop, a Mercer ; and not having seen one of his Daughters for some Weeks, the Minute she came to the Shop, I saluted her. In the Interim, *Parthenissa*, coming down the Street fronting the Shop, saw me ; I turned about, saw Miss blush, and stood confused for some short Time ; then turned about, and instead of going to Mrs. *Morse's* returned Home again. I was quickly sensible of my Error, and heartily wish'd I had not seen *Dolly Dew*, or at least that *Parthenissa* had not seen me salute her, because I knew her to be naturally jealous, so made the best of my Way up after her. I no sooner enter'd the Parlour, where she sat expecting me, but she shut the Door, and in a disdainful Air, greeted me in the Manner following. *Sir, you love me, don't you ? Madam*, said I, *what Reason have you to call it in Question ?* *Sir*, said she again, *I am glad I have found you out in Time. Find me out !* says I, (pretending to be in a greater Surprise than I really was) *What do you mean, Madam ? What do I mean ?* says she, *Did not I see you kiss Dolly Dew. If you did*, says I, *Where's the Damage ? Is there any Harm in giving a modest Girl of your Acquaintance one Kiss ? A modest one !* says she angrily, *if it had been a modest one, there would have been no Occasion for your*

having

having one Hand round the Slut's Waist, and t'other round her Neck : But what could I expect from such a Scoundrel, Beggar, and Vagabond as you are ?

I must confess, I ever had a great Regard for that excellent Sex, as the most beautiful Part of the Creation, and ever shall think, that of all Follies in Man, there is none more excusable than that of Love : But yet I am, by the Malignity of my Stars, passionate (as well as most of my Country) and could not help, after having received such ill Language, falling into a great Passion, repeating the Words, Scoundrel, Beggar, Vagabond, &c. and, upon her endeavouring to stop me from going away, I push'd her from me, and bid her go to the Devil, so left her, intending never to speak any more to her, or come near the Place where she was. She call'd after me to no Purpose. I went and dined with a *Welch* young Gentleman at the Post-Office ; after Dinner he challenged me to play a Game at Fives with him, with Battle-boards. I accepted it ; and (as my Boards were at Mrs. *Powel's*) sent one *Scott* (a Joyner's Son) for them. He knock'd at the Door, which was opened by Miss. He ask'd her for the Boards, but she told him, she knew nothing of them, and that she desired to speak with me. The Boy delivered me his Message ; I bid him go back and tell her they were in the Parlour Chimney ; that if she did not send them she might keep them, for that I never would come for them. The Boy went again, and brought me one Board, and aloud in the Church-yard told me, that *Parthenissa* would not send the other ; but she desired, for God Almighty's Sake, to speak one Word with me. I guess'd at the Business ; and altho' I was very much concern'd at what had pass'd, yet was resolv'd to put on the Man of Spirit, even as if I had had a Fortune to have commanded one of twice of hers. I went : As soon as I enter'd the Parlour she fasten'd the Door, and, in a Flood of Tears, dropp'd upon her Knees, saying, *Dear, dear Mr. Parry, for God's Sake forgive me for*
being

being so silly and indiscreet, in calling you such scandalous Names, for which I am sorry at my Heart. Stout as I thought myself, here my Courage fail'd. What can't moving Tears of Beauty melt? Love in Gaiety may affect, but Love in Mourning only truly wounds the Heart. I fell at her Feet, weeping as fast as herself, beg'd of her to rise, for (by Heaven I swore it) I forgave her with my Soul. *No, Mr. Parry, said she, I will never rise 'till you swear the greatest Oath you can think of, that you sincerely forgive me.* I then, upon my Knees, wished that the Almighty would strike me with immediate Death, if I did not forgive her with all the Sincerity that one Christian could another; and that I never would mention to her what had pass'd. I then took her up from her kneeling Posture, and begged of her not to fling herself into such violent Passions for Trifles; assured her, that if my kissing of *Dolly Dew* had been so very disagreeable to her, I would, for the future, avoid giving her any Manner of Offence that way, by kissing no Woman except herself. *Well, said she, dear Mr. Parry, for ever hereafter I never will be jealous of you, unless I really catch you in the Arms of another.* After almost an endless Kifs, I excused myself from staying longer, because the *Welch* young Gentleman waited for me in the Church-yard, but she would not let me go, 'till I had promised to return back to her as soon as the Gentleman and I had play'd a Game or two. I return'd in about two Hours: She was fonder of me than ever I had observ'd her to be; for my Part I doated upon her. As we were conversing that Evening, I observed her on a sudden to pause a while; just as I was going to ask her Thoughts, she spake to me as follows: *Mr. Parry, since you have been so good to forgive me what happened this Morning, I will deny you nothing in the World that you shall ask me, provided it is in my Power to grant it. Then, dear Miss, said I (embracing her) give me yourself;*

for there is nothing this Side the Grave, that I so much desire. If you'll be pleased to give your Consent, I will get a Clergyman, Licence, and Ring immediately. Dear Mr. Parry, replied she, it is impossible for us to be married, at this Time, by any Parson whatsoever unknown to Mamma, or my Relations, neither will I by any Means venture at it; but as we love almost to Distraction, I will let you enjoy me; but not before we have read the Ceremony over ourselves; we shall then be Man and Wife in the Sight of Heaven, 'till we have a Conveniency of being so in the Sight of the World: And, added she, we will marry one another whilst Mamma is at Church To-morrow Morning; and I will pretend to be out of Order, lest she should ask me to go to Church with her. 'Tis to be imagined, this Declaration of her's was the most welcome Thing in the World to me, who went home overjoy'd at the Thought of what Treasure I was to possess the next Day.

Their own Servant, who was something related to Miss's Father, was in *Monmouthshire* at this Time, dunning the Tenants, which we were both glad of, and a sluggish Girl officiated for her. Next Morning, (being *Tuesday, March 7, 1733-4*) after thinking every Minute an Hour, I hastened to Mrs. P——'s, where I staid with my Charmer 'till 'twas Church-Time. When her Mother was going thither, she asked Miss if she would go with her; Miss excused herself, by saying she was not well, &c. so had the Pleasure of seeing the old Lady go alone. Now, thinks I, is the Time for my Happiness. I sent the Girl, who was as slow as a Snail, for a Penny-worth of *Scotch Snuff*, at such a Distance from Mrs. P——'s, that another would have gone six Times as far in the Time that she went and came. I immediately lock'd the Street Door, went to the Kitchen, where Miss was sitting by the Fire-side; I took her by the Hand, and led her into the Parlour. Dear Miss, said I, embracing her, now is the Time to make your Yesterday's Promise good; nay, I now will be so free as to insist upon it. She would have deferred it, but

I was

I was too much in Love to be put off any longer, and insisted upon the Performance of her Promise at that very Time ; upon which she ran up Stairs, and brought down a very remarkable Ring (it had been formerly lost by her Mother, for seven Years, and upwards, and afterwards was found in a Dunghill) with which we married each other, reading over the Ceremony, Word for Word, as it is in the Common-Prayer-Book. I need not tell the Reader what happen'd after the Marriage-Ceremony between us ; but before the old Lady, together with the Girl, return'd, I possess'd all that my Soul could wish.

It would have been, after that happy Day, an Impossibility to have found a sonder Couple upon Earth, each of us being discontented when asunder. For her Part she kept a watchful Eye upon all my Actions ; particularly, one Day being at Mr. *Dew's*, she saw me with two young Women at the *King's-Head* Door, and heard me talk *Welch* to them. I saw her Colour change ; she immediately went Home. I knew very well that my being with the two Girls had disoblged her. As I knew them to be of a very good Family and modest, I asked them to go up, and hear the Organ, and see the Church, &c. they readily consented ; and also to let *Parthenissa* see that I did nothing but what I would impart to her, I took the young Women up by the Door, and so to the Church, where I play'd the Organ to them. As we were coming out of the Church, I had a Letter (*See Numb. 3.*) delivered to me from *Parthenissa*, by a young Woman. I took Leave of the young Women. The Minute I perus'd the Letter, went to Mrs. *P—'s*, and into the Parlour ? where I had not been long, before Miss came rubbing her Eyes, which look'd as red as Ferrets with crying. " Good God ! said I (clasping her in my Arms) " what Occasion have I given to my lovely Angel, " to send me such a Letter ? What Reason have I " ever given you to be so disquieted ? " Reclining her Head tenderly upon my Shoulder, she said, " Ah ! did I not see thee with two strange young

“ Women? ’Tis worfe than Death, for one that
 “ loves as I love, to fee thee with other Women.”
 I affur’d her, “ They were my Country Women ;
 “ that I had fhew’d them the Church, &c. out of
 “ mere Civility, becaufe I knew them to be of a
 “ good Family, and modeft Women.” Ah ! faid
 ſhe, “ but thou didſt kiſs them ; I know thou
 “ couldſt not forbear.” “ By Heaven, ſays I, I did
 “ not ; and I do assure my deareſt, that I would
 “ not give a Doit to kiſs any Woman in *Europe* be-
 “ ſides thyſelf.” She believ’d me ; we were recon-
 ciled again.

In the Spring of this Year (1734) Mrs. *P*— quit-
 ted the Houſe ſhe had liv’d at, and took an Apart-
 ment in the Houſe of Mrs. *K*—e, a Widow Gentle-
 woman, who boarded her Grand-children. This
 gave Miſs and myſelf a great deal of Uneaſineſs, be-
 caufe the Children ; who, by their natural Way of
 peeping in every Crack and Corner, might ſee us in
 the Midſt of our Embraces. In order to prevent it,
 I told the old Lady, the greateſt Inconveniency that
 attended their being there, was the Children’s run-
 ning to and fro into the Parlour, &c. when any
 Strangers came there. “ Really Mr. *Parry*, ſaid ſhe,
 “ that’s true ; I wiſh you would contrive ſome
 “ Way or other, to prevent their running in and
 “ out of the Parlour.” Glad of the Opportunity, I
 told her I would do it inſtantly. I then went to the
 Carpenter’s, and had a Button made, which I nail’d
 on the Inſide of the Parlour Door, and call’d the old
 Lady to ſee my Contrivance, with which ſhe was
 mightily pleaſed : But, I believe, if ſhe had known
 the real Uſe of it, ſhe would ſoon have had it knock-
 ed off again. Very often the Servant would inter-
 rupt Miſs and me, by coming into the Parlour,
 when her Abſence would have been more excuſeable ;
 but ſhe could not come in, until I had turn’d the
 Button ; and when I twiſted the Spring Lock, I
 commonly gave it a Damn, which gave her no Suspi-
 cion at all concerning what her young Miſtreſs, and I
 were

were about ; for she would often say, that the Lock was spoil'd for Want of oiling.

I constantly came at Eight o'Clock in the Morning in Summer. If Miss was not stirring I hit the Ceiling three Times with my Cane ; she returned the Compliment with the Heel of her Shoe upon her Chamber Floor. If she did not come down at the first Signal, I always play'd a Running Bass, which was a Signal that I was impatient for her ; and that I could not stay, &c. at which she very often would run down Stairs, without Stays or Stockings, and be with me in that Dress, till Breakfast Time ; then indeed, she always took care to alter her Dress.

During the Space of a Year or two before this Time, a great many People were of Opinion, that Mr. *Doomsday*, A. B. of *Baliol College, Oxon.* (whom I have made some mention of before) paid his Addresses to *Parthenissa*, and that I was the Person who carried on the Amour between them. The Reason People had for suggesting this, was, Mr. *Doomsday* was always talking of her Shape, Air, and amiable Qualifications ; Altho', by his Leave, I was the best Judge of her Perfections, as well as Imperfections. Mr. *Doomsday* was always fond of my Company ; and, if any one whatsoever spoke disrespectfully of me, he would be the first to vindicate me, let the Cause be good, bad, or indifferent.

All this gave the Inhabitants strong Reasons to believe, that a Match was on Foot, as I have mentioned before, and the Report reach'd the Ears of the Wife of T—J—. This honest Woman was related to *Parthenissa*, had a hopeful young Gentleman to her Son, whom, if possible, she intended should espouse *Parthenissa* ; so that she was under a deep Concern, lest Mr. *Doomsday* should marry Miss, unknown to her Mother. Mrs. J—, who could handle a Scuer by far better than a Pen, was fully resolv'd to write *Parthenissa* a Letter. She sent her one by *Margaret Morgan*, a neighbouring Flax-Dresser's Wife, and ordered her to give it Miss in Presence of her Mother. The Woman brought the

Letter to *Ross*, and deliver'd it according to the Directions given her ; and, after regaling herself, &c. she return'd to *Monmouthshire* ; but whether she carry'd back an Answer or no I am at a Loss to determine. Mrs. *P*— ask'd Miss the Purport of the Letter ; Miss read it to her : Next Morning it was imparted to me. To the best of my Memory, 'twas as follows :

Dear Miss,

“ I AM inform'd, there is one Mr. *Doomsday*, a
 “ Lawyer's Son, that pays his Respects to you.
 “ The Persons that inform'd me of it, said, they
 “ were positive of it : and that your Mamma is no
 “ way acquainted with it. I therefore beg your
 “ Answer by the Bearer, whether there is any thing
 “ in the Report or no ; and you must not be angry
 “ with me, if I write to your Mamma about it. I
 “ am sure if you carry on this Intrigue, and marry
 “ without your Friends Consent, your Brother will
 “ never leave you a Farthing's worth of any Thing
 “ that he is possess'd of. I beg you'll favour me with
 “ a Line, by *Margaret Morgan*. My Respects to
 “ your Mamma : and am really your Friend and Kins-
 “ woman.

Penrose, May
the 1734.

E— J—.

P. S. I am well inform'd, that the Person who carries Letters between you, is a young Man that comes very often to your House, so would have you consider what you are about.

This Letter was dictated (as Miss and myself imagin'd) by the Husband. As I only retain'd it by Memory, I hope Mrs *J*—will excuse the Spelling Part, it being impossible for me to give it Letter for Letter, by Reason of my not having the Original. Be that as it will, I was very much concern'd at the Curiosity of the good Woman, because I thought 'twould prove of ill Consequence to me.

Parthenissa

Parthenissa assur'd me, her Mamma took no Manner of Notice of the Letter, well knowing that there was nothing of Truth in what J—'s Wife had written. But I was the supposed Person that carried the Letters too and fro. And, added Miss, *Mamma will send her an Answer ; and will beg the Favour of her to mind her own Business ; Mamma says, I am capable enough of taking care of myself ; if I was not, she should not take Mrs. J—'s Advice in managing of me, &c.*

If my Memory fails me not, Mrs. P— did write to *Monmouthshire*, but to the Purport I am entirely a Stranger.

The latter End of *July* (1734) one Mrs. H— of *Putley*, in *Herefordshire*, a near Relation of Mrs. P—'s, with her two Daughters, came to pay Mrs. P— and Miss a Visit of four or five Weeks ; during which Time, I thought myself very unhappy in being debarr'd Miss's Company (I mean alone) but when the Visitors return'd, was as happy with her, as I us'd to have been before their coming.

I was very often (this Year) oblig'd to go to *Monmouth, Hereford, Gloucester, &c.* but before I'd set out for either of those Places, I always went to take my Leave of her : at which Times she would put a Piece of Gold into my Breeches Pocket. This was with an Intent that I should keep her lovely Idea always in my Sight ; and that I should not even in my Thoughts, stray from her, nor offer any Immodesty to any Woman whatsoever. Whenever I came off my Journey, I always return'd her the Piece of Gold, which she kept till my next ride out. This Piece of Gold, with two more, were found in the Rafter's of an old House of her Father's. It was struck in the Reign of King *Henry* the VIth. or VIIth. and on the one Side is represented *Michael*, the Archangel, treading the Serpent under Foot, and piercing him with a Spear. On the reverse, is a Ship at Sea, having the Arms of *England* struck in the Shrouds. A farther Description of the Piece may be seen in *Rapin de Thoyras's*

Tboyras's History of England, translated by the Rev. Mr. *Tindal*, Rector of *Waltham*, in *Essex*.

Upon the 2d of *August*, I went, as usual, to *Parthenissa*; and to my very great Surprise, found her in Tears. 'My lovely Angel, said I, what is it that has mov'd thee into Tears? Alas! said she, with a sorrowful Sigh, if what I heard this Day be true, I am the most miserable Creature upon the Earth.' For Heaven's Sake' said I, my lovely Angel, do not torture me by Delay, in not telling what has ruffled thy Temper. Well, says she, since you will know, you shall; Mrs. *M*—call'd upon me Yesterday, and begg'd I would take a Walk with her as far as Mr. *K*—'s Summer-house. We had no sooner reach'd Parsonage-Fields, but she told me, If I would promise not to mention what she should say to me, she would tell me a Secret. I promis'd her I would not discover any thing that she should tell me. Why then, say Mrs. *M*—, I have been inform'd, that Mr. *Parry* has said in open Company, he could marry you when he pleas'd, but that he did not like you. Who told you so? says I to her: Mrs. *M*—told me I should hear more of the Matter, when she had spoke with the People that mention'd it to her. I told Mrs. *M*— I could not believe it. She assur'd me, she heard it; so we came Home together. She did not stay long with me, and here I have been crying almost ever since.'

This melancholy and false Piece of News almost thunder-struck me; insomuch that I was for some considerable Time incapable of speaking, especially to see her burst out into Tears afresh, leaning her Head on my Bosom. After recovering myself a little, I sat down upon a Chair, with her upon my Lap. 'Dost thou, my Angel, said I, think that I ever could harbour such a Thought of thee, or ever said any such Thing of thee? I, who love thee as my Soul, and art dearer to me than my Eyes; dost thou, my Dearest, imagine, that one who is as constant to thee as the swelling Tides are to the Moon, could be so base to mention so vile an Expression of thee?

‘ thee? No, my Angel, I never said any such Thing,
 ‘ and, if you can find out by Mrs. M—, the Author
 ‘ of so vile a Fallacy, I’ll be damn’d if I don’t do my-
 ‘ self Justice. by being reveng’d upon him or her,
 ‘ let it be whom it will.’ ‘ My dear *Jemmy*, said
 ‘ she, do not put thyself into a Passion, for I never
 ‘ will, neither can I think thee so silly, to mention
 ‘ me in a degrading Manner, even among your most
 ‘ intimate Friends and Acquaintance. But, added
 ‘ she, don’t speak a Word of this Affair to any one
 ‘ breathing, lest it should come to Mamma’s Ears,
 ‘ then we shall be undone for ever.’ I promis’d *Par-*
thenissa I never would; and she in the Interim, ex-
 pected to hear something more of the false Report,
 by Mrs. M—; but, to my Knowledge, she never did.
 For my Part, I never could find out the Monster that
 invented the Lye. I told it Mrs. M—, and have too
 good an Opinion of her, to think that she invented
 it. But, however, to put a Gloss upon our Amour, or
 any false Report that might for the future, arief, *Par-*
thenissa advis’d me to visit Mrs. J— B—, a Milliner,
 by which Means People would quickly surmise that I
 courted her; ‘ So that says *Parthenissa*, ’twill blind
 ‘ Mamma, and I shall always have the Pleasure, till
 ‘ we are lawfully married, to have thee, with me.’

I thought what she had said carried a great deal
 of Reason with it. According to her Desire, I often
 went to Mrs. B—’s; and in a very little Time, her
 Father was really uneasy, for Fear of my marrying
 his Daughter, or something else; and, ’was the O-
 pinion of several, that I courted her. Mrs. P— firm-
 ly believ’d the Thing to be Fact, and has said to
 Mrs. B— and myself, that we should be an a-
 greeable Couple, and that she would with Pleasure
 give us our Wedding Dinner. Miss told her Mam-
 ma, that she hop’d to be at the Wedding: ‘ With
 ‘ all my Heart, says the old Lady; I will give them
 ‘ their Dinner, which shall consist of half a Dozen
 ‘ Dishes of Meat (she then nam’d them) besides Pies,
 ‘ Puddings, &c.’ At which Mrs. B— would say,
 ‘ Lord,

‘ Lord, Madam, there’s nothing in it ; I do assure
 ‘ you, ’tis all Lies : Do you think any Body would
 ‘ be troubled with such a crazy Thing, as *Parry* is ?
 ‘ &c.’ Say what she would, Mrs. *P*— believ’d it to
 be a Match between us.

Parthenissa, after the Time of her Contamination,
 was often fearful of being pregnant, her Health, &c.
 not being so regular, as in the Time of her Virgini-
 ty. She would often complain of a Pain in her Head,
 tho’ really in the Bowels. Her Mother would often
 advise her to be blooded ; she always declin’d it.
 One Day I said to her, ‘ My Dear why will you not
 ‘ suffer yourself to be blooded, it would be of great
 ‘ Service to you ?’ ‘ Ah ! thou Fool, said she smil-
 ‘ ing, thou know’st but little of the Matter ; for,
 ‘ was I to bleed at this Time, I am afraid of some-
 ‘ what (meaning her being big with Child) that would
 ‘ be the Way to spoil my Shape ; for when the ig-
 ‘ norant Country Girls are afraid that they are got
 ‘ with Child, the first Thing they do, is to be blooded,
 ‘ and that’s the only Way to hasten a Child, instead
 ‘ of wasting it.’ ‘ But, my Dear, says I, as you
 ‘ are timorous and often fancy yourself to be breed-
 ‘ ing, had we not better be lawfully married, the
 ‘ first Opportunity ; lest, by the proving with Child,
 ‘ we shall bring Ignominy upon ourselves and upon the
 ‘ innocent Babe too ?’ This Question I have put to
 her an Hundred Times : Her constant Answer would
 be ‘ My dearest Boy, thou hast my Soul and Body,
 ‘ and where’s the Occasion of thy being in such a
 ‘ Hurry, as long as there is no Danger of thy losing
 ‘ me ?’ This Answer I thought satisfactory enough,
 otherwise should not have car’d for deferring the
 Thing, as I afterwards did.

The first *Tuesday* in *September*, the Triennial Mu-
 sick-meeting was held at *Worcester*. I would have
 gone there, but she would not by any Means suffer
 me ; and as the Races at *Monmouth* were to begin the
 following Week, I was fully bent upon going, and
 told her my Intentions ; hoping, that as I comply’d
 with her Request, in not going to *Worcester*, she
 would

would by no Means hinder me from going to *Monmouth*. ' Wou'd to Heav'n, said she, that I had let thee gone to *Worcester* (for by this Time, the Musick-meeting lasting but three Days, was over) because Mrs. *Betty Dew*; has ask'd Mamma to let me go to *Monmouth* Races with her, and Mamma very willingly gave me Leave, and we are to lodge at Mr. *M—e*, the Maltster's, who is a near Relation of Mrs. *Betty Dew*'s; therefore, dear Mr. *Parry*, said she, stay at Home, this one Time: Let me go to *Monmouth*, and I'll go no where again, unless thou art with me; for shouldst thou go there, I should run distracted, for fear of thy kissing some pretty Girl or other.' After I had paus'd a little, ' Well, my Dear said I, to oblige you, I will stay at Home; but I insist upon this, that you refuse dancing with any one; for I am positive Mr. *Doomsday* will be there, and will (not that I imagine you'd give him any Liberty) offer himself a Partner to you. As you love me, mark what I say; don't dance with any one.' ' My Dear, said she, I will not.' So when the appointed Time came for their setting out, I saw them safely mounted, wishing them good Diversion, &c. I soon enquir'd of the *Monmouth* Post-Boy, who liv'd with Mr. *Pye*, of the *King's-Arms* Inn, whether he had seen Miss at the Ball, or Play-house; and whether she had danc'd with any one. Now *Monmouth* is one of the prettiest Meetings, I believe, in *England*, the Balls and Cold Treats, always very elegant, are given by his Grace the Duke of *Beaufort*, and the Right Hon. Lord *Noel Somerset*, his Grace's Brother; and any Person of either Sex, tolerably well dress'd, has Admittance. This was the Reason of my asking the Post-Boy, for I knew him to be an arch Wag, known by the Name of my Lord *Farnaby*, a Lover of News; a Boy that, if possible, would let nothing go unespied. The Boy soon satisfy'd my Curiosity, by telling me, he had seen Mr. *Doomsday* and *Parthenissa* here, there, and every where, said he; Mrs *Betty Dew* was with them, and Mr. *Doomsday* did nothing but bow and scrape, all the while
he

he was in the *Homm* (a Field where the Horses run) in the Playhouse, and in the Ball-Room; but Miss would not dance with him, or any Person. I satisfy'd Lord *Farnaby* for his Information; but began to be very uneasy at her Absence, because she had left *Ross* five, altho' she had given me her Word to return in three Days; upon which I writ her a Letter (see Letter, Numb. IV.) and sent it by the Boy, who at Six o'Clock in the Evening, gave it into her own Hand, as I had order'd him; upon Receipt of which, altho' very much press'd to stay by Mrs. *M—e*, Mrs. *Dew*, and others, she had her Cloaths pack'd up, and, together with Mr. *Doomsday*'s Brother and Miss *Dew*, came to *Ross*, which was not till near Ten o'Clock at Night. I really pity'd them when they came Home, which was upon *Saturday*, for they were all wet to the Skin; and if my Memory does not betray me, Mrs. *Dew*'s Face was very bloody, being scratch'd by the Briers, in riding thro' the narrow Roads.

Upon *Monday* Morning I went to see Miss, who ask'd me, how I could be so barbarous to frighten her, by sending her such a Letter to *Monmouth*? I assur'd her (tho' I was not in Earnest) that if she had not come Home when she did, I would have set out myself; because the Thoughts of Mr. *Doomsday* gallanting her, had been very disagreeable to me. 'Thou fond Fool, said she, if thou hadst not sent the Letter, I should not have staid above a Day or two longer. Mr. *Doomsday* was very civil to me, and by his over and above Complaisance, he had the Misfortune to lose his Diamond Ring.'

I spent the Evenings, as I had done the Winter before, at Mrs. *P—*'s, playing at Cards with Mrs. *M—*, Mrs. *Dew*, &c. and came off with a winning Hand, by the Method which Miss and I used, as before-mention'd. Mrs. *M—* would often fall into a Passion, and say, she was sure that Miss and myself had Signs, whereby we play'd what Cards suited our Hands best, or else 'twould have been an Impossibility for us to have call'd each other at *Quadrille*, so often as we did.

did. Miss would pretend to be in a greater Passion than Mrs. M—, and would tell her, that we call'd each other merely by Chance. I believe Mrs. M--- was of a quite different Opinion; however, she never declar'd (to my Hearing) her Thoughts.

One Night in particular, I had like to have caus'd a strong Suspicion of my being very familiar with Miss, in the following Manner; Whenever we play'd, I always sat at her Right-hand, would fix my Left-knee between her's: But that Night she stretch'd out her Feet under the Table. Her Mother, who sat opposite to her, did the same. I wanted to sit in the usual Position, so laid my Foot upon her Mother's, thinking it had been her's, and squeez'd it as hard as I possibly could; at which the Old Lady cry'd out, 'Oh Lord! Mr. Parry, you have almost murder'd my Corns.' 'Good God! Madam (says I, half dead with Confusion) I heartily beg your Pardon, I really thought it had been the Table Frame.' 'Lord says she you tread very heavy; but, as it happen'd, you've done me no great Damage.' For Miss's Part, she was under a greater Concern than I was, and did not speak for some Minutes; holding the Cards before her Face to hide her Blushes. Next Day she begg'd me, for God's Sake, to take Care for the Future, how I plac'd my Feet; "For, said she, 'twas by the squeezing of the Feet, that the Amour between the Right Hon. the Lord C---, and the Lady S-- was found out, as they were playing at Cards." I took Miss's Advice, and never, after that Time, gave myself such Liberty with the old Lady.

I had been by this Time Organist of *Ross* very near five Years, had receiv'd no more than a Year and Quarter's Salary; and, as I had contracted several Debts in the Town, with Mercers, Taylor, &c. I was fully determin'd to have my Money, especially since my Money was to be rais'd by Subscription. I made my Application to Mr. *Hodges*, an Attorney, and other Gentlemen who were my Friends, in order to have my Salary paid me. The Gentlemen
who

who were my Friends, in order to have my Salary paid me. The Gentlemen were so good as to go about it immediately; and whilst the Subscription-Money was gathering, a potent Adversary of mine, one *F—r*, would have insinuated to the People, that as soon as I was paid my Money I would sell the Town, *i. e.* go off without paying my Debts. The Persons, knowing the Difference between him and me, made him no other Answer, than that there was no Manner of Danger in my leaving *Rofs*, were my Debts above as much again.

Had I ow'd that Fellow any thing (whom I know to be a *R—*, and a conceited solemn Coxcomb) it would have given me no Manner of Uneasiness; but, as I had no Manner of Dealings with the Poltroon, I own it vex'd me. However, soon after a Friend of mine assured me, the Persons who were raising my Money, were resolved to have those to whom I was indebted together, and that I was to receive my Money in their Presence, in order to satisfy their Demands. This nettled me. I was not so ill-belov'd, but that I could get Money for sending for it, so was resolved to pay my Debts, before I received my Salary. For that Purpose, I writ to the best of Sisters, and to another Relation, who immediately remitted me Money, wherewith I pay'd all my Debts in the Town, except one of eleven Pounds to my Landlord, and took Receipts of them, no Persons but themselves knowing any thing of the Matter, for I had enjoyned them to Secrecy. I had Notice given me in a Day or two, to meet the Gentlemen at the *King's-Head* Inn, where my Creditors were likewise to be, in order for my being paid, and for my paying my Debts. I had given Orders to those that I had paid, to lye dormant. When I came to meet the Gentlemen, there was but one Creditor appeared (I really had forgot to have made mention of him before) who was Mr. *P—e*, a Peruke-maker; and if he and I had not had a Dispute before, concerning a Mistake he had made in his Bill, he would have had as little Business there as the rest, whom I already had paid. The Gentlemen

were surprized at my having paid almost every Body ; and assured me, that what they had intended was for my Advantage, and that the Creditors should have abated me something of their Bills : But I (looking upon myself now as a Gentleman) was quite of another Opinion, so paid every one to their full Satisfaction. †

In a Month's Time after I receiv'd my Money, I went to the Parish-meeting, where the Rector, Church-wardens, &c. were, and delivered up the Keys of the Organ, telling them, that I would willingly farther serve them, provided they would pay me constantly yearly, or half yearly, but that I would not go upon such Uncertainties as I had formerly done : If they could not raise a Salary, I could not afford to play for nothing ; so the Organ was silenced. In the Interim, I one Day beckoned to a Woman who lodg'd at my Laundress's ; she came to me ; I begged the Favour of her to tell her Landlady, that I wanted a clean Shirt, that I was obliged to go a little Way out of Town. The Woman complied with my Request, and presently brought the Shirt herself. *Parthenissa*, being naturally very jealous, accidentally happened to be at Mr. N—F—'s, a Chandler's, and upon her seeing me with the Woman, imagined me to be familiar with her. She went Home in a Hurry, and transcribed some Verses of Mr. *Waller's* in his *Maid's Tragedy*. The next Day, upon my coming to her, she dropt me a Courtesy, and gave me a written Paper (see Letter, Numb. V.) saying, *Sir, here's a Present for you*. After I had read it, I made her a low Bow, and said, *Madam, what the Devil do you mean by writing such Rhodomantical Lines to me ? You know, said she, Mr. Parry they suit me, for that I am forsaken by you ? you very well know. What Grounds have you, my Dear, said I, for saying that I have forsaken you ? I can believe my own Eyes, said she, for I saw you whisper with a pretty Woman Yesterday in the Street ; she had on a Bed-Gown made of white Dimity ; and your not coming near me till now, makes me believe you've all this Time been with her. I solemnly protest to my Dearest, said I, that I have been*

at

at Mr. Edwards's of Whitefields, an old Scholar of mine, who lives about three Miles off, and what I spake to the Woman was no more than to desire Hannah Lee to send me a Shirt. Art thou sincere? said she. Yes I am, said I, as I hope for Salvation; at which she seemed well satisfied. But an Accident followed, which had well nigh gone to have separated us for ever.

Upon the 6th of December, 1734, I spent a whole Night with some Friends from Hereford, at the House of Richard Hagar, known by the Name of the *Anchor*. I went the next Morning to Mrs. P.'s. Miss was gone out to breakfast at Mrs. Dew's. She was still possessed with the Spirit of Jealousy, and was very uneasy. At Night I went there again, and found Mrs. Jane Birch, the Milliner, at Cards, with Mrs. P. and Miss. I asked them severally how they did; they, excepting Miss, returned the Compliment. She frown'd, and turned her Face from me with an Air of Indifference. Presently afterwards Mrs. P. went out, to order Supper in. I then thought it Time to be even with Miss, so clasp'd Mrs. Birch in my Arms, crying (to make Miss imagine that that was the Woman's Name of whom she was jealous) Ob! Nancy, Nancy, Nancy! With that I left the Room. Next Morning Miss went to Mr. N. F.'s, and saw the Woman with the Bed-Gown pass the Door. She made an Enquiry who she was, and where she lodged: at last she was informed that she lodged at the *Anchor*. This was the same House where I happened to sit up the whole Night two Days before. Miss, after having received this Information, went Home, and sent the Servant (*Pen*) to fetch Mr. J. J. her Staymaker: He came, she begged that he would oblige her so far, as to go to the Sign of the *Anchor*, and enquire whether I had lain there such a Night or not: He told her, he did not care to do the Errand, because he had nothing to do where I lodged, or what I did, and so went Home. But Miss sent the Maid with some Money to give him, telling him it was only a Curiosity of Miss's, and that Miss would take

take it as a Favour if he would oblige her, and that there was no Harm in the Affair. Mr. J. rather than lose a good Customer, accepted of the Money, in order to make the Enquiry, to spend at the House. Mr. J. J. being what they call a dry Chap, went. After having drank a Pint or two of Ale, he introduced my Name in the Discourse. At last, said he to the Landlady, "Mrs. Hagar, I hear News." "What News, I pray?" says the Woman. "Why, says he, "one of the High-Town Lodgers" (for *Ross* is distinguished, I mean as to the Streets, by no other Name than the High-Town, and the Brokeing) "is come to lodge with you." "That cannot be," said the Woman, "I have no constant Lodger: But," added she, who is it you mean?" "Efaith, says he, 'tis reported, that Mr. Parry actually lodges here." "The Devil's in People's Tongues, I think (says Mrs. Hagar) they'll say any thing but their Prayers: Mr. J. there's nothing in it; he hardly ever uses the House, and was never in my House all Night but once in his Life, and that was a Night or two ago; and here he staid till Nine o'Clock the next Morning." This was all that he wanted to know: He immediately acquainted Mrs. P.'s Servant of it, who quickly told her young Mistress of this mighty Piece of News.

The first Thing she did afterwards, was laying Hands upon a Musick-Book of mine, call'd the Opera of *Julius Cæsar*, and tore it three Parts through. Upon the 19th I went to Mrs. P.'s, where I found Miss in Tears, sat to the Spinnet. I laid my Hand round her Neck, embraced her; then ask'd what had ruffled her Temper to that Degree, to force Tears from her: at which she fetched a deep Sigh, and unpinned her Handkerchief, then shewed me a Paper which was in her Bosom: *Take that (said she) and read it; you'll see what ails me.* I took the Paper out of her Bosom, she still shedding Tears, quitted the Room, begging, That if I could bear the Sight of her, not to go away before I had read it over. When I had perused the Paper (see Letter, No. VI.)

I went

I went into the Church-Yard, not knowing what to do, or how to behave myself towards her: My Thoughts were distracted. After I had ruminated upon her Conduct and my own, I made a Resolution never to go to her House any more; so far did her uncommon-styl'd Letter work upon me. But being willing to part with her genteelly, I wrote her a Letter (see Letter, No. VII.) and while she was with her Mother at Church, I stepped up to their House, and put it in the Inside of the Spinnet. She quickly found it out: It drove her almost distracted: She came hourly to Mr. *Dew's*, and Mr. *Fisher's* a Chandler's, thinking to see and speak with me, but to no Purpose; till the 22d of *December*, being at the Post-Office Door, she came from Mr. *Fisher's*, call'd to me, and said she wanted to speak to me. When I came to her, *For God's Sake*, Mr. Parry, said she, *come to our House, for I want to speak with you upon an extraordinary Affair.* Madam, says I, *you've already given me a great deal of Uneasiness, without any just Reason for so doing: I have made a firm Resolution never more to darken your Doors.* With that I made her a Bow, and instantly left her, lest her alluring Speeches should soften me again into Folly. She, irritated at my Behaviour, immediately went home. The first Thing she did, was putting the Spinnet out of Tune, and breaking some of the Strings, at which she had a very good Hand, so that there was an Impossibility of playing upon't. Soon afterwards, in the Mother's Hearing, she bid the Servant come to me, in order to let me know the Condition the Instrument was in, and to beg that I would come and put it in Order. The Servant delivered me her Message, and added, "That Miss desired me
 " of all Loves in the World" (a common Phrase among the meaner Sort of People in *Herefordshire*, &c.) "to come to their House, for that she wanted
 " to speak with me sadly." I would have excused myself, by telling her I was engaged that Afternoon, but the Servant would take no Denial; go I must, and go I did, where I found Miss alone in the Par-
 lour,

four, "Madam," said I, pretending an Indifference,
 "you was pleased to send for me by your Maid *Pen*;
 "I have waited upon you to know your Business."
 "Ah!" said she, after fetching a deep Sigh, "how
 "can you ask me why I sent for you, when you
 "know it is Death to be without you? If you are
 "resolved never to come near me any more, kill me
 "outright, I shall be happy." "My dear Angel,
 "said I, I am really very much concerned at your
 "Uneasiness; but this being the last Time that I
 "ever intend doing myself the Pleasure of waiting
 "upon you, I shall explain myself to you in a few
 "Words:—My not coming near you for a Day or
 "two, has given you, I imagine, some Uneasiness;
 "and, by your Letter, you're jealous of the strange
 "Woman: I take Heaven to Witness, that what I
 "have written to you in my Letter is Fact, and
 "have not had carnal Knowledge of any Woman,
 "excepting yourself, since the Time I was first blest
 "in your Arms; and do assure you, that from the
 "very Beginning my Affection to you has been as
 "honest as amorous. You must not take it amiss,
 "as 'tis impossible for me to get an honest Liveli-
 "hood in this Town, if I go to some other Part of
 "the World to try my Fortune; but was in Hopes,
 "and flattered myself, to have ended my Days in
 "this Country. You know, continued I, that I
 "have often proposed lawful Marriage to you,
 "which you have as often declined; therefore, as
 "I have by me Cloaths, Linen, and Money to carry
 "me any where, I am fully bent upon setting out
 "next Week, and have bespoke (which was false I
 "own) "a Horse for that Purpose. Your Usage to
 "me, in your long Letter, has surprizingly shocked
 "me; but that, and every Thing else that has pas-
 "sed between us, shall, for my Part, die, and rest
 "in eternal Oblivion. So, dear Madam, I take my
 "Leave of you, the most sacred Treasure of my
 "Soul, wishing you Plenitude of Joys, and an im-
 "mortal Series of Happiness. Here I tenderly em-
 "braced her; and I confess, with the utmost Reluc-
 tancy

tancy was going out of the Room: At last, she ran between me and the Door, clung round my Neck, wetting my Cheeks with her Tears, crying, "Dear, dear Mr. *Parry*, if you have any Thoughts of leaving me you will break my Heart. If you leave me," added she (still hanging about my Neck) "and not kill me, I will kill myself; therefore, for Heaven's Sake, do not torture me, but let me know what your real Intentions are, whether you will leave me, or stay with me. By all the Love you ever bore me, I beg you'll quiet my Scruples." Here she clasp'd me in her Arms, hugged me to her Breast, and wept most bitterly.

O the bewitching Charms of Womankind, that even their Weakness should conquer our strongest Resolves! How easily is vain Man drawn into a Belief of his being below'd! We take forty Declarations of their Indifference or Hatred, for Effects only of their Modesty, and the first Confession of their Love we presently credit: When, alas! their Profession of the latter proves very often as false as the former.

Had my Heart been made of the most obdurate Marble, here it must have melted. Taking her in my Arms, I put her on a Chair, and sat down by her: "My lovely Angel, said I, what would you have me do? You refuse marrying me, and are always jealous of me without any just Occasion. I am now out of Debt, and can call every thing I have mine own; therefore if you will not be married to me (for as we go on now 'twill never do, especially if we are caught in each other's Arms, we are gone for ever) I must and will set out some where or other from hence." "Well, my Dearest," said she, taking me by the Hand, "if you will stay in *Ross*, be constant to me, and love me as well as you have done, by Heaven, and all that's sacred, I will marry you in what Manner you please next Summer, for I am convinced that you do not know any thing of the Woman of whom I was jealous." "My Dear, said I, I
" must

‘ must needs tell you, I think you was a little silly,
 ‘ in being jealous of (as you say) a common Wo-
 ‘ man: I never was, neither will ever be familiar
 ‘ with such loose ones, lest I should taste of the bit-
 ‘ ter Grapes such Gardens often produce, and by
 ‘ that Means ruin my fair One’s Body, as well as my
 ‘ own; and, which would be still as bad, or worse,
 ‘ her Reputation.’ She was extremely well satisfied
 with me. After many Vows of Constancy between
 us, with her solemn Protestations of marrying me the
 Summer following, we were thoroughly reconciled,
 and sealed our Friendship with numberless Kisses,
 &c. At the same Time, there was an Agreement
 made between us, which was, that I should go to no
 House she disliked, neither was she to visit, or go
 to any House, for whose Inhabitants I had no Re-
 gard. I took my Leave of her for that Day, begging
 her (as I hurted my right Thumb) to write a Letter
 of Thanks to my eldest Sister, for an handsome Pre-
 sent that she lately had sent me. That she must
 date the Letter two or three Days back, because my
 Sister had required an Answer, by the Return of the
 Post. Miss writ her one, as I had desir’d; and, in
 about a Fortnight afterwards, another. But, as those
 Letters are foreign to the Matter in Hand, I have
 not inserted them, tho’ I had them return’d in 1737,
 from *Exeter*, in order, if there should have been Oc-
 casion, to have proved her Hand-writing.

There was this Winter a Company of Comedians
 at *Ross*. To oblige some of my Acquaintance, I
 acted a Part among them. I soon afterwards bought
 a Benefit of them, *i. e.* gave them so much for the
 House, and chose the *Beggar’s Opera* for my Play;
 wherein (after having the Liberty from *Parthenissa*,
 who was at *J. C.’s*, Esq; two Miles out of Town)
 I performed the Part of Captain *Macheath*; and
 wanting a Cambrick Handkerchief, I borrowed one
 of Mrs. *Birch* the Milliner. Before the Play was
 over, Miss *P—y*, or Miss *L—y* made a shift to pocket
 it for me, insomuch that I could never after set Eyes
 on’t; and when I came to pay Mrs. *Birch* her Bill,
 E she

she charged me Five Shillings for her Handkerchief, altho' it was an old one ; upon which we quarrelled, and I refused paying her her Bill ; but went to Mr. *Doomsday*, begging the Favour of him to pay her ; for I swore I would not. Mr. *Doomsday* obligingly did so, and soon afterwards I saw Mrs. *Birch* at Mrs. *P—*'s, who came to see Miss. Here I could not forbear shewing my Resentment, by not being so complaisant as usual. Miss had informed her Mother of the Quarrel before we came : *Ay, ay, says the old Lady, the falling out of Lovers is the renewing of Love ; they only pretend to be out of Humour before us, but I warrant ye, when they get in a Corner, they will be hugging and kissing one another.* Mrs. *Birch* and myself assured Mrs. *P.* that she was very much mistaken ; and I am sure, Miss would have sworn, that what I had said was sincere. But such was the Spleen of an agreeable little Devil ! in two or three Days Time she came to visit Miss again, and told her that several People wonder'd how Mrs. *P.* gave me the Liberty of scolding at any Body that had affronted me, especially of talking rude to her (Mrs. *Birch*) when I had been there last. ' Why really, ' Mrs. *Jenny*, says *Parthenissa*, Mamma never saw ' nor heard any Harm of him ; and in all the Quar- ' rels that he has had with the Town's People, we ' never could hear that he began first : The Town ' used him scandalously, by keeping him out of his ' Money so long as they did ; and as long as he be- ' haves himself well at our House, I do assure you, ' I believe he will always meet with a hearty Wel- ' come.' ' But Miss, said Mrs. *Birch*, I have ' something to tell you, that concerns you nearly : ' Pray what is it ? said Miss.' ' Will you promise ' never to speak on't ? says t'other.' ' I never will, ' said Miss, if the Secret is worth keeping.' ' Why ' then said Mrs. *Birch*, 'tis the Report of the Town ' that Mr. *Parry* is going to be married to you ; and ' some People assure it for Matter of Fact.' ' I am ' very much obliged to the Town, says Miss, for the ' Choice they have made me, but wish they had some ' Business

‘ Business of their own to mind, then, possibly, they might have no Time to invent Fallhoods.’ ‘ I said there was nothing in it, replied *Jenny*; but ‘ was informed that Mr. *Parry* should say that he ‘ could have you at any Time.’ ‘ Pray, who was your ‘ Author, says Miss.’ The other would not tell, but assured her, that she actually ‘ was told it. ‘ I ‘ am positive, says *Parthenissa*, that Mr. *Parry* never ‘ said, nor ever thought of any such thing; neither ‘ do I thank any Person for giving themselves any ‘ Manner of Concern about me: And I believe, for ‘ Mr. *Parry*’s Part, he is in the same Way of Think- ‘ ing.’

This Visit was upon *New-Year’s-Day*, 1734-5; the Day following, I went to *Parthenissa*; she seriously ask’d me, if I ever had made any mention of her Name in any Company. ‘ Yes I have, (says I) ‘ as a Scholar of mine, that plays well, and not in ‘ any other Shape; no not even to Mr. *L—s*, who ‘ knows every other Secret of my Soul, have I said ‘ any thing more of my dear Angel.’ ‘ Why then ‘ (says she) *Jenny Birch* is a little, impudent Chit; ‘ she was here Yesterday, and told me the Lord ‘ knows what.’ (Here Miss related what I have before-mentioned.) ‘ I was a little fearful of thy ‘ having a Liking to her, (said she) but now am satisfied to the contrary; I believe she invented that ‘ great Lie, in order to make me quarrel with thee; ‘ but I insist (added she) upon your not taking any ‘ Notice of what I’ve informed you, to our Maid ‘ *Pen*, for she tells Mamma all she hears; and pray ‘ don’t offer to kiss *Jenny Birch*, nor go near her ‘ House; but be civil to her, when she comes here, ‘ lest she tells Mamma the same Lie she told me; ‘ then the Lord knows what will become of us.’ ‘ My Dearest, (said I, embracing her) I will carry ‘ myself towards *Jenny*, and every one else, exactly ‘ as you’ll have me do.’ ‘ Do that, (said she) and ‘ all I have is thine, &c.’

There lived in *Ross*, one Mrs. *M—n*, (formerly *H—D—*, a Mantua-maker) a beautiful Woman.

She formerly had taken too much Freedom in talking of me, by which Means she had made me loath her; but in regard to her Husband, who was a Surgeon, (and one that I often kept Company with) I behaved civilly to her. There was to be a private Dancing-match at Mr. M—n's; the Company were to consist of Mr. T. G. a Surgeon from London, Mr. Doomsday, Mr. T. L. Mercer, and others. I understood, by Mr. M—n's Servant, that *Parthenissa* was to be ask'd to come to the Match; as soon as I heard it, I was resolv'd to prevent, if possible, her going, upon Mrs. M—n's Account. I went to her betimes, the Day the Dancing was. After a little Talk; 'My Angel, (said I) the Agreement between us is, I am not to go into any House, that you have the least dislike to, neither are you to go into any House, or Company, contrary to my Inclinations.' 'Yes, my Dear, (said she) I remember it very well, and hope you'll not go any where to make me uneasy, and I never will go any where without your Consent, unless 'tis to *the Hill*, or to my Uncle D—; for you are not to be angry at my going there at any Time.' 'No, no, my Dear, (said I;) but there is Dancing to be at Mr. M—n's this Night; you are to be asked to come there; I insist upon your not going; you'll much oblige me by staying within this Day and Night.' *I will oblige you, said she; and to tell you the Truth, I have been already asked, but I will by no Means go.* I staid that Day with her, from Nine in the Morning 'till Five in the Afternoon. I then left her, and returned again at Nine at Night; but, to my very great Surprise, her Mother (after asking for her) told me, she was gone to Mr. M—n's to dance. 'Twas with the greatest of Difficulties that I forbore cursing of her to her Mother's Face. *I am sorry, Madam, says I, that Miss is gone thither; for there are not (excepting Mr. Doomsday) any there, but what are W—l—n's Disciples. Indeed, Mr. Parry, (said she) if I had known that such Company was to have been there, my Daughter should not have gone; but I hope*

she won't stay long, because I charged her to be at Home before Eleven o'Clock. I took my Leave, and went back to my Company very much dissatisfied. In an Hour's Time, returned to Mrs. P.'s, and ask'd the Maid privately, if Miss was come Home; she answer'd, *No.* I went away swearing that I would, in some Measure, spoil their Diversion, so went to the Town-Hall, (near to Mr. M—n's) and heard them very busy, jumping and capering. The Musick was a Harp, play'd by one *Ned Williams*, a Barber, who could aim at no other Tune than that called *Old Barnaby*. They had a great deal of Laughing at the barbarous Musick, and the Fellow had ten Times more afterwards, at their giving him Three Shillings and Sixpence; very illy deserved. I searched the Street for something to break the Windows, but to no Purpose; at last, went into the *King's-Arms-Inn* Yard, and found a Piece of an old Jointed Stool, which I flung up (aiming at the Window, which I miss'd) against the House, which was a Timber one. The old Stool made no small Noise, and the Dancers were so surprized, that they, at first, thought the House was tumbling about their Ears. Says one, *In the Name of God, (a Miracle!) What can it be? or Where should it come from?* I really can't tell, says another. *Parthenissa* guessed, tho' she said nothing; but took her Cloak, and away Home as fast as possible, leaving the rest to think, and stare at each other. *I'll be hang'd*, says Mrs. M—n, (after pausing some Time) *if 'twas not Mr. Parry, that flung up something to break the Windows.* *No, no, says another, it cannot be him; I am sure he would do no such Thing because Parthenissa was in Company.* However, I was so very expeditious about what I had done, that I was hardly miss'd from my Company; and being the next Day taxed about it, Mr. E. L—s, and Mr. W. H—s (an Attorney) in whose Company I had been the Night before, protested, and said they were positive I was not near to Mr. M—n's House the

foregoing Night; that I had spent the Night entirely in their Company.

I was vexed to that Degree, at Miss's going to dance, that in short I did not care what I did; I sat up all Night; the next Morning, I went to Mrs. P—s, resolving to Tongue-claw Miss, for her Breach of Promise. I went into the Parlour, when, to my great Surprise, I found Mr. *Doomsday* with her. Seeing him there, instead of mitigating my Passion, it made me ten Times worse. 'So, Madam, says I, 'you went a dancing last Night, altho' you protested to the contrary Yesterday to me; I return you 'my Thanks for favouring the Company with your Presence.' Mr. *Doomsday* rowled his Eye-Balls, and stared like a Stuck Pig. Miss, in a great Confusion, said, 'Mr. *Parry*, for Shame, don't talk 'so silly; surely you have been drinking all Night.' 'If I have (said I) 'twas you that drove me to it, 'by caressing those that would not stick to murder 'me, provided it could be done with Safety; and 'you rather chuse the Company of a Parcel of poor 'Mantua-making Bitches, than such a one as M—y 'L—s, who is, much, the best bred, the most modest, the most beautiful of all the Town-Girls: You 'hate her for being handsome, and was affronted at 'her, (together with Miss C—n) because she 'laugh'd at your Dog *Harlequin*.' *Parthenissa* (lifting up her Eyes) said, 'Pray, Mr. *Parry*, step 'into the Kitchen, Mamma wants to speak with 'you.' 'I don't care (says I) who wants to speak 'with me, nor where I go;' with that I left the Room to themselves. After I was gone, Mr. *Doomsday* told her, he was afraid, if I went on at that Rate, I should not stick to ill-use my most intimate Friends. 'Really, Sir, said she, he always spoke 'very handsomely of your Family, especially of Mr. 'W—te's of *New Weare*, &c.' Next Day Mr. *Doomsday* sent to me, to know if I intended to go that Week, to teach Miss W—te; if I did, he would go with me, upon naming my Day. I sent my Service

vice to him, that I should be proud of his Company to *New Weare* the Day following.

As we were upon the Road; *Pox take you* (says he to me) *for a crazy Dog; What made you come to Mrs. P's in the Manner you did Yesterday? P Faith,* said I, *it was because she went to Mrs. M.'s t'other Night; and you know that Mrs. M. and I are two; I have taken Care that she does not come often to Mrs. P.'s; and if it had been in my Power to have hinder'd Miss from going, I would have done it.* “Hang you, says “*Mr. Doomsday*, if you had not been in such a Passion when you came in, I would have begg'd of “*Miss* to have play'd a Tune or two, &c.” So after some farther Talk about *Miss Excellencies*, he told me that he had been buying a new Suit of Cloaths (trimm'd with Frosted Buttons) at *Nicholas Fisher's*, and that *Nicholas* advis'd him, as it was privately reported that he was going to be married to such a Fortune, (meaning *Parthenissa*) to have the Suit lined with white Shagreen; and (added *Mr. Doomsday*) my Sister *Hodges* and my Sister *D—s* gave me some Rubs about it, but I laugh'd them out on't.

Poor *Mr. Doomsday*, (thinks I) thou may'st laugh and cry, and laugh again, but to my Knowledge thou'lt have no Chance there; for I've sprung the Mine. But what surprizes me most is, that a Man of *Mr. Doomsday's* Sense could not see, by my late indiscreet Behaviour at *Mrs. P.'s* that he had no Manner of Business there. But Love is blind; and he now is as fully convinc'd of his Folly, in making (or harbouring any Thoughts of) Love to her, as I now am of her Falshood and Perfidiousness.

The Day following I came to *Parthenissa*, made her a Bow, and sat down by her, but did not speak one Word to her. “*Mr. Parry*, (said she languidly) “I know you are very angry with me; but I beg “you'll not be in a Passion with me again, (for you “terrify'd me enough when *Mr. Doomsday* was here) “and I'll tell you how I came to go there. As I “have told you before, I was asked to come to the

“ Dancing, and about an Hour before it began,
 “ Mamma asked me why I did not put myself in Readiness to go ? I told her I was very indifferent about the Matter ; and immediately Mrs. M—n, N—y, and D—y D— came, and begg’d of me to come ; and they afterwards press’d Mamma, who, to avoid being teized to Death by them, made me to go with them ; and while I was there, my Limbs trembled every Minute, for fear you should come there, and scold at me before them all. So, dear Mr. Parry, don’t be angry with me now, and I’ll never go there again for your Sake.”

I was soon reconciled ; and, after a little Chat, I ask’d her, if Mr. *Doomsday* had made Love to her ? she assured me he had not ; and they talk’d not of any thing, but what had happened at the Dancing-match, and what on all Sides had been said of me. I wanted to write that Day a Song out of the Opera of *Julius Cæsar*, and look’d for the Book, but could not by any Means find it. I asked her if she had seen it any where ; she blush’d, and could make me no Manner of Answer. “ My Dear, said I, if you know where it is, tell me.” “ I am really afraid to tell you, says she, for I am sure you’ll fly into a Passion with me about the Book.” “ My Dearest, said I, shall not be uneasy about it, let what will become of it. What have you lost it, or lent it to any Body ?” “ Since you have promised not to be angry, said she, I’ll tell you. You must know then that I have done worse than lending or losing of it ; for when I was jealous of that nasty Hussy in the Bed-gown, I tore your Book through and through.” “ Well, my Dear, (said I, it is needless crying after shed Milk ; bring me the Book as it is.” She did so, and it was was tore sure enough, with a Vengeance.

M—P—(whom I have made mention of before, to have been Miss’s Brother, by the Father, but not the Mother’s Side) was in *London* from the Beginning of 1733, till *May*, 1735, suing (happily for him) for a dead Wife’s Portion. He had appointed a notable Woman, whose Name was C—n, to be his Country House-keeper ;

House-keeper; and fearing that Things in the Country should run to Rack and Manger, he likewise sent down one Mr. R. J. (a facetious Man, well known to several in the Country) to look after his Farms, &c. This Person had not been long at *Lantillio* before he was enamoured of Mrs. C—n, made his Addresses to her, and in a short Time was (by the Reverend Mr. V—n, of L—th) married to her, but in a very private Manner.

Mrs. P. soon after sent her Servant *Pen* to *Monmouthshire*, in order to dun the Tenants; and whilst *Pen* was there, she lay at *Lantillio's* great House. She had not been long there, before she (together with a Girl of *Brecknockshire*) found that Mrs. C—n (as they call'd her) never lay in her own Bed, but with Mr. J. in a Room that *M. P.* and his Spouse, used to be in, over the Kitchen. But before *Pen* was fully satisfy'd that the supposed Mrs. C. lay with Mr. J. she pinn'd the Sheets together, and nine Days afterwards she found them as she had left them, *i. e.* pinn'd together in Mrs. C.'s Bed-chamber. When *Pen* came to *Ross*, she acquainted her Mistress of it; who said, "Tush, if you had but look'd over the Door that my Son and Daughter-in-law used to lie in, you would have seen them in Bed together; for the Door is, by four or five Inches, too short for the Door-Case; so that by the Help of a Chair, &c. you might easily have seen them." "Well," says *Pen*, when I go there again, I will certainly see them in Bed together;" and she was as good as her Word. All this was imparted to me by *Parthenissa*.

In the Beginning of *April*, one *John J—* came to *Ross*, and complained to Mrs. P. of his ill Usage by Mr. R. J. and how he was turn'd out of his Place by his Insinuations. Mrs. P. could be of no Service to him as to the regaining of his Place, but made him welcome as to Bed and Board at her House some time. Whilst the old Fellow was there, he informed them of the Manner of Mr. J. and the supposed Mrs. C—n's Way of living, and intimated to Miss and the Ser-

vant, that it would be a Piece of Justice in somebody or other, to write to Mr. P. in *London*, in order to let him know how dangerous a Situation his Affairs stood in, in *Monmouthshire*, thro' the Mismanagement of the Persons he had entrusted. And as Mr. P. had never seen my Hand-writing, Miss, Pen, and John, thought me a proper Person to write the Letter. John was the first that ask'd me to write it; but I made him Answer, That it was no Business of mine, neither would I have any Thing to do with it. He informed Pen of my Answer, and she told Miss; upon which she told them, she would undertake that I should do it; so in about a Day or two she brought me Pen, Ink, and Paper, and a Paper ready written, telling me, I must copy that (meaning the written Paper) out, and direct it to her Brother. I perused it, and it was to acquaint him, that Mr. J. and Mrs. C—*n* lived together as Whore and Rogue, and that they wasted his Substance, starved the Servants, made much of their own Creatures, and gave every Riff-Raff *Lisbon* Wine; when, at the same Time, the Servants could not get Small Beer. Then again, that Mr. J. gave his Dogs white Bread, when the Servants (without great Difficulty) could not get brown; with several other Things, too numerous for Memory to retain. Dear Miss (said I) *where is the Occasion of my writing such a Heap of Combustibles to your Brother, concerning Mr. J. who is entirely a Stranger to me, and one that never did me any Injury. You don't know that* (said she warmly) *for he told Mamma, in my hearing, that you lost as fine a Voice as any in England, by Whores and Drinking; and I can assure you, Mamma was in two Minds, whether or no you should ever come near me any more; but I told her all the Town Girls said you were very modest as to that Way: Therefore, Mr. Parry, if you love me, you will write it for me. Besides, if my Brother sends him about his Business, he will send me to keep his House, 'till he can be provided with good Managers; and when I am there, you and I can be married, unknown to any Body.*

I was

I was charm'd at that Saying of her's ; and had it been ten Times worse, it must have been done. I writ it, and gave it her ; and as soon as she delivered it to *John J—*, he went to *Monmouth*, and put it into the Post-Office. The Letter came to Mr. *P.* as from a Neighbour, and signed *T. T.*

The House that Mrs. *P.* liv'd in, was built of Wood, and plaister'd over, then painted in Imitation of Bricks ; and as she but seldom went from Home, was very fond of gazing at Strangers, who commonly walked in the Church-yard, next to her House. As I knew that she took Delight in such Things, I often brought Strangers opposite to her Door, by telling them, I would shew them a House, that none could guess what the Front was built with ; and every one thought 'twas Bricks, till I had convinced them to the contrary : So by this Means the old Lady's Curiosity was often satisfied.

In the Beginning of *March*, one *C—ly*, from *Gloucester*, came to offer himself as an Organist at *Ross*. If he had been as well acquainted with the Temper of the Inhabitants as I was, he would have spared himself both Trouble and Expence. Not but that I thought him an impudent Puppy, for offering himself in a Place where I was upon the Spot. Some of the Inhabitants prevailed upon the Church-Wardens, to let *C—ly* try his Hand upon the Sunday following : I was obliged to be at *Hereford*, so could not possibly hear him. I begg'd that *Parthenissa* would send me an Account of his Performance : at the same Time advising her to dictate the Letter, in order for the Servants writing to me, to prevent any Manner of Suspicion. *C—ly* play'd, and the *Monday* following a Letter was sent me. (See No. VIII.) He (having no Manner of Encouragement) left the Town before my Return, otherwise I would have had some Diversion with him ; but I effected my Design afterwards in *Gloucester*. I had not been come from *Hereford* above a Day or two, before *Parthenissa* informed me of her going to her Brother's in *Monmouthshire*.

shire, where she designed to stay a Week ; and in that Time she should be able to give her Brother (who was in *London*) an Account how Mr. *J. &c.* really managed ; but I prevailed upon her to defer her Journey till the Beginning of *May*, 1735.

Upon the 26th of *April*, 1735, *Essex Meyrick*, Esq; (a *Pembrokeshire* Gentleman) and his new-married Lady, came to *Ros*, in their Way to home *Wales* ; and as the Gentleman and his Lady were exceedingly well dress'd, I was resolv'd that *Parthenissa* should see them. I ran to her, and told her, if she came to *Jenny Birch's*, the Milliner, she might see a handsome Couple, richly dress'd, and a genteel Equipage with them, at the *Swan and Falcon Inn*. I then left her, and went down the Town ; and in about an Hour or two, (knowing her to be at the Milliner's) I went up and sat with her Mother. I said several Things to her, but she sat smoaking her Pipe, and made no Manner of Answer. I could not imagine the Meaning of it, so left her abruptly. I met the Maid, and ask'd her, in the Name of Heaven, what was the Matter with her Mistress. “ Lord, Mr. *Parry*, I am sorry with all my Heart, that you have asked Miss to go out To-day, my Mistress is almost mad about it, and is resolv'd that Miss shall never play upon the Spinnet any more ; but that she shall go to the *Hill* to Board : And my Mistress says, that People talk a great deal about Miss and you ; so that she now is resolv'd to stop any further Clamours.” “ Look ye, Mrs. *Pen* (said I) as for People's Talking, no one can prevent them ; but I am sorry, from the Bottom of my Soul, that I ever asked her to come out ; and was it to do again, I would not ask her for a Hundred Guineas.

I went Home, almost distracted with the Thoughts of parting with my Soul's Darling. And as I knew the arrogant Temper of her Mother, I despair'd of ever coming near her any more. I writ her a Letter, (see No. IX.) and directed it backwards, (a Method she taught me) so I gave it her at Mrs. *Birch's*. I went at Twelve o'Clock that Night, and whistled an

Italian

Italian Tune under her Window, but no one appeared. This was a Signal between us; for when I wanted to speak with her, that was the Method I used, to let her know who was near. The next Day, (being *Sunday*) whilst Mrs. P— and Miss were at Church, I went to speak with the Maid; she told me, that her Mistress had been very angry with me the Day before, but that she was pretty well come to her Temper again: *But I advise you (said she) to keep off a Day or two, and all will be well; but for God's Sake, don't ask Miss to go any where again; neither let her know when any Strangers of Note are at any of the Inns.* I assured Pen I would not. So (after leaving a Scrap of Paper in the Spinnet, wherein I had begged of Miss to be at her Chamber Window, at Twelve o'Clock that Night) parted with the Servant, seemingly satisfied; but was really very much dissatisfied. At Twelve, I whistled the Tune under her Window, but to no Purpose. I then flung up some soft Dirt against the Window; but, alas, that availed me little, for she lay out of Hearing. I went to Bed, cursing the Hour I had seen the Gentleman and Lady, whose coming thro' the Town had occasioned this. Next Day, (at Church-Time) I went to the House, and the Maid advised me to come and dine there; and assured me, that her Mistress had forgot all that had passed. I told her, I would come in a Day or two, &c. and went into the Parlour, and found a Letter in the Spinnet. (See Numb. X.) My drooping Spirits were now reanimated, and the next Day I watch'd the old Lady's going to Church; then ran to her lovely Daughter, and caught her in my Arms (with the Extasy of an *Anthony* and a *Cleopatra*) saying;

*My Life! my Soul! my All that Heav'n can give!
Death's Life with thee; without thee, Death to
live.*

FARQUHAR.

Which two Lines we have alternately repeated together a Thousand Times. But the Joy that we
had

had in coming together again, was inexpressible. 'As we are once more blessed (said she) with each other's Company, I insist upon your coming here to Dinner this very Day.' 'My lovely Angel, (said I) I do not think it proper, as yet, to dine with your Mamma.' 'Indeed, my Dear, (said she) you must, and shall dine; and I am sure Mamma will be pleased with your coming, for we have a Breast of Veal for Dinner. Mamma knowing you to be an Admirer of that Dish, was wishing this Morning you would come and dine with us; therefore if you love me, you'll not fail coming.' I promised her I would, and accordingly did; where I found the old Lady as affable as ever; and we both (I mean Miss and myself) blessed our Stars for so easy a Reconciliation.

Parthenissa set out for *Monmouthshire*, upon the second of *May*; and *Ross* (when she was out of it) seemed to me as a detestable Place; insomuch that I was determined not to be any considerable Time from her. I went over to her in about Eight Days after she had left *Ross*; and after some endearing Expressions on both Sides, she gave me to understand, that if I was inclinable to live well whilst there, I must ingratiate myself into the Good-wills of Mr. *J—* and Mrs. *C—n*; 'For (said she) 'tis not in my Power to give thee either Victuals or Drink, and they will hardly allow me any.' I was really touched to the Heart, to see her Usage there, but what could I do? I was obliged, by her Directions, to hold with the Hare, and run with the Hounds. I own, she (as well as myself) deserved not any Thing, but the worst of Usages from him, by Reason of the Letter I had sent to her Brother, concerning him, &c. However, I behaved very reserved, lest any Thing between Miss and myself should have been discovered.

Mr. *J—* was a Lover of Musick, and sung very agreeably; so that he and I, almost at first Sight, became as great as two Inkle Weavers: And before my Return to *Ross*, he begged that I would

subscribe

subscribe to a Cock-Match, which was to be fought at the *Ostrey*, a Publick-House in the Neighbourhood. *Parthenissa* assured me of her being at Home in two Days after me: so, for that Time, I left *Monmouthshire*; and when I came to *Ross*, I waited upon Mrs. P—, and told her I had seen Miss in good Health: ‘Where?’ (says she) ‘In *Abergavenny*,’ ‘Madam,’ (said I; for she knew nothing of my being at her Son-in-Law’s) ‘and I called upon her in ‘my Way Home.’ ‘Pray God send her well ‘Home,’ (says the old Lady;) and I added ‘with ‘all my Soul.’ Miss came Home, according to her Promise, and begged that I would not fail being at the Cock-Match, which was upon the 21st of *May*.

From the Time that I had received my Money from the Parish, Miss (at her Mother’s Desire) became my Cash-keeper; so that I only spent what she thought proper: And when I was going to *Monmouthshire*, she gave me a Guinea, telling me, ’twas enough in Conscience, as long as I was to lye at her Brother’s House; and withal charged me, not to stay above a Week, during which Time she would make a Visit to the Miss *Clarkes*. After Vows of Constancy between us, as usual, I went to *Monmouthshire*; where, by this Time, Mr. *Richard J—*’s Marriage was declared for the following Reason. The Letter that, by Miss’s Orders, I had written to her Brother in *London*, did not come to his Hands ’till some considerable Time after ’twas dated. When he had perused it, he fell into a violent Passion, sometimes blessing, but often cursing himself. He sent down a Copy of the Letter to his Sister, laying his Commands upon her, to inquire into the Truth of it; likewise to shew the Copy to Mr. *T— J—* of *Penrose*. But the Close of his Letter to *Parthenissa* was, *If ’tis true, the Lord look, and the Lord have Mercy upon me*. When I came to *Lantillio*, the Place was in an Uproar concerning this Letter, and then ’twas high Time for Mr. *J—* and Mrs. *C—* to own their Marriage. He taxed one, and then another with writing to *London*. Then there was one taken

taken up by a Warrant, and another bound over to the Assizes for it. Indeed there was an old Justice in the next Parish, who would stick at nothing to get a Penny ; by whose Means Mr. J. plagued some of the Friends that live in the Neighbourhood. But I never saw in the whole Course of my Life, so much Confusion in so small a Place ; and as I was the Person that had written the Letter, 'tis to be imagined, I wished myself with *Parthenissa* ; but since I was in the Midst of the Hurly-burly, I put on the most inoffensive Looks that I was capable of, by which Means I was not in the least suspected. But before my going there, Miss had answered her Brother's Letter, wherein she assured him of her Belief in every Article mentioned in the Letter copied, which he had sent down.

During my Stay at *Monmouthshire*, I went with Mr. R— J— to his Brother's at *Penrose*, and most of the Talk there likewise was about the Letter sent to *London*. The Wife of Mr. *Thomas J—* (hitting the Nail upon the Head) said, *She was positive it could be no Body else, but Parthenissa, that old poison'd Carrion Pen, and that old Rascal John — J, who had contrived the Letter sent to London.* I joined with them so far, as to say, 'twas a scandalous Piece of Work (at the same Time wishing myself a hundred Miles off) and told Mr. J—, the only Way to prove who writ it, would be to get the original Letter from Mr. P—. ' By G-d, says Mr. *Thomas J—*, ' there's a great deal of Reason in what *Parry* says, ' and I would have you try, Brother, and get the ' original one from Cousin *M— P.*' Then Mrs. J—, of *Penrose*, flew into a violent Passion (indeed 'tis but few of our second-handed, sober Gentlewomen, can contain or govern themselves at all Times) saying, ' I am sure Sister P— has a Hand in't too ; and ' I am sorry that she and her Daughter has no ' more Sense, than to be guided by such an old nasty ' Hussy as *Pen* is. All the Reason, or the Occasion ' of Miss's, and, I suppose her Mother's Malice to ' us, is, because we live in this Farm, and they ' want

‘ want to come here, because they imagine we are getting an Estate ; so, dear Husband, let us go and live in our own House, &c. in *Breconshire*, and let my Sister *P—* come here, and then she’ll be pleased, ’tis to be hoped.’ Mrs. *P—*, indeed, is no Woman of any Taste, but yet I do not think she could have lived in such a dirty Sty, as Mrs. *J—* did. Mr. *J—* would have pacified his Wife, by saying, ‘ My Dear, be easy about the Matter ; you know, I cannot help it.’ ‘ I will not be easy,’ said she, I know my Sister *P—*’s Design, and I don’t value her of a Farthing.’

If I had not known Mrs. *J—* before, I could have sworn, by her Manner of Expression, to have seen her sell Flat Fish and Whitings, before the *Three Tuns* Door, at *Billingsgate*.

The *Monday*, following, being *Whitsun-Monday*, there was a Dancing-Match at the *Onen*, a Publick-House in the Neighbourhood. Among the rest of the Company invited, I was one ; and, about Five o’Clock in the Evening, I observed *Pen* to come in ; and, as I was going to speak to her, I saw *Parthenissa*, to my no small Surprise, stand by a Style in the Garden ; ‘ Good God, said I to her, what brought my fair One here.’ ‘ I will tell you,’ (said she) another Time ; but go in, and I will immediately come after you ; and, altho’ you are but a clumsy Dancer, I insist upon it that you’ll not dance with any Body, for I cannot bear to see you handle any Woman besides myself ; and I will dance with no other Person than *Pen*, lest I should make my dear Boy uneasy, by dancing with any Man.’ They had not danced an Hour, before I heard the Parish Bells ring, and at *Pen*’s whispering to her Sisters, I asked her, what could Occasion so sudden a Joy, by the Bells ringing, the Company’s laughing, &c. *Pen* assured me, ’twas upon *Miss*’s coming to mortify Mr. *J—*. For my Part, I could come at no Speech with *Parthenissa*, because she was crouded with a Set of young Women ; but about Ten o’Clock, the Company left of dancing, and *Pen* came

came to me, desiring I would not lye at Mr. P—'s that Night. ' I have, added she, asked Mr. T— ' C—, to spare you a Bed in his House, and you ' another Time shall know the Reason, why you ' are desired not to lye at the *Great House*.' Mr. C— came to me, and begged I would take a Bed with him. I thanked him for his Compliment, and told him would first go to Mr. P—'s (called the *Great House*) and that I would immediately return, and go Home, with him. The Bells all this while rang, and the Minute I entered Mr. P—'s House, he (by me) unexpectedly came in after me, and with him one Mr. J— L—, an Attorney. During the Course of my Life, I never was more surpriz'd than to see him in the Country, and was now sensible that the only Reason Miss had for desiring me to lye out of the House, was, because of his coming Home. He went directly into the little Parlour, where Miss was, and as he passed by me, I made his Worship a low Bow, and with that left his House.

The next Morning, *Pen* came to me, and gave Miss's Service to me, begging, for God's Sake, that I would either go to *Dingestow*, the Seat of R— J—, Esq; or *Rofs*; for that Mr. R— J— did teize Mr. P— for the Letter that had been sent to him, concerning him and his Wife. I was as uneasy as Miss was concerning the Letter, but told *Pen* I would not go away; and that I neither cared whether Mr. J— had the Letter of my writing or not: And farthermore (made *Pen* believe) that I did not care, nay, even that I would own to Mr. P— and Mr. J—, that I was the Person who had writ the Letter. *Pen* went and informed Miss with the Result of our Discourse. She, believing me to be in Earnest, was affrighted, and called Mr. J— L— aside, begging, he would get the Letter from her Brother; ' For (said she) if he gives Mr J— ' the Letter, he would certainly know who writ it: ' And you may be assured, (added she) if my Brother should give Mr. J— the Letter, he will not stick ' at any thing to do the Person an Injury who wrote ' it: And you know (continued she) the Letter ' consequently

‘ consequently must have been written by a Friend,
 ‘ and designed as a Piece of Service to my Brother ;
 ‘ therefore, ’twould be barbarous in him to give Mr.
 ‘ J— the Letter.’ Mr. J— L— joined in Opinion
 with her, and by perswasive Arguments got the Letter
 from Mr. P— and gave it Miss, who immediately
 communicated it to the Flames.

I left that Part of the Country, -and returned to
Ross upon the 27th, then waited upon Mrs. P— and
 informed her of all that, to my Knowledge, happened
 in *Monmouthshire* ; but particularly, what Mrs.
 J—had suggested concerning Miss and her. ‘ Good
 ‘ God! says the old Lady, I cannot imagine what
 ‘ should make Mrs. J— think, that I have an Inclina-
 ‘ tion to live in her Place of Abode ; I always said it
 ‘ was a lucky House and Farm ; but, God knows,
 ‘ ’tis but a dirty Drab of a Hole : And as for the
 ‘ Letter sent to Mr. P— I’ll take my Oath that I ne-
 ‘ ver knew any thing of it.’ ‘ Nothing can per-
 ‘ suade her, Madam, (said I,) but that you have
 ‘ had a Hand in it.’ ‘ Really, Mr. Parry, (said she)
 ‘ I think Mrs. J— gives herself a great many un-
 ‘ necessary Airs. Who is she, for God’s Sake ?
 ‘ Her Mother was but a poor Servant Wench, that
 ‘ came to live with my Husband’s Father. He was
 ‘ often fuddled, so made Love to her: And God
 ‘ knows, that ’twas my Maid Pen’s Mother, that
 ‘ (by telling him she was careful, honest, &c.)
 ‘ persuaded him to marry her, and my Husband ne-
 ‘ ver could endure Pen’s Mother for it, as long as he
 ‘ afterwards lived. I am, Mr. Parry, really fur-
 ‘ prized that my Sister J— should take upon her so
 ‘ much ; I fancy she imagines People do not know
 ‘ her, but in that she is mistaken ; her Mother was
 ‘ as great an Hypocrite as any breathing ; and I
 ‘ remember, that after my Husband died, she said,
 ‘ n Mr. P—’s Hearing, that when his Father came
 ‘ to the Estate, she took nothing from the House
 ‘ but her wearing Apparel ; and that it was not
 ‘ handsome in me to take my own Goods away, when
 ‘ I was going to keep House myself. But Mrs.
 ‘ J—’s

‘ J—’s Mother did not consider, that I brought my Husband a handsome Fortune, besides Household Goods; and that she brought nothing, except Rags: And in short, Mr. Parry, added she, they are a Parcel of false Creatures, and I pray God send my poor Girl from among them.’ So far I joined in fervent Prayer with the old Lady. ‘ I will tell you one thing more (continued she) of the Behaviour of Mrs. J—’s Mother. She gave out that I was a good-for-nothing Creature, because I did not send my Son-in-law a Man in Liv-ry, when he was High Sheriff of *Monmouthshire*; and, God knows, I offered him a Man, or a Couple of Silver Salvers, and he accepted of the latter; therefore, I think, that this hectoring Woman has no Reason for using my Child and me as she does; but it may come Home to her unexpectedly.’

Parthenissa came Home the 2d of June, and I was soon informed of all the Proceedings in her Brother’s Family; particularly that Mr. J— and his Wife had been discharged from any Trust reposed in them, by her Brother: *Nay, said she, the very first Night that my Brother came Home, Mr. J— and his Wife being in the Bed he used to lie in, he made them rise out of Bed, because he was resolved to disturb them; by which they might see, they were to expect no Favour from him.*

Mifs and I passed away our Time as usual, having all our Souls withed for, ’till she was to go to *Monmouthshire*, upon her Brother’s Return to *London*, to take the whole Management of his House, &c. at his Request, upon herself.

In the mean Time I pressed her to fulfil the Promise she had made me in *December*, 1734, which was, to marry me the Summer following. ‘ Is there no waving of it for a Year longer, said she.’ ‘ My Angel, says I, if you have any Affection for me, you will not defer it any longer; for I am positive
‘ we

‘ we never can have a fairer Opportunity than this
 ‘ Time, by your being in *Monmouthshire*. If you
 ‘ will leave it to me, I will have it perform’d in the
 ‘ most secret Manner imaginable.’ ‘ But, my Dear,
 ‘ said she, what shall we do for a Licence and
 ‘ Ring?’ ‘ I replied, leave that to me, only give
 ‘ me one of your Rings, to have one made by; and
 ‘ the Day that you set out for *Monmouth*, I will
 ‘ go to *Gloucester*, and have it made: I will order it
 ‘ so, that your Mamma shall believe I am gone to
 ‘ enquire for a Place vacant of an Organist, &c.

On Sunday the 8th of *June* she went to *Monmouthshire*, and I to *Gloucester*; but before our Parting she left with me (excepting a Diamond and a Mourning one) all her Rings, eleven in Number, and told me, *I must have the Wedding-Ring made by the Ring that we married each other with in 1733.* I had the Ring made, and mark’d *J. P. M.* by Mr. Price, a Goldsmith in *Gloucester*; and, when I returned to *Ros*, sent *Parthenissa* a Letter, (see Letter, No. XI.) but receiving no Answer, I writ her another, (see Letter, No. XII.) and had but just finished it, when *Pen* came from *Monmouthshire*, and gave me a Scrap of Paper from Miss, in which was written as follows: *Mr. Parry, pray write Tweed-Side, and Si Carosi, for the Flute, and send it the first Opportunity, without Charge to me.* And upon the Back of the Paper she writ, *hctaw yadnom tſop*, i. e. *Watch Monday’s Post.*

I went upon the Receipt of this, to Mr. *W— P—* an Attorney, who upon all Occasions shewed himself my sincere Friend, and told him, that I had something to impart to him, which was a Thing of great Consequence to me, and hoped he would continue my Friend, by assisting me in what I was going upon. He assured me, that if he could do me any Service, without doing himself a Prejudice, he would with Pleasure serve me: ‘ But, added he, if I cannot
 ‘ serve you, I will do you no Prejudice, so you may
 ‘ explain

“ explain yourself to me, without any Manner of
 “ Danger.” “ Why then, says I, you must know,
 “ that I am going to be married to *Parthenissa*,” “ I
 “ wonder’d, said he, what the Devil you’ve been
 “ doing all this while; and several People are surpriz-
 “ ed at your staying here, ever since you gave up the
 “ Keys of the Organ: But for my Part I have ima-
 “ gined for some Time past, that thou hadst something
 “ more extraordinary in View. I will be plain with
 “ you, added he, you must excuse my not going with
 “ you, lest you should miscarry, by which Means I
 “ shall be reflected on hereafter: But this I assure
 “ you, you shall be heartily welcome to what Mo-
 “ ney I have by me, and to my Horse, and hope
 “ you’ll excuse me from any thing else.

I thanked him, and accepted of his Horse. I am to receive a Letter from her, (said I,) the 23d of this Month, which I will shew you; and, to confirm what I say, here are eleven of her Rings (shewing them to him) and the Wedding Ring, which I have had made at *Gloucester*.

Upon *Monday* the 23d, I waited for the Post-Boy at the Upper-end of the Town, who gave me a Letter (see Letter, No. XIII.) which I answered by the same Post (see Letter, No. XIV.) I shewed Mr. L. the Letter that Evening, who was fully convinced of what I had before asserted to him.

Upon the *Wednesday* following, the Post-Boy brought me another Letter, (see Letter, No. XV.) and being now, as I thought, sure of a Wife, took Mr. L—’s Horse, and rode to *Dingestow*, the Seat of R. J. Esq; which lies near *Monmouth*, and within three Miles of *Lantillio*, where *Parthenissa* was.

Having had the Honour to wait upon that Gentleman, in order to tune his Lady’s Harpsicord, I flattered myself, that if I made my Intentions known to him, he would do me any Service, provided ’twould not be inconvenient to him. After Supper, in Presence of his Lady, I told him, I had something to communicate to him, which was of as great a Concern to me as my Life; and that if the Thing should

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be known publickly, before it came to Maturity, I should be inevitably ruined; therefore hoped, as it lay in his Power, he would befriend me. You may, says the worthy Gentleman, *explain yourself freely, let the Secret be what it will; and, if it does not lie in my Power to serve you, the Thing shall go no farther from me upon my Honour.* You must understand then, Sir, said I, *I am come over from Ross, in order to be married to Parthenissa, and want not any thing but a blank Licence, and a Clergyman to marry us.* Tell me really, said he, *have you got the Lady's Consent.* I have, Sir, said I, *and we've agreed to be married in this Parish.* I then related to him the Manner of her coming, as I've made mention of in my Letter to her (Numb. XI.) Mr. J. asked me, upon what Day I intended to be married. I told him, upon the *Saturday* following, "I'll go over to a Clergyman, said he, To-morrow, and he shall get a Licence: In the mean Time, you must go to *Parthenissa*, and settle every thing between yourselves." On the Morrow, being *Friday* 27th, he was so good as to go to the Rev. Mr. D—, Vicar of B—; and, in the mean Time, I went to *Parthenissa*, and found her in Company with one Mrs. M—P—, a young Gentlewoman that for some Time was with her as a Companion. After I had paid my Compliments to them both, Mrs. P. left the Room. *Parthenissa* sighed, and looked very pensive, before I had hardly Time to speak to her. "My lovely Angel, said I, what is the Matter with you." "O Lord, said she, I am afraid of somewhat." "Of what, Child, said I." "Oh! good God, said she, of that last Word thou hast mentioned" (meaning her *being* apprehensive of being with Child.) "Indeed, my Angel (says I, embracing her) I cannot say I am sorry for it; but to prevent any Censure from the World, let us be married immediately. I have a Clergyman and Licence ready for that Purpose. I shall persuade him to give us a Certificate, dated as three Months last past, by telling him, I have been before married to thee, but that the Ceremony was performed

performed by a Woman ; that would have been good in Law, but I have thy Honour more at Heart than thou can'st imagine ; and if thou shouldst bring this Child to Life, the Birth of it can't be accounted spurious ; therefore, my lovely Girl, continued I, do not pretend to wave our Marriage, lest, as you are with Child, or fearful of it, you bring Disgrace upon yourself." " Good God, said she, weeping, what shall I do?" " Do, said I, make me your Husband ; you are thoroughly acquainted with my Temper, and no Stranger to my Failings." " Well, said she, sighing, since it must be so, I will comply ; but who is the Clergyman, for I must know that?" " Dear Angel, said I, since he's a Clergyman, 'tis no great Matter who it is ; but to answer you, his Name is D—" " Oh, Heavens, said she, in a violent Passion, he's the greatest R— upon Earth, and will make the Thing known to every Body." " Thou Soul of my Soul, said I, don't be in a Passion, for I have taken Care he shall not divulge it ; besides, you shall be married in a Masque ; and as he does not know me, he is not to know our Surnames until some Time hence : But then, my fair one, I'm positive that Mr. F— has such an Influence over the Parson, that he will most certainly injoin him to Silence ; tho' to a great many People this may seem highly impracticable." " My dearest *Femmy*, said she, thou dost know thyself to be Master both of my Soul and Body, and that I cannot deny thee any thing. When must I come to *Dingestow*?" I answered her, " Tomorrow." " My Dearest, said she, I would not be married upon a *Saturday* for the World, because 'tis a cross Day, therefore don't insist upon it. Upon *Sunday*, you know 'twill be impossible for me to come, because my Brother's House, being the only one remarkable in the Parish for a good one, several Tenants, Farmers, &c. will be here, as usual ; so that I must be at home. But on *Monday* I will certainly come ; and don't you fail of getting some Person or other to ask me to come into Mr. F—'s House, and I will ride but gently by the Door." After retiring

tiring, and possessing what Lovers wish for, I took my Leave of her, and begged that she would not disappoint me, in not coming; and as for the rest, 'twould be my Care. She assured me that she would most certainly come; upon which I returned to *Dingestow*, and informed Mr. J. with what had past, and what was to be done.

Upon the *Monday* Morning Mr. J. was pleased to walk some considerable Time with me up and down the Fields, by the Road Side where she was to come; but, to my great Disappointment, we could not see nor hear any thing of her. I immediately took Horse, and went to her; and as soon as we had the Room to ourselves, I ask'd her what she meant, by making the Fool of me in the Manner she had done? "For God's Sake, my Dear, said she, don't put yourself in a Passion, before you hear what I've to say for myself: The greatest Part of our Hounds were bit by a mad Dog and Bitch; *James* and *Coone*, the Huntsman, with *Jacob George*, the Gardener, agreed last Night (unknown to me) to take the Pack this Morning, and dip them in the Salt Water. They will be at Home to Night: and I do assure you if there had been any Body at Home to ride out with me, nothing should have prevented my coming; so that, I hope, you will not be angry with me. I am satisfied you know very well, that I never did, nor could ride out alone." "When will you come then, my Dearest," said I. She replied, "To-morrow, if I am alive." "If you do not come, said I, by G— I will set out for *London* directly." "For Heaven's Sake, don't talk of leaving me, said she, unless you have a Mind to kill me: But if I don't come To-morrow, I'll give thee Leave to spend this Money." With that she opened an Escrutore, took out a Leather Purse, in which was a 5 Moidore Piece, 2 Three Pound Twelves, Moidores, &c. and laid it upon the Table before me. I took the Purse and put it into my Pocket, protesting I would set out with it if she neglected coming betimes. "If I don't come, said she, I tell thee once more, dispose of it as thou hast

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a Mind, but do not talk of leaving me: But be not angry with thy fond One, if I should not come till the Middle of the Day." I promised her I would not. I returned back to *Dingestow* that Night, and informed Mr. *J.* and his Lady, of my Success. That worthy Gentleman next Morning (after I had deferred his Journey upon the Hills for four Days, to take the Diversion of shooting Red and Black Game) set out towards the farthest Part of the Country; but before he went, left Instructions in the Family, to take *Parthenissa* down to the House of *T—s A—y*, joining to *Dingestow* Church. I waited at the Court before Mr. *J—*'s House, till 'twas past Eleven o'Clock, and seeing not any thing of her, I rid speedily to her Brother's. As soon as I entered the House, Mrs. *M—y P—ps* asked me, if I had met with *Parthenissa* upon the Road. I answered her in the Negative; and asked her, where she was gone to. She's gone towards *Dingestow*, said she, and is thereabouts by this Time. 'Tis to be imagined, I did not care for staying where I was, so asked Mrs. *Philips* to give me a Glass of *Lisbon* Wine, telling her, I was in a great Hurry, being obliged to be at *Cardiff* that Evening, upon earnest Business. She brought me the Wine, and would have persuaded me to have stayed and dine upon a roasted Pig. I excused myself, and in Haste rid back to *Dingestow*. The Moment I alighted, I ran into the Parlour, where I found *Parthenissa* sitting with Mr. *J—*'s Lady. After two or three Minutes Talk, the Lady withdrew. I clasped her in my Arms, saying, 'My lovely Angel, I now have got every Thing ready; and I hope you'll not scruple to make me your lawful Husband.' She instead of saying yes, as I reasonably might have expected, thunder-struck me in an Instant, by telling me, she would not marry me at that Time. "Good God, said I, what is't you mean, and what will this good Family, and every one else think of us?" "My Dear, says she, don't be angry; and if you have any Love or Regard for me, now is the Time to shew it, by not insisting upon my marrying you

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“ at this Time.” I was so much confounded with Surprize, that I was incapable of making her any Answer. “ Should I, continued she, marry you, my Brother would shoot us both.” Just as she had finish’d speaking, Mrs. J— entered the Room. “ Madam, said I, *Parthenissa* is afraid to marry me, because she is certain that her Brother would shoot me, &c. thro’ the Head.” “ I think that is Reason enough, says Miss.” “ Madam, says I, I do not think there is, neither am I apprehensive of any Manner of Danger : But let that be as it will, I am certain, that upon this Occasion, or any thing like it, I could draw the Trigger of a Pistol as well as your Brother, if there should be a Necessity for my behaving in such a Manner.”

“ You know, Mr. Parry, says Mrs. J. that *Parthenissa* and you are Strangers both to Mr. J. and myself ; and whether you are married or not, ’twill be no Manner of Odds to us ; and as you asked Mr. J. nay, begg’d of us to be silent in your Affair, I do assure you, that let what will happen, the Secret shall not go from this Family.” Miss and myself returned the Lady Thanks, &c. I begg’d of Miss to walk up Stairs to the Chamber where the Instrument lay, and favour her with a Lesson. We both play’d, and in a short Space of Time the Lady was called out.

Having the Room to ourselves, I said, “ What can be the Meaning of this sudden Change in your Temper ? You told me in your last Letter, likewise on *Friday* last, that you was afraid of being sometime gone with Child ; and now absolutely to refuse marrying me, after all that’s past between us, I own, surprizes me.” “ Pray, Mr. Parry, said she, do not ask me to marry you, for I will not at this Time.” “ Will you ever, said I ? To that she answered nothing. Well, Madam, said I, since I find you are shuffling with me, I will set out of this Country whilst I have Money in both Pockets.” “ Pray, said she, give me back the 5 Moidore Piece, and the two Three Pound Twelves, &c. for they are my Brother’s, which he left me to pay his Work-

“men with.” “The Devil a Halfpenny shall you see of it, said I, for as I had it by your Consent, I am resolved to keep it, for it will serve me very well in my *London Journey*.”

Upon this we were called down to Dinner: The Company were Mrs. J. Mr. T. S. a *Warwickshire Gentleman*, *Parthenissa*, and myself. I sat at Miss's Right-hand; and, during Dinner-time, she put her Right Foot upon my Left, and often spoke (but softly) in *Welsh*, *Fm Callon*, *fi Enaed*; which in *English* is, *My Heart, my Soul*. Those Words gave me new Life; insomuch, that I flattered myself that her Resolutions would alter before we parted; and as Mrs. J. and Mr. S. (who paid a long Visit in the Family, being very intimate) were no Strangers to our Business there, I was determined to put the Question to her before them. After I had dined, I addressed myself to her, telling her, that I had acquainted Mrs. J. and that Gentleman (pointing at Mr. S.) with the Intent of our meeting there. I have the Clergyman, added I, at Hand, and beg you will let me know your real Intentions. *I will not marry you now*, said she. *Not now*, said I, *why could you not have told me so last Week, and not to have let me given my Friends this Trouble, and to keep the Parson these three Days waiting for us.* If you won't marry me, added I, *why did you order me to buy the Ring?* *Not to be married with*, said she. *No*, said I, surpriz'd, *what did you bid me buy it for then?* She again, confusedly, told me, *Not to be married.* *Why don't you*, says I hastily, *tell Mrs. J. what was my Intent in buying it?* To that Question she did not, neither could she indeed, make me any Answer, well knowing that Mrs. J. saw very plain that the Thing was undeniable. For my Part, beginning to suspect her Inconstancy, I was resolved to trifle no longer with her: I turn'd towards her, and said, ‘Madam, you have denied me the Pleasures of Life.’ ‘What Pleasures of Life?’ said she briskly. ‘You,’ said I, never would let me go any where; especially to the Musick-Meetings at *Hereford*

ford and Worcester, where I might have been in Company, and have improved myself by conversing with good Masters. Then again, 'tis Treason to speak to any one, especially young Women, lest by my doing so I should incur your Displeasure: Nay, I could name a Thousand Things more, but I am sure it would be neediefs.' " Well, Mr. Parry, said she, I will never marry any one without my Mamma's Consent." " Really, Miss, said Mrs. J. I think you are very much to be commended, and you are certainly in the right." By this Time I was almost raving mad. ' What do you mean, says I, to *Parthenissa*, by fooling me in this Manner: The World may well imagine I shall never have your Mother's Consent: Your base Usage to me is insufferable; you, and only you, continued I, have been my Ruin, and that you know too, too well. You have kept me these three Years in *Rags*, where I have spent the Flower of my Youth to please you: I might have had two very good Places by applying for, but you would not let me go from you, telling me from Time to Time, you would most certainly marry me, and that I should have no Occasion to make a Livelihood of Musick, for that you had enough for both of us without it. Then again, at *Christmas* last, when I had faithfully paid my Debts, had Money enough, good Cloaths, Linen, &c. to have carried me any where; then you would not let me go, when, tho' it was worse than Death to me, I willingly would have gone; but your swearing to me you would marry me this Summer, prevented my leaving the Country. I stayed, believing fondly every Thing you said was sacred; but now I see my Error; and since you are bent upon fooling me, I here solemnly declare before the Almighty, and in the Pretence of Mrs. J. and Mr. S. that if you will not marry immediately, I will instantly give you all the Letters you have writ to me, which I now have in my Pocket, provided you promise to return me those I have written to you: And I further declare, that for your Sake I

never will make Love to another Woman as long as you live.

I brought all her Letters with me, with a Resolution to commit them to the Flames the Minute we were married; for I thought them fit for no one's Perusal, excepting ourselves. To my Proposals of parting or marrying, she made me no Manner of Answer, and the Tears gushed in her Eyes.

After having sat mute for some Time, she asked me if I would give her the Money. *Madam, said I, why won't you answer the Question I have proposed to you? Why then, said she, I will never marry without the Consent of my Mamma.*

'Madam, said I, you may do as you please, for I am resolved not to give myself any farther Trouble about you. As for the Money, you shall never handle a Doit of it; I will keep it towards the Money I have profusely spent in your Service, and in Part of Satisfaction for my lost Time; and since, said I, you have used me so ungenteelly, by G-d I'll make your Letters publick.'

I left the Room, and she burst into Tears, and ask'd Mrs. J. if she had heard my last Words. Mrs. J. said no. "Lord, Madam, says she, he says, he'll expose my Letters." 'I do not think he will do that, says Mrs. J. tho' he is now in a Passion; People in Love say a great many Things in Heat, which they never intend performing.' *Parthenissa* begged of her to persuade me to return her the Money. Mrs. J. came out of the Parlour, and desired me to give *Parthenissa* (if I had any of hers) the Money. 'Madam, said I, I am really concerned to think that I cannot comply with your Request; therefore hope you will not press me to give it her, because I am resolved to make sure of some Pocket Money for my Journey; and if you knew all, you'd say I have acted too honest a Part by her.' Mrs. J. hearing that, importuned me no more, so went and informed *Parthenissa* with the Result of our Discourse. She returned to her Brother's about Five o'Clock, without

out any Ceremony from me, but a Look full of Indignation.

The Disappointment gave me a great deal of Uneasiness, and flung me into such Passions, which made me behave with greater Arrogancy towards her, than became me; but yet, after she was gone (so strongly was I infatuated) my Heart relented, and I would, had it been in my Power, have given Millions to have had her in my Arms.

After I had composed myself, I begged the favour of Mrs. J. to inform me, how Miss came there, for I had missed her upon the Road. Mrs. J. said, that Mr. S— was walking with her about Eleven o'Clock in the Fields, and going over a Stile near the High-Road, they saw a young Lady and a Servant coming very slowly along. Mrs. J. immediately imagined her to be *Parthenissa*, but on her making her a Bow, and seeming to incline to stop her Horse, almost confirmed Mrs. J. in her Opinion; so she desired Mr. S— to step and ask the Servant who the young Lady was; the Servant answered, Mr. P—'s Sister. By this Time Mrs. J. came up with *Parthenissa*, asked her, where she was going, and why she did not call at *Dingestown* House. *Parthenissa* told her, she was going to J. E—'s at the *Parloo*. Mrs. J. told her, the Roads were impassable for a Woman; so desired her to return back to her House, and said, that Miss might send the Servant forward to the Tenants, and wait 'till she came there the Footway, that being a fine Walk. *Parthenissa* told (for once the Truth) Mrs. J. she had no great Business there, and immediately jumped off her Mare, and walked with Mrs. J. to her House. Mrs. J. asked her, if she had met me. Miss said, no; for she had been some Time at C—l G—, a Tenant of her Brother's.

Mrs. J. and Mr. S. talked some considerable Time, thinking to bring *Parthenissa* into Discourse with them, but to no Purpose. Mr. S. called Mrs. J. out of the Parlour, and said, he believed the

young Lady to be very bashful, and naturally reserved.

He advised Mrs. *J.* to talk with *Parthenissa* concerning me; for surely, says he, she is come to be married, and 'twill be necessary (I suppose) to send for Mr. *D*— the Clergyman. Mrs. *J.* told him she would speak to *Parthenissa*; accordingly she did, and told her, that two or three Days before I had informed them of the Affair between her and myself; and farther, that she imagined, it was with Miss's Approbation. Mrs. *J.* still added, she thought herself obliged to assure *Parthenissa* of her Endeavours to serve her in any thing that lay in her Power, and likewise to keep the Affair a Secret. *Parthenissa* (in a great Confusion) told Mrs. *J.* that she did not intend to do any thing. Mrs. *J.* immediately begged her Pardon, for mentioning any thing to her (particularly being an utter Stranger) that was disagreeable; but that, by what she had been informed by me (some short Time before) she imagined it to be quite contrary. And just as they ended the Discourse I came in. What past afterwards, I have mentioned in the foregoing Page.

I could not be at Rest till I writ her a Letter [see Letter, Numb. XVI.] I went to *Monmouth* and sent it her from thence, by the Wife of *Dicky Creed*, and returned that Evening to *Dingestow* ; but before my Return, the old Woman brought a Letter [see Letter, Numb. XVII.] for me, from Miss ; but directed it to Mrs. *J.* in order to prevent our being suspected. The next Day I went to *Parthenissa*, taking with me a Letter that Mrs. *J.* was pleased to write to her at my Request, wherein she thanked her for her Visit (tho' designed for Miss's Ends) and that she would pay Miss one very soon. Mrs. *M. P.* was with her in the Parlour when I came there, but *Parthenissa* soon found Means to send her to another Part of the House. This was upon the 4th of *July*, 1735. ' My Dear, said I, I am now come to take ' my last Farewel of you ; in the first place, here are ' the Pieces of Gold, which you say belong to your ' Brother.

‘ Brother.’ She took them from me, seemingly reluctant. ‘ I now, added I, bid you an eternal Adieu, and wish you all the Happiness imaginable ; and if you ever do marry, it shall be always my earnest Prayer to Heaven, that you may meet with a loving Husband, and one that will make you happy. Here is a Letter from Mrs. J. to you (*delivering it to her*) and because you shall hereafter have no Reason to say, that I have not behaved towards you like a Man of Honour or Common Sense would do to the Woman who has captivated him, I have brought you all your Letters. Here they are (*offering them into her Hands*) do what you please with them.’ At those Words she struck the Bundle of Letters out of my Hands, and ran into my Arms, and clung about my Neck ; crying ; then begging of me not to stab her with my Words. ‘ If you must go from me, *said she, fondly gazing in my Eyes*, kill me, then I shall not be miserable.’

Here she fell a crying : (Methought that Women’s Tears were like *April Showers*, &c. but yet, being fondly credulous, and forgetting her Protestations in *March*, 1734, and in *December*, ditto, I was willing to mitigate her seeming Sorrow.) ‘ Madam, said I, what would you have me do ? I have acted with as much Honour as any Man could do by you ; I love you to Distraction, and you have been at a great Expence to no Purpose. You came to the Place appointed, and refused me Marriage. Many Hundreds of your Sex would, I am sure, be glad to be thought an honest Wife, especially in such a Case as ours ; therefore I must tell you freely, your Usage to me has been base and undeserved. If I may take the Freedom, continued I, pray what was the Reason you would not be married when Time and Place offered so opportunely ?’ ‘ Won’t you, my dearest Dear, (*said she, hanging round my Neck*) be angry with me, if I tell you sincerely ?’ ‘ By my Soul, and all that’s sacred,’ said I, I will not.’ ‘ I was really afraid, said she, that

‘ that I was with Child by you, when I went for
 ‘ *Dingestow* ; but before I alighted at C— G—’s I
 ‘ found the F—s coming upon me, and then I was
 ‘ sure of not being with Child. That, and the
 ‘ Thought of Parson D—’s marrying us, (for he
 ‘ would have blabbed around the Country) made
 ‘ me resolve to put it off. And what I said con-
 ‘ cerning Mamma’s Consent, was with no View, but
 ‘ to hinder thee from pressing me. But I was afraid
 ‘ continued she, that thou wouldst tell Mrs. *J.* and
 ‘ Mr. *Sh—d* all that passed between us: If thou
 ‘ hadst, thou never wouldst have seen me living
 ‘ again ; for I was resolved to poison myself.’ ‘ My
 ‘ lovely Angel ! (said I, clasping and embracing her)
 ‘ I would sooner die than be false to thee: But tell
 ‘ me sincerely what I am to depend upon.’ ‘ Well,
 ‘ my Dearest, said she, I will actually marry thee ;
 ‘ so send for a Licence any where, for I will not be
 ‘ married without one ; and if a Blank one can be
 ‘ had, ’twill be so much the snigger. Get any Parson,
 ‘ but D—s, and I will be thine in a legal Manner,
 ‘ and make thee as happy as I possibly can.’ We were
 then interrupted, so retired to her Chamber, where
 we embraced, &c. each other, to my Thinking, with
 more Tenderness than ever. Whilst I was with her,
 she writ a Letter to Mrs. *J.* (see Numb. 18.) I took
 my Leave of *Parthenissa*, promising to return to her
 next Day ; so went to *Dingestow*. I was as good as
 my Word, and staid with her three or four Days.
 During that Time ’tis to be imagined, we contrived
 all Methods to be by ourselves ; and I proposed go-
 ing either to *Llandaff*, *Hereford*, *Worcester*, *Gloucester*,
 or *Bristol*, to buy a Licence. ‘ My dear Boy,
 said she, you shall not go to either of those Places,
 because you are known there.’ ‘ Why then, my
 Dear, said I, let me go to *London*, and I shall be sure
 of one at *Doctors Commons*.’ “ No, (said she, re-
 clining her Head upon my Shoulder) thou shalt not
 go there for the World ; then I never should see
 thee again indeed, but I must always be in Solitude
 and Misery. But hah ! (said she overjoyed) I have
 a Thought come into my Head, that will do ; and
 my

my Boy will allow a Woman's Projection to be the quickest in Affairs of this Nature." "Out with it, my Angel, (said I in an Ecstasy) this very Moment!" "Mr. P— the Merchant, says she, is a Well-wisher, a Friend of yours; write to him, and beg of him to get a Blank Licence, if possible; but if not, any other from the *Commons*. You can, my Dearest, return him the Money he lays out, by *Tudor* the Waggoner."

I kissed her for the lucky Thought, and assured her I would not fail writing to *London*, the Minute I returned to *Ros*s. "I intend, my Dear, said I, to have a Paragraph written by a Friend, and inserted in the *Gloucester Journal*, that I intend to teach in *Abergavenny*, *Monmouth*, &c. by which Means your Mamma will not mistrust my being with you when I'm out of *Ros*s." "That will do purely, said she; and as thou lovest me, do not neglect it."

I returned to *Ros*s upon the 9th, and had the Paragraph (dated the 14th of *July*, 1735) inserted in the *Journal*, which had my desired Effect; for when Mrs. P. thought I was at *Monmouth* or *Abergavenny*, I most certainly was in her Daughter's Arms, at her Son-in-law's House. And whenever I returned to *Ros*s, Mrs. P. highly commended me, for stirring (as she called it) a little about to get Money.

But during this Time it was whispered about several Parishes that there had been a Wedding at *Dingestow*: Some said, it was between *Parthenissa* and Mr. J. J. Brother to R. J. Esq; of *Dingestow*; others said it was a *Roman Catholick* Couple; and I was informed that one E. R. Daughter to a Tenant of Mrs. P's imagined it to be Miss and myself. She came to *Dingestow*, and ask'd Mr. J's Housekeeper, whether *Parthenissa* had been there upon such a Time or not. The House-keeper answered in the Affirmative. *Why then, said she, poor Parthenissa is married to Mr. Parry, and Madam P. will break her Heart.* The House-keeper, I was informed, assured her, there was no such Thing as a Wedding there. However E. R. railed against me bitterly; and as I never had any Misunderstanding with

with the Girl, but, on the contrary, have lent her Money, when her Father has refused it her, I was nettled at this Behaviour, and made myself so ridiculous as to send her a reprimanding Letter, which the Girl answered, protesting her Innocency of what I foolishly had laid to her Charge.

J. Clarke of the Hill, near Ross, who was something related to Mrs. P. came and informed her of a Report that he had heard, which was current, and 'twas asserted for Truth, that her Daughter was either married, or to be married; to Mr John J. or me; But, says he, take Care of Mr. Parry. Sir, said Mrs. P. I thank you, I will take Care of my Daughter; and if I do not, my Daughter is able enough to take Care of herself. (There's the Thanks he had.) Parthenissa came to Ross in Five or Six Days after I had left Monmouthshire.

Neither of us were Strangers to what Mr. Clarke had hinted to Mrs. P. Pen informed Miss of it, and Miss of course told me; and both of us wished him at the Devil for his Trouble.

It was at this Time, that by her Directions I writ to a worthy Gentleman in London, begging the Favour of him to get some Acquaintance of his to go to Doctors Commons, and buy a Licence, &c.

The 28th of July being Fair-Day at Ross, several of Mrs. P's Tenants, and their Neighbours came to see her and Miss. When they had an Opportunity of speaking to Mrs. P. unobserved by Miss, (for Monmouthshire is one of the most gossiping Counties in the Kingdom) they told her the Country News, viz. that Miss was married to Mr. John J. Well, well, says Mrs. P. I am obliged to you for your Intelligence; but to me it is indeed no News at all.

I came in whilst they were at Dinner, and Mrs. P. made me sit down by her, in particular, that Day. "Mr. Parry, said she, have you heard the mighty News?" "What mighty News, Madam? said I," "Why, said she, my Daughter is married." "Are you serious Madam? said I, half dead." "I am told so,

so, says she ; and that she was married at *Dingestow*." (All this while, Miss and myself did not dare to look at each other in the Face.) ' Really, Madam, said I, Miss did not behave genteelly, in not letting her Acquaintance into the Secret. (*Then turning to Miss.*) Indeed, Miss, if I had known any Thing of the Matter, the Bells should have rung here incessantly for three Days together.' " Some People say, said Mrs. P. that my Daughter is going to be married to Mr. *Doomsday* ; and others mention Mr. J. J. I wonder who will be the next Husband they will pitch upon for my Daughter." ' I think, Madam, said I, the Devil's in the People ; they invent Lies merely for the Sake of telling them.' " Mr. *Parry*, said she, I am really of your Way of thinking , but there is one Comfort, say what they will, I shall not mind them ; neither do I believe any one else will." I assured her, with all my Soul, that 'twas my Opinion she was very much in the right of it.

I came to *Parthenissa* the next Day, when we both express'd ourselves very well pleased at Mrs. P's taking no Manner of Notice of the Country's Buzzing. " Have you, said she, sent to *London* for a License ?" I replied, ' Yes, my Jewel, and do expect an Answer by the Post.' " If you should make a bad Husband, after all your Vows of Love (said she) I shall be wretched." ' I have, my dearest Girl (said I) challenged my Thoughts, and examined myself thoroughly, knowing Matrimony to be too solemn a Thing to jest with ; and if I thought that I could not make both you and myself happy, by proving the best of Husbands, I never would press you to it. You are no Stranger to my Vices, nor (if I have any) my Virtues. You very well know I have hid nothing from you, but on the contrary have fully exposed my ill Qualities to you. Therefore, my lovely Angel, 'tis in your Power to make me the most reform'd of Men.' " I don't, said she, in the least dispute your making a good Husband ; if I had thought you would not, you never should have done what you've done. But my dearest *Jemmy* must give me the Liberty

berty of telling somewhat concerning Papa and Mamma. He was a Person that was respected by most People ; but when he was in Liquor, he would quarrel with any one, and would often beat Mamma. Upon one Time, he wanted her to break her Settlement ; telling her there would be enough left for me, when my Aunt *H—* died ; but he could not prevail upon her to do it, upon which he beat her unmercifully, and gave her a violent Blow upon her Breast, which occasions her smoaking so much Tobacco ; insomuch, that if she left it off, she would be no long Liver.” “ My dear Angel, said I, you seem, by telling me this, that you are apprehensive of my using you in that vile Manner which your Papa did your Mamma.” “ No indeed, said she, not in the least ; far be it from me to harbour any such Thought of thee. And ’twas but r’other Day that Mamma told me the Reason of her smoaking.” “ But to what Intent, said I, my Dear, do you tell me this ?” “ No Intent at all, said she, excepting that, that I would have thee believe I can keep nothing a Secret from thee. And if thou wilt love me dearly, I will tell thee how Mamma came to live in *Ross* ; but if you should be so silly as to speak a Word of it in *Pen’s* Hearing, you’ll knock all on the Head.” I swore I’d obey her in every thing.) “ My Dearest must know then, said she, that after my Papa died, my Mamma was not Half a Yard (or at least not much more) round the Waist ; and was counted, in her younger Years, a great Beauty. She lived with an Aunt in *Monmouthshire*, and had the Character of a very charitable young Gentlewoman, round the Country. Mr. *C—ke*, of the Hill, courted her formerly, but she would not have him, because his elder Brother was living. Soon afterwards, Mr. *C—ke’s* Brother died, then he would not have my Mamma. Soon after my Papa’s Wife died, and he wanting Money, borrow’d Seven Hundred Pounds of Mamma ; and not being conveniently able to pay her, he courted her, and offered to settle a larger Jointure upon her than her Fortune could command. She con-

sented

sent to be married to him: by which Marriage I was born, I hope, to make thee and myself happy. My Papa proved a bad Husband, as I have told you before. He died before I was nine Years old; and in about a Year afterwards, Mr. J—, who formerly taught me to read, courted Mamma; and I believe Mamma loved him, because he was thought to be a good Christian; yet, notwithstanding his Religion, Love overcame him. I have often seen him lean his Head upon her Shoulder [here she shewed me] just so; and very often he would sit upon my Mamma's Lap, and sometimes she would upon his. Some of the Family seeing them sit so by Chance, acquainted my Brother of it, who immediately forbid Mr. J—the House; threatening to shoot him, if ever he came near it. He afterwards came to Mamma, and upbraided her for beneating herself, and for forgetting my Papa's Memory so soon; upon which they quarreled, and Mamma took all her own Goods from his House; and so we came to live here in *Ros*. My Brother would have kept me with him, if he could have done it; but Mamma would not leave me behind her, you may be sure. Thus, my dear, dear Mr. Parry, continued she, have I given you an Account how Heaven has flung me in your Way." "My lovely Angel, said I, clasping her, this Frankness of yours makes me, if possible, love you more and more, &c.

Upon the 27th of *July*, I received an Answer to that Letter which I had sent to *London* [see Number XIX.] and the Minute I had read it, I shewed it her; who was under as great a Concern at the Perusal of it, as I was. "Pray, Dearest, said she, run to Mr. L— with it, and take his Advice in the Affair." I went and shewed him the Letter, and he advised to write to my Friend in *London*, desiring him to take any Clergyman with him to *Doctors Commons*, by which Means he could not fail of getting a Licence. I went back to *Parthenissa*, and acquainted her with the Result of what had passed between Mr. L— and me, and that Post I writ again to *London*,
according

according to his Instructions ; and, moreover, told my Friend who was to be my Spouse. We were both of us very impatient for the Answer to my *London* Letter, and upon the 2d of *August*, I received it (see No. XX.) my being disappointed, in not having the Licence, grieved me. I told it to her. She, sighing, said, *Good God, my dear Boy, what shall we do ? My dear Girl, (said I) you see what my dear Friend Will. L--- says in his Letter ; in my Opinion, what he has intimated to me, carries a heavy Weight. I may, my dear Angel, and will, if you give me Leave, whip away to London, and there I shall be sure of a Licence ; and since you've no Inclination to let me go to Llandaff, &c. &c. &c. for one, I really think it the most secret and safest Method to set out this Night to London. No, no, (said she) thou shouldst sooner take thy Cutteau, and kill me, than go to London. Why so, my Heart's Darling ? said I. You know me, said she, to be too jealous of you here in the Country, and what must I be if you go to London ? Therefore you shall not go there, above all Places in the World, unless you've a Mind to bereave me of Life ; but I'm sure you have more Love for me, than to shorten my Days. I am ravished, said I, to think my Fair One has so good an Opinion of me : But what shall we do ? I am resolved to be thy lawful Husband in a very short Time. My dear Dearest, said she, embracing me, I will marry thee before the Winter comes in, let what will come of it.*

Towards the Seventh of *August*, she was to return to *Monmouthshire* ; and (unknown to me) out of a Compliment, ask'd her Mother to come there for a Month, &c. Her Mother accepted of the Invitation ; I believe partly to save the Expence of House-keeping. Miss acquainted me with it, and I could not keep my Temper, but swore, that her Mother's being in *Monmouthshire*, would ruin our Amour ; she asfur'd me to the contrary, and protested, that she would not stay above a Fortnight there. " My Dear, " said she, if Mamma should stay there any Time, I " can come as often as I please to you, here in *Ros* ; " and

“ and we can easily be married, because of her being
 “ so far distant from us.” “ My Dear, said I, you have
 “ bound me so firmly yours, that your Will shall be
 “ my Law ; but if any Thing happens contrary to
 “ our Expectations, by which Means our Hopes
 “ should be frustrated, I hope you’ll not attribute
 “ any Miscarriage to me.” “ My Dear, said she, be
 “ easy, I will not do any Thing that shall be disa-
 “ greeable to you ; and if my Dearest will prove
 “ constant, and keep no lewd Women Company, I
 “ will make the best of Wives to you ; but if you
 “ should prove an ill Husband, (but I am satisfied,
 “ that one that loves me as you do cannot) you would
 “ bring me with Sorrow to the Grave.”

The Day before she went to *Monmouthshire*, we agreed to write to each other in the Manner following ; when I writ to her, ’twas to be with Lemon-Juice, upon Musick-Paper ; for after that I had prick’d the Musick, I writ my Thoughts upon the Blank Part, with Juice, which seem’d invisible, ’till she scorch’d it, then the Words would appear very visible. When I had so done, I would take it to the Maid *Pen*, who carefully would inclose it in her Letter to Miss ; imagining what I sent, to be written for the Flute ; so that my Letters were not suspected.

Her Way of writing to me was as follows. She writ to *Pen*, and no more than what would fill the the fourth Part of a Half (sometimes) a Sheet : then, on the Blank Side, she would desire *Pen* to ask me for a Tune for the Flute, and would put Eight or Nine Consonants together for the Name of the Tune. *Pen* could hardly read Writing, and when (as I always expected a Letter) I came to the House, she would say, *Mr. Parry, Miss has sent me a Letter, and you must write her out a Tune, but I can’t think of the Tune ;* with that she would pull out the Letter, and I making her believe I could not remember the Name of it, would tear of the other Part of the Letter, and take it with me, then scorch, it, &c.

August the 7th, they set out for *Monmouthshire*. In the Morning, Miss and I swore Constancy to each other ;

other; she, at the same Time, promising, that it should not be long before we met again. About an Hour before they set out, she gave me her Casket of Rings to keep, and bid me go before them, to the End of the Town, where they were to get on Horseback. I took the Servants, that came to fetch them to the *Ship*, (which was next Door to the House that I had been at, when she was jealous of the Jersey-Spinner, in *December*, 1734.) and gave them a Tankard or two of Cyder, and, in the Interim, Mrs. P— and Miss came, with a Train of Women with them, to see them safe on Horseback.

The Moment Miss saw me at the *Ship* Door, she blush'd as red as Vermillion. Her Mother walk'd foremost, and I walk'd close to Miss. She hemm'd as if something had been in her Throat, (but I knew it to be a Sign of Discontent) and eagerly look'd towards the *Anchor* Alehouse, and afterwards turn'd her Face to me, and to my no small Surprize, said G—d—n that House. God bless me, said I softly, *What's the Matter? You know what's the Matter*, said she; and if you love me, swear to me you will never go there. G-d d-n me if I do, said I. Then, said she, take your Leave of Mamma immediately, and let me instantly see you run up the Prospect-Hill, and not go into Town the Way we came here, which is the Causeway, and you shall hear from me this Week. I took Leave of 'em, and run up the Hill, (which is almost perpendicular) she viewing me all the Way from the Road. I was so expeditious, that when I climb'd over the Prospect-Wall, I was forced to lie flat, to draw Breath; and that Hour I went and inform'd Mr. L-s with the Manner of our parting, her cursing, &c. He laugh'd heartily, and said, *James*, this Girl most certainly loves you. I received a Letter from her, by the Hands of *Pen*, in the Manner I have before-mentioned [see No. XXI.] I answer'd it, [see No. XXII.] and the Day following, I writ her another in the same Manner, [see No. XXIII.] She answer'd it the same Week, and in it, sent a Copy of Verses out of the *Spectators*, which (to keep her Mother in Ignorance)

rance) I was to set a Tune to [see No. XXIV.] Upon the 16th of *August*, I went down to *Newport* in *Monmouthshire*; but before I set out, I writ her a Letter, [see No. XXV.] and at my Return, receiv'd one from her, [see No. XXVI.] I answer'd it, [see No. XXVII.] I receiv'd another, [see No. XXVIII.] I answer'd her Letter, see No. XXIX.] and not hearing from her as I expected, I sent her another Letter, [see No. XXX.] *August* the 25th, I receiv'd one from her, [see No. XXXI.] The 28th Day, I went to *Newport* in *Monmouthshire*; but whilst I was at *Monmouth*, I writ a Letter to J—G—, Gardener to Mr. P. [see No. XXXII.] *Parthenissa* writ me Word, in Juice, that I must not be out of *Rofs*; for that she would be with me in a Day or two. She afterwards gave the Paper to the Gardener, directing him what Part to write on; wherein he assured me (which I very well knew) he had no Violin to dispose of, and directed his Letter to the *King's Head* in *Monmouth*. Upon the 30th, I return'd to *Rofs*, and she came after me, upon the First of *September*. Our Joy in meeting was unspeakable, and I was incapable of going out of her Sight excepting Bed-Time, &c. for seven Days successively. During her Stay in *Rofs*, we were often obstructed in our Pleasures, by Mrs. *Eliz. Dew*, an intimate Acquaintance of *Parthenissa's*. This young Woman would often peep thro' the Window before she spake, to see if Miss was, or was not in the Parlour: and upon one particular Time, she had like to have seen us (and 'tis my Opinion she did) in the Midst of our Embraces, for which I have often cursed her, and Miss has wish'd her blind, or in the Bottom of the River *Wye*.

Monmouth Races, that Year, were to begin upon the 12th of *September*. Two or three Days before they began, I ask'd *Parthenissa* if she would let me go there. My Dear, said she, *don't ask me; for by my Consent, you shall not go.* My Angel, said I, *you went there last Year, and promised me that (provided I stay'd at Home then) I should go this Year.* My Dearest, said she, *if you'll stay no longer than the Horse-*
Race

Race Time, you shall go. Upon Tuesday the 12th, I came booted, &c. in order to take my Leave of her. After we had dined, I went into the Parlour with her; there for the Space of fifteen Minutes, swearing Constancy, &c. I saluted her, and was going out of the Room. She ran at me as quick as Thought, and took me round the Neck, hugged me to her Breast, then gushing into a Flood of Tears, looked languidly at me, saying, *Dear, dear, Mr. Parry, will you leave me?* I was never so surprized in my Life. *In the Name of Heaven,* said I, *what has troubled my Angel?* *Nothing,* said she: at which she sunk into my Arms.

‘Tell me, thou sacred Treasure of my Soul, said I, what has caused this sudden Change in thee; sure, it must be something uncommon, that could move you thus; and as I never hid any Thing from my fair One, I insist upon your telling me the unlucky Occasion of your Tears, which affect me most surprizingly.’ ‘You know, said she faintly, I never could bear the Thoughts of your going to any publick Place, therefore I durst not ask you to stay with me; but I really am afraid you have appointed some Mistress or other to give you a Meeting there; and had I a Thousand Pounds by me, I would give it you to stay with me.’ ‘My dearest Girl, said I, you surmise very strange Notions of me: As I hope for Mercy, I have no Thought of any Woman besides yourself; neither do I ever intend having any Intrigue with any other. You are often jealous of me without a just Suspicion; and I tell you now, as I have often done before, that I have, and will be as constant to you, as the flowing Tides are to the Moon. But since I find you averse to my going to *Monmouth*, let the Horse-Race be damned; for I prefer thy dear Conversation above all worldly Pleasures; therefore by Choice I will stay with thee.’ At that, she ran to the Parlour Door, and buttoned it; then taking hold of my Hand, she looked wishfully at me, and said, ‘Will my dearest Boy stay with me?’ ‘I will stay with thee, said I, my fond One.’

One.' Good God, said she, clasping me in her Arms, and bedewing my Cheeks with her Tears, *how dear thou art to me!* Come and sit upon my Lap, and talk fondly to me. I sat across her Knees, and with an Handkerchief wiped the Tears from her Eyes. The Servant Pen suddenly came into the Room, but not without a little Difficulty, because Miss had not buttoned the Door as it should have been. I sprang from Miss's Lap into the Middle of the Room, and the Maid seeing her Eyes red with Tears, &c. ask'd, *What, in the Name of God, was the Matter?* 'Nothing, says I, confused, but I have got some Books of Miss's, and she wants me to deliver them before she gives me those that are mine in her Custody.' *I do not know,* says Pen, *what is between you, neither do I care.* With that she left the Room, and went down into the Town. 'My Dear, said I to Miss, if your crying, &c. and Pen's seeing both of us thunder-struck when she came into the Room, does not spoil our Intrigue, nay, inevitably ruin us, I will be hanged.' *For God's Sake,* said she, *don't let my Jemmy be angry with me, and whatever happens from Pen, or any one else, shall be of no Signification to me.* Pen returned in about an Hour, and seeing me with Miss at the Door, told me, she thought that I was upon the Road to Monmouth. *I would have been there by this Time,* said I, *but that the Farrier has pricked my Horse in his shoeing him.* I think, said Miss, *you are in the wrong to take a Horse to Monmouth, 'tis but six little Miles to it; and as you have sent your Cloaths, I would advise you to walk there.* Both of us thinking my going to Monmouth highly necessary, because Pen should have no Room to mistrust us, I went there upon the Wednesday Morning.

Miss, being my Cash-Keeper from the Time I was paid my Salary, gave me a Guinea to bear my Expences, and wanting Money, upon the following Saturday I writ her a Letter, and sent it by the trusty Post-Boy (see Numb. 33) he delivered it into her Hand, and that same Hour brought me an Answer, (see

(see Numb. 34.) I returned to *Ross* upon the following Day, and spent most of my Time with her, till her Return to *Monmouthshire*, which was upon the 29th of *September*. During the Time of her being at *Ross*, I often proposed going for a Licence, &c. but she would no way consent to it; assuring me, that her Brother was expected down daily from *London*; and that his Stay in the Country would not be above three or four Days; but the Moment he returned, she protested she would make me her lawful Husband. “But, said she, I have a Thing to tell my ancient *Briton*, that will make him jealous. Thou dost know that I have often wished it in my Power to make thee so, but to no Purpose. However, continued she, I will really tell thee what is intended in *Monmouthshire*, to thy Destruction and mine.” ‘For the Almighty’s Sake, said I, let me know it, in order to prevent it, if possible.’ “I believe, said she, nay, I am positive, that my Aunt *J—* intends (if she can) to have me married to her Son *D—ck*; he has been kept from going to *Hereford* on Purpose, and comes every Day to my Brother’s House; and whenever he found me sitting alone, he would draw a Chair, and sit close by me; then he’d lay his Hand upon my Neck, and look wishfully at me, and fetch a deep Sigh; (the very Way that you did use, when you were about Eighteen.) But one Day, in particular, he took me round the Neck with one Hand, and by main Force thrust the other Hand down my Breast; and, as he kiss’d me, the impudent Puppy put his Tongue in my Mouth. The Moment, continued she, I got loose from him, I did spit in his Face; call’d him an impudent Rascal, and ask’d him what he meant by using me in that Mannner? *Dick J—* took me up short, and repeated the Word *Rascal*: Then, said he, *do you know what a Rascal is, Miss? If you don’t, by G-d I’ll shew you.* Whilst *Parthenissa* related this to me, she observed my Colour go and come. “Don’t be uneasy, said she, my Dearest, about it.” ‘I cannot, my Dear, said I, help saying, I am uneasy; and had I been near,

when

when he took that Freedom with you, by G-d I would have dashed his Brains out.' "Don't be angry with me, said she, for telling thee this; for you know I can keep nothing hid from thee. I sincerely promise thee, that he shall never kiss me again; no, nor no one else, unless 'tis a Relation, &c. at coming to, or going from our House." "I shall think myself very happy, said I, if my Angel will make her Words good." "Why then, said she, to convince thee of my Sincerity, I wish the D—l may be Master of my Soul, and may it never see Eternity, if ever D— J— shall touch my Lips, or any one else, besides thyself; unless 'tis a Relation, &c. as I have told thee before. And now, added she, I do insist upon your swearing the same Oath, to be true and constant to me, as long as I am to you." (*I swore the same Oath, with some Addition, to be constant, &c.*) "My Dear, said I, your being at your Brother's will be the greatest of ill Consequences to me: There I have no Friend besides yourself; and as there is some private Talk of us already, every one will, I am afraid, be putting wrong Notions in your Head against me (particularly your Mamma, your Aunt, that Devil, and Pen, who I am sure saw me in your Lap) and, by their vile Insinuations, may turn thy Love into Hatred." "My Dear, said she, be under no Manner of Concern about that; and if you have any Regard for me, you'll not question what I am going to say. [*Before she proceeded, she sat in my Lap, and laid her Arms round my Neck.*] Believe me, my dearest Boy, that if any one (especially those you mention) speaks disrespectfully of you, and should strive to make me do an Impossibility, that is, to hate you, I'll spurn at them, and love my dearest *Jemmy* more and more: Therefore, continued she, give yourself no Manner of Uneasiness, and be entirely passive; for as soon as my Brother returns to *London* (for by his Letters he'll be down in a Fortnight, and his Stay will not be above three Days) let the Consequence be what it will, I will make thee my lawful Husband, in the Sight of the World; we are

Man.

Man and Wife in the Sight of Heaven; *Mamma* cannot live for ever; therefore, my Dearest, rest satisfied; I am absolutely resolved to contribute all that shall lie in my Power to make you an happy Man."

At this Time Captain *Lemon's* Troop of Dragoons, belonging to Lord *Mark Kerr's* Regiment, was quartered in *Ross*. One *Thompson*, a Riding-Master, and Serjeant of the Troop, discovered something more than common betwixt Miss and me. He was my Friend, and never disclosed what he had observed between us.

The 27th of *September* was the Day fixed for her Return into *Monmouthshire*. Upon the 23d, *Herbert Rudball Westfaling*, junior, Esq; came and invited her to a private Ball, which was to be at *R—H—*, (an ancient Seat of that Family's, lying N. E. about a Mile from *Ross*) the next Day. Miss thanked him for the Favour conferred upon her, and promised to come with the Miss *C—kes*. She informed me of her unexpected Visit from Mr. *Westfaling*, and that the Ladies would take her up in their Coach that Evening, to go to *R—H—*. 'My Dear, said I, I wish you good Diversion, and am sure you cannot fail of good Company at Mr. *Westfaling's*. Whilst you are there, I will go down to *Newport*, and teach Miss *G—n*; and as it is but twenty-two Miles there, I can easily meet you at your Brother's upon *Saturday* Night, where I will stay a Day or two with you.'

She was averse to my going, till her Return from *R—H—*, but I over-persuaded her, by telling her, (as the Servants were coming with Horses to fetch her) that my coming from the remotest Part of the County, would look as if I came there merely by Chance, by which Means there could be no Manner of Foundation for any Suspicion of our being frequently together in *Ross*.

She joined in Opinion with me, and readily consented to my going to *Newport*; and that Evening whilst I took a Walk in the Town, Mr. *C's* Coach

came

came and took her to R. H. before I had the Pleasure of taking Leave of her.

Next Morning I set out for *Newport*; and upon *Saturday* the 27th I came to her Brother's, in Expectation of seeing her there, according to our Appointment.

Mrs. P. expressed herself glad to see me; and after some little Chat, I ask'd here where Miss was. *My Daughter, said she, will not be at Home till Tomorrow Night: I have sent Jacob this Morning with Horses to fetch her.* I stayed there that Night, and next Morning (tho' importuned by the old Lady to stay that Day) I set out towards *Ross*, hoping to meet Miss in *Monmouth*, or at least upon the Road. I waited impatiently at *Monmouth* till Sun-set, in Expectation of seeing her, but to no Purpose; so went to *Ross* that Night.

I went to Mrs. P.'s House, and asked the Maid where Miss was: She told me Miss had been gone to *Lantillio*, ever since Eight o'Clock in the Morning; and that she went a different Road to that of *Monmouth*.

I came there next Morning, and went into the Parlour to look for a Letter, which I imagined Miss might have left for me in the Inside of the Spinnet, and, as I expected, found one, (see No. 35.) I communicated it to Mr. L. and told him, that at her Request two or three Days before I went to *Newport*, I returned her all her Rings, likewise her Gold Medal: *My Opinion, said he, is, that this Girl will most certainly jilt you one Time or other, and by G-d I am afraid you will find my Words prove too true.* But I was too much infatuated at that Time, to believe any such Thing, or to harbour an ill Thought of her.

From the Time I had left playing the Organ, several People wondered at my Stay in *Ross*. Every one knew I got no Money in the Town; but on the contrary, was always upon the spending Hand; inso-much that they were surprized how my Purse held out; but to that they were as ignorant as they were

to my most private Affairs: For I got Money considerably, by teaching in the Country. Some of the Inhabitants imagined that I was actually married to *Parthenissa*. Others were of Opinion that we were to be married; but none of them declared their Sentiments freely, lest they should disoblige Mrs. P—'s, and Mr. C—'s Family.

Rofs, without *Parthenissa*, seemed to me as a desolate Place, and I never was easy in my Temper unless I was near her. I went down to *Newport* upon the 4th, and came to her Brother's upon the 7th of *October*. I observed Mrs. P. look cool upon me, and my Fears justly told me that my Happiness, in enjoying *Parthenissa*'s Company, &c. was near its Period; and that Night, whilst we were at Supper, there were not twenty Words said. Mrs. P. left the Parlour to Miss and myself. I ask'd Miss what was the Matter with her Mamma? "I do not know," said she, "neither can I imagine what's come to her, unless she is mistrustful of us." "If so," said I, "I will refrain coming here; and provided I can hear from you now and then, shall rest satisfied; especially if you'll come to me once a Month in *Rofs*. If you'll not approve of that Method, I will get out of the Way for two or three Months." "For God's Sake," said she, "don't drive me mad, by talking of going to any strange Place, for Mamma won't be out of Temper long; therefore let us talk of something else. Who do you think was," continued she, "at Mr. *Westfaling*'s?" "My Dear," said I, "how should I know?" "There was," said she, "Mr. *J—C—ke*, and Mr. *Doomsday*. They both told me they would be here next *Friday* to celebrate my Birth-Day."

"Nay," then, said I, "if Mr. *Doomsday* will be here, I will stay here."

Hearing Mrs. P. come down Stairs, Miss bid me be silent, and assured me I should know her Mind next Morning, written upon a Piece of Paper. I was very impatient 'till I got her by herself, and next Morning she slipped a Paper into my Hand,

Hand, wherein she begg'd I would go to *Ross* that Day, and not appear upon her Birth-Day, lest her Mamma should take fresh Grounds for Jealousy; for that *Pen* and *Jenny Birch*, the Milliner, were to come there from *Ross*; and, added she, if you stay here we shall be discovered, for our Love cannot be hid.

I answered her upon the same Paper, that I would punctually obey her Commands, but that I thought myself more entitled to be there than Mr. *Doomsday* or any one else? and further added that *Jenny Birch's* coming there, and especially *Pen's*, would not be of any Advantage to either of us, but quite the Reverse; and, added I, if our Affair is ruined, lay not the Blame upon me.

I writ a great deal more upon that Paper, than I can now well remember; but in particular that she must meet me in a private Part of the House, for that I was resolved to enjoy her before I went to *Ross*.

I must give her her Due, by saying, she was always as willing as myself to partake of the Pleasure of Enjoyment.

About an Hour before she had fixed the Place for private Meeting, she desired her Mother to give me a hunted Hare, and I, in Lieu of it, after my Return to *Ross*, sent her some Oysters.

Wednesday the 8th of *October*, 1735, (a Day that I have just Reason to remember) was the last Day of my being blessed in her Arms: She appointed me to meet her at the Bottom of the great Stair-Cafe.

Her Brother's Steward, one *C. M.* was then under an Arrest, or at least (to my Knowledge) the Sheriff's Officer was in the House, waiting to have the Matter compromised. Mr. *T. W.* of *L.* was sent for, and performed the Part of an Arbitrator, and whilst he was up Stairs, with the Steward, Miss and I met at the Place appointed. I put the Doors of the Hall close, and the Reader is to guess what passed between us. But Mrs. *P.* coming from a little Par-

lour into the Hall, surprized us. The Door which was next to the Stair-Cafe was not shut quite close, by which Means I saw her coming towards us. I pushed Miss up the great Stairs, and she was at the Top in an Instant. I slipped down the Garden-Stairs with my Trowzers * at my Heels. I could not imagine what to do, or how to behave, knowing (or at least believing) that Mrs. P. saw me in an indecent Posture with her Daughter. She stood at the Bottom of the Steps, and (wanting a better come-off) I pulled some Money out of my Pocket, under Pretence of telling it over. I afterwards turned about, saw her look pale, confused and out of Temper. So thinks I, I have done my Job here, and I would that the Devil had had the Trowzers before I had seen them: For I was certain that my Trowzers were the strongest Evidence against me.

Just before I went to get on Horseback, I asked Mrs. P. if she had any Commands to *Ross*. Mr. Parry, said she, *I thank you, I've only my Service to my Acquaintance*. I then flattered myself that my Fears were needless, and that she had not seen Miss and me too familiar.

Miss ran after me into the Court, begging of me to give her Service to Mrs. Morse, &c. on Purpose to have me in View as much as in her Power, and bid me adieu; and unhappily it was the last verbal one that passed between us. I returned to *Ross* that Night, and the next Morning I met Mr. Doomsday and Mr. J. C. in the Street, on Horseback. They told me that they were going to *Monmouthshire*, to keep *Parthenissa's* Birth-day, and asked me if I would go with them. I thanked them, and wished them good Diversion, but that I could not go again so soon, because I had but just come from thence.

Mrs. Birch and Pen went likewise the same Day.

Mr.

* Trowzers are commonly wore by those that ride Post down into the North, and are very warm; at the same Time they keep the Coat, Breeches, &c. very clean, by being wore over them.

Mr. *Doomsday* and Mr. C. returned in two Days ; the other two about seven. At Mrs. *Birch*'s Return I expected to have heard from Miss, by *Jacob G-ge*, who came with her, but was disappointed, which made me very uneasy.

Upon the 21st Mr. L. came to my Lodgings, and after some Talk, he asked me, if I had drank any thing that Morning : I told him I had not. *Are you sure, says he again, you have not ? Yes, very sure, said I. But pray why do you ask me ?* At that he took two Letters out of his Pocket : *My Spouse, said he, gave me these, and said they were brought to my House by a tall Man, whom, by her Description, I take to be Mr. P.'s Gardener.*

I took the Letters (see Letter, Numb. 36.) and perused them. I'll leave the Reader to judge the Greatness of my Surprise. I stood speechless for some Time, and was scarcely capable of drawing my Breath. I would freely have forgiven any Person that would have run me thro', or shot me dead upon the Spot. Mr. L—s seeing my Concern, begged that I would not be cast down ; telling me, that Time might bring every Thing about according to my Wishes. I perused her Letter over and over, and the more I reflected upon't, the more I sunk under my Misfortune. My good Friend, Mr. L—s, did all that lay in his Power to divert me from Despair ; but, at that Time, 'twas no more than holding a Candle to the Sun.

Pen, Mrs. P—'s Servant, came from *Monmouthshire* the Day after Mr. L— had given me the Letters. I went to Mrs. P—'s House seemingly unconcerned, as if I had heard not any Thing from Miss. " Mr. *Parry*, says the Maid, I have mended your Stocks, and now I'm sure they'll fit your Stock-Buckle ; and I'm sure it's the last Job I ever shall do for you." " Why so, said I, Mrs. *Pen* ; I hope I have not disobliged you ? " " No not in the least, said she, Mr. *Parry* ; but I shan't be in *Ross*, for my Mistress is going to Leave off House-keeping."

‘ Pray, said I, how long has Madam taken that Resolution ? ’ “ Ever since, said she, that you was at *L—nt—o* last. And my Mistress gives her humble Service to you, desiring you’ll take away your Spinnet and Books. If I had not seen you, I was ordered by my Mistress to send your Spinnet, &c. to your Lodgings.” “ Well, Mrs. *Pen*, said I, I shall spare you that Trouble, but I’m resolved to call upon your Mistress To-morrow, in order to acquaint myself with the Cause of so sudden an Alteration. I harboured no such Thought, but was only willing to hear what *Pen* would say. “ I would not advise you to call there, said she, for I really think you’ll not be so welcome as usual.” “ I should think myself ungrateful, said I, to pass by your Mistress and Miss, and not call to see them.” “ You may call when you please, said *Pen*, but I’m sure my Mistress will not speak to you ; and you never will have Miss in Company with you again as long as you live.” “ Pray, Mrs. *Pen*, said I, what Crime have I been guilty of, or how have I offended to that Degree, that the one will not speak to me, neither shall I ever be in Company with the other ? ” “ Mr. *Parry*, said *Pen*, I have no Way been private to what has past ’twixt Miss and you : But I do assure you once more, you’ll never be alone with Miss, neither will she ever lie another Night in *Ross*.”

I had my Spinnet and Books taken away that Day. *Pen P—*, (thinking I really intended going to *Monmouthshire* immediately) made all the Haste she possibly could, to get there before me. But whilst she was in *Ross*, I sent Miss a Letter (see Letter, No. 37.) inclosed in one to *J—*, the Gardener. He gave it her privately, according to my Directions ; and in three Days after, she sent me a Letter (see Letter, No. 38.) by one *Jemmy Preece*, a Plough-boy, in the Family. This Letter indeed re-animated my Spirits. But a little before I received the last Letter from Miss, I went to Mrs. *B—*’s, the Milliner, and ask’d her several Questions relating to *L—nt—o*. Mr. *Parry*, said she, do not give yourself
the

the Trouble of asking me any thing concerning what happen'd in Monmouthshire, during my Stay there, because I will not give you a satisfactory Answer. 'It's true,' added she, I know as much of what happen'd there, as any Body; but be it as it will, it shall go no further from me.' 'There has been, said I, a villainous Letter sent to Mrs. P—, concerning Miss and me. I wish I knew the Author; but I suspect three, which are Mrs. M—, N— F's Wife, and yourself.' 'To satisfy you (said she) of my Innocence, I Will freely take the Sacrament before your Face, that I never writ it, neither do I know who did. By what I can understand, there was a Letter sent to Mrs. P—, but by who, God knows, I don't: However, there's the Devil to pay about it. All the while I was there; Mrs. P— was as ill-natur'd as could be, and Miss would never let me go out of the Room, whilst her Mamma, was there; and what the Reason of this Hurly-burly is I believe no one knows better than yourself.' 'There's nothing, said, I, that could cause so great Disturbance, excepting that Letter sent, and I would with Pleasure forfeit a Leg or an Arm, to know the vile Authors; for by Heaven, I should not value setting their Houses on Fire about their Ears.' Before I parted with Mrs. B—b, I was thoroughly satisfied of her Innocence, and frequented her House as often as usual.

I wrote *Parthenissa* a Letter (see Letter, No. 39.) which was deliver'd to her by J—b G—ge. What added to my Misfortune, was, that I could not get my Letters answer'd as I wish'd for, because she was narrowly watch'd, and debar'd Pen, Ink and Paper, out of her Mother's Sight.

In the Beginning of *November*, I went to *Abergavenny*; and in my Way, stopp'd at a Publick-house adjoining to her Brother's; and from thence I sent her a Letter (which I had prepar'd at *Ross*) by A—se G—od (see Letter, No. 40.) who was Groom to her Brother, an Inmate of the Publick House. He gave it her immediately, and she eagerly open'd it, but to

her Disappointment it was written with Juice, so that she could not read it, neither did she think proper to scorch it before him, because he was a *Yorkshire* Groom: However, she bid him tell me not to come in Sight of any of the Family, and to come back the same Road, for that she would get a Letter ready for me at my Return. After he had delivered the Message to me, says he, *What a comical Letter you sent to Miss; when she open'd your Letter, the Devil a Word was in it.* I could not forbear laughing at him; so took my Leave, assured him, I would be back again in two Days; and begg'd of him, to watch the Opportunity of seeing Miss alone, whereby she might conveniently slip a Letter into his Hand for me. He assur'd me of his Fidelity, and I went directly to *Abergavenny*. There I saw Mrs. P.'s Servant. I ask'd her, how the good Family did. She dropp'd a walking Curt'fy, and made all the Haste she could from me, not caring to be seen talking with me in the Street.

I return'd to the Publick-House in a Day or two, and *A—se* gave me an open Letter from *Parthenissa* (see Letter, No. 41,) which was wrote backwards with a Pencil, so that he could not read a Word of it. That Fellow made me believe the Lord knows what. He swore that he would do me all the Service that lay in his Power; *And d-n me*, said he, *if I don't wish that you were between a Pair of Sheets with Parthenissa.* In short (being easily imposed upon) I believ'd all he said, and 'twas some Time before I found him what he prov'd to be, *i. e.* a treacherous Villain.

Some Weeks ere this Time, I had written to my best of Friends in *London*, acquainting him of my Unhappiness in being separated, and in no Likelihood of coming near the Person who had captivated my Soul. That worthy Gentleman pleas'd to answer my Letter, which I receiv'd (see Letter, No. 42.) at my Return to *Ros*.

A Week afterwards, I met *Ambrose* in *Monmouth*; Well, says I, *what News from your Quarter of the World?*

World. Bad, said he, for you, I do assure you. How so? said I, *impatiently. Mr. D— J—, said he, is a courting of Parthenissa, and his Mother pushes the Match on; and Madam P— by what I can hear, is not against it.* I was so thunder-struck at what he told me, that a Person might have blown me down; but took all imaginary Caution to hinder him from seeing me concern'd. 'Well,' said I, 'let Miss marry whom she pleases, I shall always wish her happy.' We drank together, then parted.

The Thoughts of *D. J.*'s courting her, almost distracted me, and no Pen can describe the racking Pains the Name of a Rival gave me, especially, as I knew that I had none, excepting Miss, but Enemies where she was. I could not help thinking, but that they might prevail upon her to give her Hand, if not her Heart, to *D. J.* notwithstanding what had pass'd between her and myself. These and such like Thoughts bereft me for some Time of my Senses.

I had some Thoughts of sending her a Letter, written with Lemon Juice; but considering it was with the utmost Difficulty that she could scorch it, I wrote one with Ink, and took it to *Lantillio*, and gave it to *Ambrose*, begging of him to give it to *Nanny T.* Mr. *P.*'s Dairy-maid. He served me so far faithfully, and the Girl (one who *Parthenissa* confided in, because she was sincere in what she undertook) gave the Letter (see Letter, No. 43.) that Night to her.

Nanny T. came to me, and desired me to be there in three or four Days, and she would bring me a Letter from *Parthenissa*. I went to *Newport*, and returned at the Time appointed; and the Girl was as good as her Word, by bringing me a Letter (see Letter, No. 44.) she gave me a hearty Kiss, assuring me, that *Parthenissa* had sent it me upon her Lips: The Copy was agreeable, and what the Original must have been, I'll leave the Reader to judge.

*They may be false, who languish and complain,
But they who part with Money never feign.*

The Girl might have repeated those Lines with a safe Conscience ; for 'twas not to be imagined that such faithful Postage should go frank'd.

I returned Miss's Compliment, by giving the Girl some smacking Kisses to carry her : I assured the Girl that I would come there again in a Week or nine Days Time, and begg'd that she would give my sincere Love, &c. to Miss, desiring her to write to me often ; and if 'twas but a Line, the Sight of her Hand-writing inspired me. When I came to *Ros*, Mrs. *Jenny Birch* asked me if I had any Books of *Parthenissa*'s in my Custody : I said, yes. *Parthenissa*, said she, *has wrote to me, desiring me to ask you for them. Did she send my Books, says I, to you ? I never heard her mention any Books, says she, of yours in my Life. Really, said I, they never shall be delivered out of my Keeping, until I have an Order from Parthenissa, written with her own Hand. Well,* said she smartly, *here it is ;* and with that gave me the Paper, (see Letter, No. 45.) which I took with great Pleasure. She often asked me for the Books (as I had promised them upon Sight of the Order) but my Answer always was, No ; not till I have my Books from her.

Soon after I went down to *Newport*, and took *Lantillio* in my Way, expecting to have heard something from *Parthenissa*, but could not, by Reason of *Ambrose*'s being absent from Home, so that I resolved upon coming back the same Road.

I wrote a Letter whilst at *Newport* (see Letter, No. 46.) and when I came to *Lantillio*, gave it *Ambrose* to give *Nanny T.* This Letter was unsealed, having neither Wax nor Wafer in the Neighbourhood ; and after I had left the Place, *Ambrose*, more like a Scoundrel than any thing else, shewed the Letter to a Clergyman, and several others ; but none of them could read it, being written backwards. At last he vouchsafed to give it trusty *Nanny*, who gave it *Parthenissa*, and not without Difficulty, for she had like to have had it snatched from her Bosom by a coxcomical Cushion-thumper, in the Neighbourhood,

hood, who ought to have had a Horse Discipline for his uncommon Impudence.

Whilst I was there, I bid *Nanny T.* tell *Pen P.* that I should be glad to speak with her in the Church Porch. She came to me trembling, upon which I asked her what was the Matter. *I don't know*, says she, *but I am all of a Sudden taken with a Shivering.* Pray, *Mrs. Pen*, said I, *how does Madam, Miss, and all the Family do?* Never worse, says *Pen*, *no never worse in this World.* What's the Matter with them, said I, *I hope they are all well?* I need not tell you, says *Pen*, *what's the Matter, for Miss and you know better than I can tell you.* I believe, said I, *Miss knows no more of me than I do of her.* "I am afraid," said *Pen*, you are too well acquainted with each other. But this, continued she, I can tell you, whatever has passed between you cannot be helped; but you'll never see her for the future. She repents of what she has done, and curses the very Day that she was born upon. She wishes that she had died in her Childhood, and that her Tongue was out for speaking what she has done; nay, she curses her very Hands for learning to write." Really, *Mrs. Pen*, said I, I cannot see any Manner of Occasion for *Miss's* giving herself so much Uneasiness. "Yes," yes, said *Pen*, she has Occasion enough: She has owned now what brought her to *Dingestow*; the Report was, that she went to be married to *Mr. F. F.* and that you was the Person who brought them together; but that Flax is found out: She came to *Dingestow* 'tis true, and for no other Business but to fetch the Gold that you with your nonsensical Whim took from her." Who I! said I, surprized, me take Gold from her! "Yes, you did," said she, and that was her Business after you to *Dingestow*; and this she has owned to my Mistress and me: I lead a weary Life about you, and if you have any Honour in you, you will clear me."

What *Pen* had informed me concerning the Gold, indeed surprized me; and what *Mr. L.* told me in *August, 1735*, came fresh into my Memory; viz. It

is

is my Opinion this Girl will jilt you, therefore look to yourself.

I assured *Pen* that I would justify her so far, that to my Knowledge she never knew any thing of what had passed between Miss and myself. "Have you ever a Letter, said *Pen*, to send Miss; if you have one, I'll carry it as safe as any Body to her, and the Postage shall cost you nothing." I thanked her, and assured her that I had not any thing to send, excepting my Compliments, and them to Miss only; begging of her to give herself no Manner of Uneasiness upon my Account, for that I was to go in a few Days towards a Town in the Middle of the Kingdom. "You wish, says *Pen*, my Mistress at the Devil, so you send no Service to her." "You know I cannot flatter, said I, but I wish her in Heaven, and so your humble Servant." *Pen* took her Leave of me, assuring me, if I at any Time would send a Letter by her to Miss, she'd safely deliver it, and bring me an Answer. I thanked her for her Civility, but never troubled her with one.

When she left me, I could not help reflecting upon what had past between us.

First, I thought that Miss had an Inclination to jilt me, because she mentioned the Gold; and I was positive no one could mention it to Mrs. P.

Secondly, I was apprehensive of her telling her Mother that I took the Money from her, was with no View but that of concealing her Design to marry me, and that the Country Talk was only a false Report.

The last Thought got the better of me; for do what I would, I could not think ill of her, notwithstanding I had been informed, before I wrote her the last Letter dated from *Newport*, that young *J.* often laid his Head in her Bosom, &c. I was credibly informed by several in the Neighbourhood, that he was very busy about her, and that they were frequently seen together, and his Lips were hardly asunder from her's; and she seemed well pleased with his pretty whining Way of making Love. I could not be blest
with

with a Sight of her : and the Thoughts of a Rival gave me no small Uneasiness ; but flung me into that damn'd Distemper, Jealousy.

Oh ! where (thinks I) are all the bitter Oaths, Vows, Protestations, &c. which she made to me when last at *Ross*, that neither *D. J.* nor any one else, should kiss her, except it was at coming or going from the Family, as a Visitor ; and, if she's perjured, Heaven blast her with Infamy ; and it is my Opinion, that any Person that loved to so great a Degree of Madness as I did, could not hear the Name of a Rival mentioned, but with Horror.

When I came to *Ross*, I received a Letter from the best of Friends ; wherein he assured me that he believed my Interest would be the strongest at *Birmingham* ; and whether I accepted the Place or not, he told me, it could not be to my Disadvantage to be prepared, and to try myself in Practice as much as might be, if the Place should be offered me, as he believed it would.

This Letter I dropt designedly at *Lantillio*, which was picked up and shewed Mrs. *P.*

This unparelled Friendship of a Gentleman that I had never seen, and at such a Crisis, gave me some flattering Hopes of being in a Condition to face the World with a light Heart one Time or another, whether I was to be so happy as to have *Parthenissa* once more in my Arms or not.

Upon the 19th of *January* I went to *Monmouth*, where I met *A-se G-d*, who immediately informed me, that *Parthenissa* was well, and had sent him with Money to pay off the Interest of a Bond which her Brother had given to one Mrs. *P-or*, and that Mr. *Geo. R-ts* was to receive it. But, added he, *Miss is going to be married to Dicky J—*. Are you sure of this ? said I. I am sure of it, said he ; 'tis certainly so ; for he does nothing but kiss and slobber her ; and she is very fond of him, and they are to be married speedily. I could not make him any Answer, so great was my Concern. I left him abruptly ; and went that Night to *Dingestow*. I wrote a Letter there

there to her, ready to deliver it to the trusty Dairy-maid. I borrowed a Case of Pistols for my Safety, and set out from *Dingestow* the same Night to *Lant-o*, because if I had gone in the Day Time half the Parish would run and tell Mrs. *P.* of my being there. I came there about Nine o'Clock, and near a Publick House, a Woman asked me in *Welch* who was there. Knowing 'twas *Nanny T—*'s Voice, I rid up close to her, and gave her the Letter [see Letter, No. 47.] and she ran with it to *Parthenissa*, who received it before any one else knew of my being there.

Next Morning the Girl brought a Piece of Paper, and beckoned me to come to her at the Public House, (she did not at that Time speak to me, because she saw Mrs. *J—* coming up a Field, in her Way to Mrs. *P—*'s) and put the Paper under an Earthen Mug, upon the Chimney-Piece in the Kitchen [see Letter No. 48.] after some little Pause, she told me that *Pen* knew of my being there, and that she wanted to speak with me. I told her, I should be back in two Days, &c. The Girl made all the Haste she could to get Home before Mrs. *J—* could reach there, and I immediately rode down to *Newport*.

I return'd to *Lant-o* upon *Wednesday*, some Time in the Night. The Moment I came into the House, I gave my Pistols and Cutteau to *Ambrose* (as I had done two or three Days before) who locked them up in a Drawer, till I went away. Next Morning, the poor Girl (that carried the Letters between Miss and myself) came and told me, that Mrs. *J.* had abused her in a very gross Manner. "When she came to our House (says the Girl, with Tears) she told Madam *P.* that she was sure that I had a Letter from you to Miss. I swore I had no such Thing, neither did I ever carry a Letter from you to *Parthenissa*." Mrs. *J.* said, she was sure I did, and called me a sorry Carrion; telling me, I deserved to be burnt. She called me a great many scandalous Names. In short, I was ready to run crazy. '*Nanny*, said I, I would not have you give yourself any Uneasiness concerning what she says to you, for her
Tongue

Tongue is no Slander; and 'tis not imagin'd that a Horse should — Oats that never eat any.' 'I am sorry, *Nanny*, with all my Soul, that you should be ill used upon my Account; and if it ever lies in my Power to be of any Service to you, I shall always be glad to oblige you in any thing.' "But what, says the Girl, do you think she did besides abusing me? Why, she broke open my Box, tore off the Lock of it to Pieces, and rumaged all the House over, thinking to find some of your Letters. *Jane* of the *Ostrey*, or some of them, says you have got Pistols." 'I have so, said I, I brought them with me to shoot a Couple of Currs, that bark after me upon the Road, and frighten my Horse. I gave them to *Ambrose* to lock up, and my Sword along with them: So that, if I had an ill Design against any Body here, I should hardly have delivered my Weapons into the Hands of an Enemy.' "That's true too, says the Girl; but Mrs. *J—* is mad to have her Son marry *Parthenissa*." 'Does he kiss her, says I, before People?' "Kiss her! said *Nancy*, why he does nothing else all Day long; and when they are by themselves, he puts his Hand in her Breast, as far as he can, between her Shift and her Skin." 'I shall never give thee any farther Trouble, says I, about her. Heaven be with thee; but, for her Part, may a Legion of Devils attend her, for a sanctified, perfidious Jilt. Has she received the Sacrament for this Purpose? The Devil must certainly have her for her Perjuries.' "She has, says the Girl, got Devils about her as 'tis; God deliver me from them: I have given Warning to provide themselves with another Dairy-maid. *Peggy J—s* is a sly Bitch, and you are in the Wrong if you don't kick her. She has been as busy as the best in contriving to stop your Letters, &c." The Girl parted from me crying, and I never saw her but once since.

Mrs. *J—* having heard that the Girl and I were together some considerable Time, came to the *Ostrey*, (where I was sitting by the Fire-side) and asked for the Woman of the House.

When

When the Woman came to her, *Jane* (said she, with a fiercer Look than any of the tan-coloured Devils which are painted upon the Church Windows of *Fairford* in *Gloucestershire*) *what do you mean by harbouring a Highwayman in your House?* As she spoke, she nodded her Head at me. ‘Pray, Madam, said I, who is it you mean by Highwayman? If you mean me, I shall be very apt to make your Ladyship repent the Language.’ “Oh, dear Sir (said she, with a cut-throat Smile) I do not mention your Name, Sir, or any Body’s Name, Sir.” Then turning herself to the Woman of the House, “*Jane*, pray take Care of my Son, for I suppose this Villain has a Mind to murder him.” Happy it had been for me, if I could have governed my Passion afterwards, as I had done this Time. ‘Madam, says I, I find no Fault in your Son; I’ve always wished him well, and have given him evident Proofs of it whilst he was at *Hereford*, by giving him Money, and treating him, since you force me to cancel Obligations, which I did for *Parthenissa*’s Sake, knowing him to be something related to her.’ “You treat my Son! said she, scornfully, you poor Blockhead, you sorry Scoundrel, Organ-playing Piper.” I really could not forbear laughing at her Impudence. Away she went, using me with such, nay worse than I’ve since heard at *Billinggate*, where I have often heard them abuse each other.

As I have before hinted, your half-strain’d Gentlewomen are by much the most ridiculous, that a Man can converse with: And Mrs. *J.* having no Right to be thought agreeable (by any one but her Husband) by the Disadvantage of a very ruff Face and carrotty Hair, made me, in my Surprise, think of some Monster, who Sir *Richard Blackmore*, in his *Eliza*, describes as follows.

*Scylla, and all the Monsters of the Main,
Were the Descriptions true the Poets feign,
Wou’d inoffensive comely Figures be,
Compar’d with this compleat Deformity:*

Her

*Her fiery Eyes a red malignant glare,
 Shot forth their bloody Orbits thro' the Air.
 The fiery Breath that from her Nostrils came,
 With Plagues and Fevers did the Air inflame :
 She seem'd all Teeth and Jaws, prepar'd for Spoil,
 Like the arm'd Tyrant that infests the Nile.*

In about Half an Hour after Mrs. J. had disgorged her foul Stomach at me, in comes Master *Dicky*, her Son and Heir. I told him, his Mother had used me in a very unbecoming Manner, and undeservedly ; for to the best of my Knowledge, I never deserved the Title of Highwayman : ‘ And for your Part, Sir, says I, you are sensible that I have always behaved towards you with a great Deal of Respect, and was always civil to you, and I have readily obliged you to the utmost of my Power.’ “ By G—d, says Mr. *Dick*, I don't mind any Body's Quarrels, let them be of what Sort they will.” ‘ The Devil fetch me, said I, if I do, were they to be begun by any Person whatsoever.’ So after he and I had drank Part of two or three Quarts of Ale, he was sent for to Mrs. P.'s, by Order of his precious Mamma ; and before he reached the House, he called to *Ambrose*, and shewed him a Brace of loaded Pistols, which he brought with him to have shot me through the Head, provided I had spoken disrespectfully of *Parthenissa*. My poor little Pistols were safe in *Ambrose*'s Drawer ; and if both of us had had the Resolution to have drawn a Trigger against each other, I should have stood but an indifferent Chance, being a strong-set Man of five Feet nine, and he a thin Youth of about five Feet six ; for I might as well aim at the Edge of a Penknife, as at him. But I had given over all Hopes of *Parthenissa*, from the Minute *Nanny T.* our trusty Confidant, declared her to be handled, kiss'd, &c. by young J. However, I was resolved to stay a Day longer than at first I really intended at *Lantillio*, only to fret Mrs. J.

Upon the *Friday*, after I had walked several Times in the Church-Yard, *Pen* came to me. Our Talk
 at.

at first ran upon Mrs. J.'s abusing me : At last she changed her Tone, by saying, " Mr. Parry, I do assure you that whatever has passed between Miss and you is at an End : She never will write to you any more, therefore it will be needless for you to give yourself any farther Trouble about her : She is sure to be turned out of Doors the Moment she marries against my Mistress's Consent : I am sure you do not believe what I say ; but here's something, written with her own Hand, that will convince you." At that *Pen* took an unsealed Paper out of her Pocket, and gave it me (see Letter, No. 49.) " My Mistress, added *Pen*, has but at present a small Income ; and 'twould go but a little Way in maintaining Miss and you, and perhaps Half a Dozen little Brats : 'Tis my Opinion, indeed Mr. Parry, that as you have Friends a-working for you to get you a good Place, your best Way would be to strive and get it, and never think of *Parthenissa* any more." " Mrs. *Pen*, said I, I beg you'll give my Respects to Miss, and assure her from me, that I wish her all Happiness imaginable." I will certainly deliver the Message, says *Pen*, but must beg you'll do me the Justice you promised me ; which was, to convince my Mistress and the Family, by Letters, that I am innocent of your whole Affairs : I cannot say, continued she, but this is a Judgment upon Miss, for her ill Usage to me : I could not imagine what was the Reason that I could have no civil Answer from her, to any Thing I said ; but now 'tis come home to her. However, I pity her, and am sorry for you ; and if you have any Letter to send her, I'll carry it." " I have no such Thing to send her, said I, and you may be satisfied that I shall write to Mrs. *P.* to assure her, that you have been no Way assisting in my Amour with Miss."

Pen left me trembling, and incapable of speaking, myself at the same Time wishing for the Death of *Korah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram* : I perused the Paper that *Pen* gave me a Hundred Times over, cursing the Subject, and my ill Fate. I left the Place with greater Reluctancy than a Widow could part with a

S— P—. Had Heaven been so propitious as to have directed my Thoughts, in taking her Advice, I had been happy ; but Fate decreed it otherwise.

I went to *Dingestow* from thence, and did not reach *Rofs* in five Days ; during which Time there was a current Report there, that I was married to *Parthenissa*, and that I was in *Monmouthshire*, demanding my Wife at her Mother's Hands. In Mr. D—s, of *Wilton's*, Family (whom I shall speak more of hereafter) 'twas believ'd to be Fact, because a *Monmouthshire* Justice had been there, and had said, that he had heard something like it. I was a Stranger to all this ; and some of that Family believed me to've been married for some Time past. But when I came to *Rofs*, I was wished Joy by several People. I asked them, of what. 'Of what, said they, of an agreeable Wife, with a good Fortune.' I thanked near an Hundred for their good Wishes ; and assured them, there was not any thing in the Report. The more I denied it, the more Compliments I received ; at last I was wished Joy by so many, that I was resolved to give my Breath no longer Vent, but thanked them, and would not stop to talk with them. Going (the same Day I came Home) to Mrs. B—b, the Milliner's, she asked me, what the People meant, by talking after the Rate they did. I told her, I knew of no Foundation for their so doing ; but that several had wished me Joy, and said, the Reason of my staying in *Rofs* so long, was come out, for there was a Wife in the Case. "To be sure, said Mrs. B—b, there can be nothing in it, for when I was there in *October* last, I told you before, there was the Devil to pay there ; I talked with Miss a great deal, and told her, that it was whispered by several People she was going to be married to you. Then, says *Parthenissa* (very disdainfully) I wish the Town's People would provide Husbands and Wives for each other ; and I am not obliged in the least to them for mentioning such an one as *Parry* for mine. One Thing is, Mamma will never trouble *Rofs* any more ; so that 'tis to be hoped, they'll have Somebody else to talk of,

of. I don't know any thing of the Matter, said Mrs. *B—b* to *Parthenissa*, but 'tis believed, that you are married or engaged to him. Why then, says *Parthenissa*, as I hope to be saved, I never have had any Thoughts of him, and I do not care if the Devil had him, or if he was hanged, or transported, for I hate the very Name of him. All this, says Mrs. *B—b*, *Parthenissa* told me, I will take my Oath of it; and at the same Time, she begged that I would not speak about it, for she would not have the Reason of her Mamma's leaving *Rofs* made known for the World. And you know, continued Mrs. *B—b*, that I have neither made nor meddled with it one Way or other: And 'tis you know best what has past between you, but I am afraid, you are neither of you any better than you should be.' This Instance of *Parthenissa*'s Perfidiousness (notwithstanding she had sent me several Letters after her Interview with Mrs. *B—b*) gave me an uncommon Shock; insomuch, that I had not the Power to answer Mrs. *B—b*, so left her.

Now there came a Passage that happened between my eldest Sister and myself afresh into my Memory. In 1733, she came to *Rofs*, in her Way to *London*; and after Civilities that commonly pass between Brothers and Sisters, who have been for some Time separated, I left her about five Minutes. I ran to *Parthenissa*, and asked her, if a Sight of my Picture would please. "Yes, my Dear, said she, that it would." "Do you run up Stairs, and open your Chamber Window, said I, and you shall see me lead my Sister *Nancy* in the Walk joining to the Church-yard Wall. She is this Minute come to Town, and is obliged to be in *Gloucester* to Night." "Can't you bring her here, said Miss, to drink a Dish of Tea?" "No, not for the World, said I, that indeed would be giving People Cause to suspect our Intrigue." I went to the Inn, and brought up my Sister into the Church-yard. Seeing *Parthenissa* in the Window, I bid my Sister take a full View of her, which she accordingly did. After we had passed by, I asked my Sister how she liked her; she said, well enough. I then

then told her all the Affair, and how Miss had given me undeniable Proofs of her Love, before I had presumed to kiss her. My Sister heard me very attentively ; and when I had told her all I could think of, she said, " Heaven avert the Destruction that, I am afraid, this Girl will bring upon you. My dear Brother, you are young, and unacquainted with the Ways of Women, therefore set not your Heart upon her, for by what you've told me, she is slippery, and there is nothing certain this Side of the Grave but Death, and that very uncertain ; therefore, drop your Amour with this *Parthenissa*, for something tells me, she will ruin you inevitably, &c." Had my Sister been an *Isaiab*, or a *Jeremy*, she could not have prophesied more to the Purpose ; for as she said, so it fell out, as you'll find hereafter.

When I left Mrs. *Birch*, I reflected very much upon what she had informed me, and strove with all my Might to erase *Parthenissa* quite out of my Memory ; but do all I could, my Endeavours proved abortive.

I went to the Post-Office, and received an agreeable Letter from my dear Friend, (see Letter, No. 50.) which made me somewhat easier in my Temper than I had been for some Time before.

Mr. *C—ke's* Family hearing the Report of my Marriage with *Parthenissa*, sent to Mrs. *P.* to know whether there was any thing in it or not. *Parthenissa* sent a Letter, directed to Miss *Jenny C—ke*, wherein she called the Almighty God (who had inspired her with the Sense of Writing) to witness, that she never was married to me, nor ever would be ; neither had she any Affection for me, or ever thought of me as a Husband or Lover ; and added, I am afraid the Villain will counterfeit my Hand-writing.

Hell could not produce so perfidious a Whore, so incarnate a Devil, nor so false and damn'd a Fiend. Was not this Usage enough to have made any Mortal run mad ? Especially one that had been so very familiar with her, and one that had never spoke
slightingly

flightingly of her, nor gave the least Intimation to his Bosom Friends of what had pass'd between them.

I stifled my Resentment, till such Time that I could not possibly bear my ill Usage any longer. Miss *Jenny C—ke* shew'd *Parthenissa's* Letter publickly; and Mrs. *Birch* swore to me, that she had seen it. Mrs. *P--* sent to Mr. *C—ke*, begging, that he would think of some Way or other to have me taken up, for she thought herself in Danger; and insinuated that I intended coming with Arms, &c. to deprive her of Life, Daughter, or something or other. Mr. *C—ke* being one of *Parthenissa's* Guardians, (and had, I have great Reason to believe, Thoughts of having her for a Daughter-in-law) was resolved to have me taken into Custody; so sent a Letter to Mr. *A—y* of *Worcester*, begging he would inform himself by Counsellor *Trevor*, for Reasons inserted in his Letter. The Answer was, That no Man could be troubled for endeavouring to make his Fortune, nor for carrying on an Intrigue, especially with a Girl of three or four and twenty Years of Age: But he may be taken up for riding with a Gun or Pistols, being unqualified. I was not informed of this Proceeding till some Time afterwards, and then *James S—e*, Esq; told me of it, as he had it verbatim from Mrs. *P*.

Mr. *Clarke* sent several Letters to *Herbert Rudball Westfaling*, Esq; desiring that he would give Mr. *S—rd* and him the Meeting at *Ross*, upon the 23d of *February*, 1735-6, in order for the issuing out a special Warrant for securing me, to answer to the aforementioned Crimes. Mr. *Westfaling* (guessing foul Play to be upon the Carpet) declined coming for some Time; but at last, being over-persuaded by Mr. *Clarke*, who went to visit him purposely, he agreed to meet the other two at *Ross*, upon the Day fix'd. I was informed by one of the Justice's Relations, of the intended Meeting. Thinks I, let them meet and be damn'd, I shall not neglect my Business to see the Event of their Proceeding. I am conscious of my own Innocence, in not having offended any one, unless 'tis Mrs *P*. and her I value not.

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The Justices met upon *Monday* the 23d at *Ross*, and granted out a Warrant against me ; Mr. *Clarke* gave it into my Landlord's Hands, in order to speak with me the sooner : For my Part I went to *Monmouthshire*, where I met with greater Difficulties than would have happened to me, provided I had remain'd in *Ross*.

The Day that I set out was upon *Sunday* the 22d, intending to go to *Newport* to teach Miss *G—n*. I stopt at *Monmouth*, and drank more Negus than I could well bear, with a Clergyman, and two more of my Acquaintance. They informed me, that I certainly should lose *Parthenissa*, for that she was going to be married to young *J.* and they did nothing but tee and toy, kiss and slobber, all the live-long Day. ' What is it to me, said I, dissembling my Agony, ' who she marries ? I was her Musick-master, and ' have now nothing to say to the Family, any more ' than a Demand of Money due to me from her Mother, for instructing the Daughter in Musick.' Does she not, said the Clergyman, play the Flute ? Yes, Sir, said I. He reply'd, Did you teach her that Instrument ? I answered him in the Negative. Why then, says he, you have taught her the Silent Flute, or else you're damnably bely'd. ' Pray, Sir, said I, do not talk so idly of her.' *Pho, pho*, said he, hold thy Tongue, say what thou wilt, here's none here will believe any thing to the contrary : So here's to thee, my Boy, &c. I parted with my Company, and rid to *Rockfield*; and in going thro' the Village, one *Price*, who kept the *Unicorn*, call'd after me, and ask'd me whither I was going. ' I am, said I, going to *Abergavenny*, and from thence down to *Newport*.' ' By G-d, says *Price*, you are never the nearer to go to *Lantillio*.' ' I ask'd him what Reason he had for saying so, and was not the Road as free for me as another.' ' I tell you what, Master, said he, we know how the Market goes, by the Market-people : One of Mrs. *P.*'s Tenants told me, that you were to be married to Miss, and that he believ'd it, because he has seen you very familiar together : But ' now

‘ now you’re blown, Sir, and she is actually going to be married to Mr. J.’s Son: He does nothing but kifs her; and one would think that she’s in damnable Want of a —, to let such an unlick’d Whelp as that mouth her.’ ‘ He is, said, I, a very pretty young Gentleman.’ Pretty or not, said *Price*, he tumbled and mumbled her last *Sunday* in the Church-yard, and as he flung her down, forty People might have seen her A-se, and her — too.’ I had not Patience to hear the Man express himself so bluntly; however I alighted, and called for a Pint of Brandy, wherewith I got mad and drunk, and rode to *Lantillio*. ’Twas Ten Thousand to One I had not broke my Neck; but Heaven reserved me for future Troubles. When I came to the Publick-Honse, I whistled at the Door; and as I alighted off my Horse, *Ambrose G—d* came to the Door, and stopt my going into the House, telling me, I should not have any Entertainment there. What’s the Meaning of this Usage to me, *Ambrose*, says I, is all your promised Friendship come to this? Pray, do I owe you any Thing?’ ‘ I don’t say you do, said he, but your Horse shall not have a Feed of Corn here, neither will I draw you a Drop of Ale, or any thing else.’ ‘ I am sure you cannot lawfully refuse me Entertainment, said I, as long as I pay for what I call, and by G-d, I will have a Feed for my Horse, and Eatables for myself, before I go hence.’ ‘ By G-d, says he, you shall not.’ With that he pushed me out of Doors, down two or three Steps; and told me, ‘ That Madam *P.* had given him Orders for so doing.’ ‘ Madam *P.* said I, *raging*; G-d damn her, for a smoaking, dirty, old Bitch.’ I instantly tied my Horse to the Church-yard Gate, and (unhappily for me) from thence I went to Mrs. *P.* with no other Intent but that of asking her what she meant by using me in the vile Manner she had done.

I knocked at the Door, which was opened by J. *G—d*, who had run there across the Garden, to inform Mrs. *P.* of my being in the Parish, and asked, where Mrs. *P.* was. The Servants said, that she

was

was not to be spoken with. 'I want to know, said I, what she means by hindering me from being entertained as a common Traveller upon the Road, and by G-d I will speak with her before I leave the Place, or else I'll die upon the Spot.' Mrs. P. and her Daughter were in a little Parlour, guarded by old and young J. and some Men, armed with Swords and Pistols. I was going towards the Room they were in, when three or four Women, and some Ploughmen, push'd me back; and the more they dissuaded me from going there, the more I was bent upon it. The Parlour Door was barricado'd, and the three stout Men that guarded the Ladies were in great Eagerness for coming out to cut me in Pieces. But Mrs. P. kept them in by mere Strength, notwithstanding the Strugglings of these Dunghill Heroes to the contrary. I own myself to be far from what People call a fighting Man, but if they had come out, I should have sold my Life at a dear Rate in that mad Passion; for equal Terms was no more to be expected there, than Constancy from a common Whore, Honesty from a Lawyer, or Friendship from F—k V—t.

In the mean Time, the People in the Kitchen were stirring to push me out of the House. 'Hold, d—n ye, said I, I have a Wife or something worse here, where is she.' If you have a Wife here, says the House-keeper, come in a peaceable Manner for her, &c. The Champions in the Parlour cried, turn him out, turn the Rascal out. Hearing Mrs. J.'s Voice, put me, if possible, into a greater Passion than ever. I d—d them for a Pack of W—; and thought I was ill used, considering that I had enjoyed the best of the Family, with an Intent to have begotten an Heir, &c. to the Estate. However I was forced to march out of the House, where I flattered myself to have spent some Part of my Life in, one Time or other.

I went back to the Publick-House, and Mrs. P. by the Advice of her Privy-Counsellor Mr. J—s, sent word to A—se, that he might let me have any
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thing I called for, without displeasing her ; resolving in the mean Time, to send for a Warrant, to take me up. I found afterwards, that *J—s S.* had granted one before to *Mrs. P.* for riding with Pistols, &c. so that I was to have been taken up in *Monmouthshire*, as well as *Herefordshire* (if this unhappy Accident had not happened) thro' the Management of good *Mr. C-ke*, and the sanctified *Mrs. P—*.

At my Return to the *Ostrey*, I drank a Mug of Ale ; and as the Moon shined bright, I was for going that Night to *Uk*, a Town about Seven Miles distant ; but *H—P—*, A. M. (one who was a Scandal to the Cloth, and had been in the Spiritual Court for Fornication) persuaded me to stay there that Night ; well knowing that there was a Warrant out against me, and that they could not take me upon the Sabbath-Day. Being importuned by *P—*, (alias *C—er*) I ordered my Horse to be put up ; so sat and drank with the Wolf in Sheep's Cloathing, 'till Twelve. (He died since, and 'tis beneath me to revile the Dead ; but if he had lived, I would have given the Bishop of the Diocese, whom I had the Honour to be known to, an Account of his Life and Morals.)

About Half an Hour after Twelve o'Clock, he bid the Woman warm his Bed ; ' For, says he, 'tis Time for me to be gone, having done my Duty ; and I beg, says he to the Constable, that you will do yours.' The Moment the Parson left the Room, the Constable, whose Name was *M—w M—n*, jumped across my Thighs, and pushed me backwards, with my Head against the Wall. After that Piece of Ceremony, he was so civil as to tell me, that he had a Warrant against me. ' I must search your Pockets, said he, for Pistols.' I assured him he was welcome. Accordingly he did, upon finding none, he took my Cutteau from my Side. ' I never, said I, will disown a Constable's Authority, but I never saw any Man serve a Warrant in such a facetious Manner before. Pray, *Mr. M—n*, is it the Custom

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of the Place, to knock a Man down, and afterwards bid him stand?' He made me no Answer, and I fell asleep by the Fire-side 'till Eight o'Clock in the Morning, having a Guard of Tatterdemallions to attend me. When I awakened, I was surprized to see myself surrounded by such Sort of Gentry. Some of the Tenants asked me if the Devil was not in me, by going to the great House, calling Madam and *Parthenissa* all the Whores in *England*? 'God forbid, said I;' (for I knew no more than the Child unborn, of what I had said and done the Night before; and the foregoing Particulars, were told me the Day following, by one of the Family.) 'Tis true indeed,' says one; then another, &c. Then in comes Mr. T—J—s with a stern Look, saying, '*Jemmy Parry*, was the Devil in thee to abuse my Sister *P.* and Miss last Night, calling them vile Names, and committing such an Outrage? My Sister was never so ill used in her Life, and is resolved to prosecute you with the utmost Rigour of the Law.' I was very much in Liquor, said I, and am heartily sorry for what I have done; and I will willingly give Mrs. *P.* any Satisfaction she requires, in the most publick Manner. I wish it had pleased God that I had broke a Leg or an Arm; nay, even that I had been struck dead, before I came near her House last Night; and if that Blockhead *Am—se* had not push'd me, drunk as I was, I never should have gone near her.' 'By G-d, said Mr. J—s, *Jemmy*, I am sorry for thee; but my Sister *P.* will ruin thee, if thou wert worth Ten Thousand Pounds. She does not value what you've said of her, 'tis her Daughter's Honour that she stands by. A young Gentlewoman of Five or Six Thousand Pounds Fortune, to be degraded by your insolent Talk, will not be made up on easy Terms; and by G-d, I tell you, Mrs. *P.* will spend Five Hundred Pounds, but that she will be revenged of you.' Seeing myself in Huckster's Hands, I swore in a great Passion, that Mrs. *P.* might do what she would, I did not value her of a Farthing. 'I have, con-

tinued I, in a Manner, married her Daughter, who is a vile Jilt, and I have had carnal Knowledge of her Body Hundreds of Times ; all this I'll prove, when put to the Test : So that by what I say, you may see I despise Mrs. P. and all her Adherents.' Mr. J. stared, as much surprized at me, as if I had been a Calf with six Legs and a Top-knot. I begged the Favour of the Constable, as he had a Warrant against me, to take me to the Justice's. ' You need not be in a Hurry, says he, for Madam P. has sent for Mr. S. and he will be here in an Instant.' Mr. S. came to Mrs. P. about Two o'Clock, when she and her Fiends told their Tale, you may be sure no Way to my Advantage. Mr. S. was one (if I may use the Expression) that could see as far as another into a Mill-stone, and was sure that if he should be obliged to commit me, it would be very much to the Disadvantage of *Parthenissa's* Character. ' Madam, said he, to Mrs. P. give me Leave to go to Mr. Parry, and I will engage to persuade him to go out of the Country, and he never shall come near you, nor your House, any more.' She reply'd, " Mr. S. say what you will, he shall go to Gaol." ' If I do commit him, says Mr. S. I am really afraid it will be flinging Dirt in Miss's Face ; therefore, Madam, let me beg of you to give me Leave to speak with Mr. Parry.' " You shall not, says she ; and if you have any Friendship for me and my Family, you will take the People's Affidavits, and commit him." ' But, Madam, replies the Justice, if he gives Bail, I cannot commit him.' ' If any Body, said she, in this Neighbourhood is Bail for him, I shall look upon them as my greatest Enemies : And let People think what they will of my Daughter, I had rather she should be *Parry's* Whore than his Wife." ' In short, so should not I,' replied the Justice.

Dinner being set upon the Table, the old Gentleman fed heartily, and Mrs. P. plied him plentifully with Liquor ; so at last, by Virtue of a Daub in the Hand from Mrs. P. he made my *Mittimus*, and gave it to the Constable's Hand.

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Having so done, he immediately came to me at the Publick-House, and took me with him into the Garden: He there informed me of what had been said and done. "Do all I could, said he, Mrs. P. would have you committed." "I thank you for your Civility, Sir, said I, but mark what I say; Mrs. P. will repent her not letting me go about my Business, for she'll expose her Daughter by it as long as she lives: I do not question but she'll plague me for some Months; but in Requital thereof I shall plague them as long as they live."

"I told Madam P. so, replied he, but she would not hearken to me." "I hope, Sir, said I, you'll give me Time to send for Bail." "Yes, with all my Heart, said he, and I'll tell thee what I'll do, (because I believe thou hast been in the Body of *Parthenissa*) the Constable shall go along with you to *Dingestow*, (you satisfying him for his Trouble) if you think that Mr. J. will be bound for your Appearance; nay, if he sends me but a Line that you shall appear: And if he will not do that, you must go to Gaol 'till you give Security: But do not offer to give the Constable the Slip." "G-d damn me, said I, if I would not rot in Gaol, before I would do it, or give them the Advantage of an Inch of Ground."

Mr. S— went Home, and I thought the Constable was to have taken me to *Dingestow*, as he had been ordered, but in that I was sadly mistaken: The Constable acquainted Mr. J. that he had Orders to go with me to *Dingestow*, whereupon he goes and tells Mrs. P. thinking that that would be a Means to prevent my being imprisoned; they joined their Heads together, and sent for the Constable, and there (between Threats and fair Promises, besides Money in Hand) they perswaded the Fellow from going to *Dingestow*, and made him resolve upon taking me to *Monmouth* Gaol. The Fellow told me, he would not go to any Place with me but *Monmouth*. 'Why then, said I, you shall go with me there to Night.' He told me, 'twas too late, and that I

should go in the Morning. In the mean Time I sent a Man and Horse to *Dingestow*, acquainting that worthy Gentleman with my unhappy Situation, and hoping that he would be a Surety for me: 'Twas with a great deal of Difficulty that I could get a Person to go for me, lest they should incur Mrs. P's Displeasure: at last a *Brecknockshire* Fellow gave her a Curse, and went with Speed.

I might have escaped from the Constable, I believe, without a great deal of Difficulty, but I scorned the Action; and if I had done so, my perfidious Jilt would have been thought a modest and virtuous young Lady. God knows what I say to be true, her Virtue and Modesty are both affected, and (to my certain Knowledge) Nature has nothing to do with either of them; and as she had basely jilted me, and myself having acted the Part of a Mad-man, I was willing to make the best of a bad Market: I sent Mrs. P. a Letter, wherein I assured her of my hearty Concern for what had happened, and that I should be glad to ask her Forgiveness in the most publick Manner, and acknowledge my Indiscretion unfeignedly; but that if she sent me to Gaol, she would debar me from a very good Place, which I was in Election of, and that I should of Course lose it, if imprisoned, together with my Livelihood; for my being in Gaol would be no Secret to the Country circumjacent: I assured her further, that if she did send me to Prison, she would oblige me to vindicate myself, by publishing the Amour, and Letters, between her Daughter and me; which I would not do for a Thousand Pounds, unless she should proceed against me, as beforementioned, &c.

The Constable, who was by this Time become a little sociable, took the Letter, and gave it into Mrs. P's Hands: She told him she would not answer it; which nettled me to such a Degree, that I was resolved to vex her as much as possible: To effect which, I wrote her another Letter, wherein I gave her an Account how Miss and myself married each other; where we consummated; and that there was,
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in a particular Place still in Being, (if it had not been cut off, or wash'd away) an undeniable Testimony of her lost Maiden-head. This Letter answered my Purpose, by its driving her almost raving. Mr. J. came once more to me, and ask'd me how I came to write such a Letter to his Sister-in-Law? 'I am a little whimsical, says I, and as it was the first Thing that came uppermost, I was resolved to communicate my Thoughts to her: The Style in it is plain; and I'll swear every Syllable of it to be Fact.' *By G-d, said he, I do not think that there ever was such a Letter wrote before in England.* We talk'd together for some considerable Time; and as he was related by Marriage, I acquainted him with the real Facts from first to last; protesting, that as Mrs. P. was bent upon my Ruin, I would make the World truly sensible of the whole Affair: 'Your Spouse, says I, called me Highwayman, and other opprobrious Language, which is not in her, nor any Body's Power, to prove; which is Usage that a Person of common Honesty ought to blush at: My Honesty was never call'd in Question; and even Mrs. P. who I am sure is the greatest Enemy I have, or ever had, cannot accuse me with any base Action, unless it be that of enjoying her Daughter; that, to be sure, she thinks villainous in me; but 'twas such a delicious Morsel, that I would suffer myself to be called Ten Thousand Times worse than your Wife can call me, for such another.

By my Soul, replied Mr. J. I am sorry for you both; I mean Parthenissa and you.

The Man that I had sent to *Dingestow* returned, and brought me Word, that Mr. J. would be over with me by Nine o'Clock next Morning in order to be my Bail. I own this was a Favour that I had not the least Title to expect from that Gentleman; but his Good-Nature over-looked the Freedom I took in sending to him. He came at the Time appointed, intending to do me a Piece of Service, but was prevented from it at that Time, as you'll find. Mrs. P. and Mrs. J. with the rest of their infernal Crew,

hearing that Mr. J. was to be there at Nine, in order to be my Surety, resolved that the Constable should take me away, before he could reach *Lantillio*.

There lay with me, besides the Constable, a Villain, who was a Servant to Mr. J. one that, to oblige his Master, would say or swear any thing. And I am verily persuaded, that if it had come into Mrs. J—s's Head to have me murdered (I don't know how she came to forget it) the Villain would have executed her Commands. They had fixed the Time for taking me to *Monmouth*, and about Seven o'Clock I was asked to rise; but not getting up as soon as they required me, Mrs. J—s's Myrmidon came into the Room, and pulled the Bed-Cloaths from off me, which obliged me to rise; but if I had had a Sword or Pistol in the Room, I would have made his Life a Forfeit for his uncommon Insolence. They were for setting out immediately, but I swore I would not stir till Nine o'Clock. Then came my evil Genius, (Mrs. J—s) and asked the Constable why he did not go? and what he stay'd for? Then comes her Husband, putting in his Oar, saying to me, 'Come, come, set out, Mr. J—s can't be of any Service to you here, the Constable must take you to *Monmouth*, and Mr. J—s may bail you there: The Constable cannot, neither will he, take you to Mr. S—s; for the Warrant and Commitment are in his Hands, and the Justice's Hand-writing goes beyond his Word.' 'You may talk what you will, says I, but by G—d I'll not budge till Nine o'Clock;' and whilst I took a Turn or two in the Garden, they (who the Devil will one Day trick) put the Clock forward fifty Minutes. The Constable importuned me all along, till the Clock struck Nine; then indeed I prepared myself to get on Horseback; and just before I mounted, *Nanny T—s* (who had been Confidant to Miss and myself) came and informed me, that *Parthenissa* cried, ready to break her Heart. That News (notwithstanding my ill Usage) shocked me more than the Thoughts of going to a Prison. 'Remember my
Love

Love to her, said I, for thou hast been a Witness of it, and tell her, she can blame no one but herself, for all the Misfortunes that inevitably will befall us. Had she but taken her Mother aside, and spoke but the least kind Word to her in my Behalf, I never should have been suffered to go to a Prison, in the Manner I now must.' The poor Girl shed Tears, and bid me adieu.

The Guard that attended me to Gaol, consisted of the Constable, Mrs. F—s's Villain, and young Master Dicky my Rival, who, by his Mammy's Order, had put on his Papa's Hanger, to make him look big. Mrs. F—s, and two or three Plough-Boys, gave three or four Huzzas, for Joy, at my setting out for *Monmouth*, and I said no more to her at parting, than, *The Devil go with thee; and may all the Curses contained in the Hundred and Ninth Psalm, befall thee, and attend thy Musbroom Family.*

Upon the Road to *Monmouth* I could not help ruminating upon the old Song;

Love has been th' Occasion of my Overthrow.

I must do that Justice to my Rival, he used me very civilly; and when I came into the Prison we drank together, but I could not eat any thing with him, having my Stomach full already. And when the Gaoler's Wife heard me say, I could not eat any Thing, she told me in a very insolent Manner, peculiar to herself, That she would warrant me a good Stomach, if I stayed there any considerable Time.

I cannot describe the Concern I was in the first Day of my Imprisonment; but a Letter from Mr. F. revived me. He was at *Lantillio* in less than ten Minutes after I had left it, and could not come to *Monmouth* till the *Thursday* following; upon which Day he assured me he would bail me out. In the Interval I sent a Letter to Mrs. P. (by *James Fish*) and one to Miss; charging him to give that of Mrs. P's into her own Hands, but that of Miss to *Nanny T.* the Dairy-maid; and if he could not come at the Sight of her; he was to put it behind an Iron Dripping-pan; the Purport of which was, *That if*

she had the least Regard for her Honour, she would call her Mamma aside, and lay, in some Measure, the Affair open to her ; lest by my being detained in Prison, I should be obliged, in Justice to myself, to expose her Letters, &c.

The Letter to the old Lady was a whole Sheet, filled with the circumstantial Heads of the Narrative, as far as her Knowledge extended.

Fish W—s rode to Mrs. P. with all the Velocity imaginable, and met with the Girl who was to take Miss's Letter: When she took it, she told him, it was not the first Letter, by a great many, that she had carried between Miss and me ; and shewed him a Place where he should put Letters in for Miss, if at any Time he miss'd Sight of her : He afterwards went to Mrs. P. and gave her the other Letter, which she looked over whilst he stood by. *You may stay,* said she, *and see it burnt, if you please.*

You may, says *Fish*, *burn yourself, and be damned along with it, for what I care ;* so pulled the Door after him, and returned to me.

I wrote Miss another Letter, expressing my Concern more for her than for myself ; for that I should be out the Day following ; and if she would write me a Line by the Bearer, I assured her I would be conformable to any Thing she should think fit to require of me.

Fish put the Letter behind the Pan, according to the Girl's Directions, but the Girl was stopped by some of the Family, and the Letter was taken from her and burnt, before *Parthenissa* saw it.

This Accident flung Miss into a violent Passion ; and the first Time she met the poor Girl privately, she fell a kicking her severely, for what the faithful Servant could no Way avoid.

Mr. J. came to *Monmouth*, in Company with *Edward B—ry*, Esq; who had been newly put into a Commission of the Peace) intending to bail me out; but the Gaoler had the Impudence to tell them, That it was not in the Power of any Justice to supersede a Commitment for a forcible Entry. Mr. B. not having

ing been bred to the Law, nor long in Commission, did not care to supersede; neither would he, altho' Mr. J. offered him a Thousand Pound Bond by Way of Indemnification.

When Mr. J. informed me of it, I was chagrin'd; but he advised me not to be uneasy about it, for he would get me out the next Day, if there was any Possibility for his so doing.

He went that Night to J. S. Esq; who immediately superseded my Commitment, and I was released.

The Moment I obtained my Liberty, I rode towards *Newport*; and at my Return from thence, I made *L—o* in my Way home. The Thoughts of my being there, gave Mrs. P. an uncommon Uneasiness; but *A—se G—d* behaved in a quite different Manner to what he had done before, being fearful (as I imagine) of a Prosecution from me, for his Insolence the foregoing *Sunday*. Mrs. P. wanted to be informed whether I staid there all Night or not; upon which Miss told her it was no Business of her's whether I did, or no; and that it was very hard I should not travel the Road for them. This I was told by the Wife of *A—se*. I went to *Dingestow* that Night, and from thence, next Morning, to Mr. S—'s, in order to give my own Security for my Appearance at the next Sessions. After some Talk concerning our Affair, he protested to me, if I would write a Couple of Letters to Mrs. P. and Miss, he would deliver them separately. After I had informed him what was in my Power to prove, I wrote two Letters whilst with him; he took them, and promised he would tell Mrs. P. what she was to expect, if she carried on the Prosecution against me. I went from thence to *Ross*, assuring Mr. S— I would return in nine Days, to know Mrs. P.'s real Intentions.

When I came to *Ross*, several were glad to see me, and others wondered how I came out of Goal so soon, knowing that I had such potent Adversaries as Mrs. P. and Mr. C—ke. I expected, indeed, that the latter would have contrived some unwarrantable Means to come at my Papers, but I happily was mistaken;

taken; for when I came Home, I found my Chamber-Door padlock'd, which Caution my Landlord took, to prevent any one's breaking in. A Constable (one *W—W—*) informed me, That there had been a Warrant out against me, but that Mr. *C—he* had taken it up upon hearing that I was confined in *Monmouth*. The Minute one *Geo. R—*, a Petty-fogger, heard that I was imprisoned, he joyfully went and told one Mr. *D—s*, who was a Friend of mine, that the Rascal *Parry* was in *salvo Custode*. I own, when I heard it, I was under some Concern; for I never used the Fellow ill, altho' I knew him to be the most worthless, the most pernicious, the most detestable of all Mankind; the Pest and Bane of human Society.

Mr. *D—y* (who now practises Physick) came to me, trembling with Passion, for some Books I had of his. "Sir, added he, you have a Knack of counterfeiting People's Hands." 'That came, Sir (said I, warmly, from my Jilt's Letter to *Jenny Clarke*; and she'll have no great Occasion to brag of her shewing the Letter, I'll give you my Word. But could I be so happy as to speak with Miss *Jenny*, I would inform her of several Passages that happened between my precious Devil and her, whereby Miss *Clarke* would be assured that I know all the Secrets. Don't be uneasy, continued I, because you've been baulk'd of a Wife, who has been my Mistress.' He left me, and I pitied him, having no more to bestow upon him. He fell ill, and left the Town for above a Year. His smooth-fac'd Brother wonder'd at his being such a Fool as to think of *Parthenissa*, for that he could command, at any Time, as great a Fortune. That was a damned Lie (but that was not to be stick'd at) for Mr. *D—y*, had not Fifteen Hundred Pounds, and *Parthenissa* would be a Fortune of several Thousands, after her Mother's Death and other Relations.

H—R—W—ng, Esq; having heard the Report of my being married to *Parthenissa*; but particularly, that the Reverend Mr. *D—s*, of St. *B—ll's* (in the Forest

Forest. of *D—n*) was the Person who performed the Ceremony, and being one Day in Company with the Rev. Mr. *B—n* (Rector of *W—n* under *Pennyard*, *Herefordshire*) he desired that he would inform himself, by writing to Mr. *D.* whether he had married such a Couple or not; and if he did not marry them (says Mr. *W—ng*) I shall think it a fictitious Story.

For my Part, I cannot pretend to say, whether Mr. *B—n* wrote, or not. I am sure, if he did, it was needless, for I had never seen Mr. *D.* but if he had wrote to Mr. *D—s* of *Brungwin*, he might indeed have had some Account of an intended Wedding.

An Accident happened at this Time which vexed me more than all the Troubles that beset me heretofore. The Morning that I intended to set out for *Monmouthshire*, I went to look up *Parthenissa's* Letters, and, to my great Confusion, miss'd two of them; forgetting (so great was my Perplexity) that I had put one into a private Drawer that was in my Chest, and the other into a Musick-Book. I swore and rav'd, but to no Purpose. The Woman that cleaned my Room said, that she had swept out some Papers from my Room, and that she saw one *Nancy Scott* take up a Piece of Paper, who swore by G-d that it was one of *Parthenissa's* Letters to me. I ran to *Nan Scott*, and asked her for it; she told me that *Dicky W—s* had got it. I went to him, and he refused it me; upon which, I took a Case-Knife, and swore I would rip him open, if I had it not that Minute. He, seeing my Resolution, immediately gave it me, which proved to be the Letter, No. 24. I took Fourteen of the Letters to *Dingestow*, and copied them out, leaving the Originals there. One *Will. W—*, Butler to *John J—s*, Esq; of *Llanarib*, meeting me at *Monmouth*, he inform'd me, That Mr. *Tho. J—s* had been at their House, and had talk'd a great deal to no Purpose concerning *Parthenissa* and myself. He told my Master, said *W—b*, that *Parthenissa* never wrote to you in
her

her Life-Time, but that you counterfeit her Letters.' 'He is a Liar,' said I, 'and I will prove him so.' After having thank'd *W—* for his Information, I wrote Mr. *J—* a Letter, wherein I demanded to know, by what Authority he gave himself those Airs, in aspersing me so vilely. I sent the Letter by one — *P—ps*, a wet Quaker; but before he reach'd Mr. *J—*'s House, I met with himself at *Ragland*. 'Pray, Sir, said I, what do you mean by raising such a Report, that I counterfeited *Parthenissa*'s Hand-writing?' He ask'd me who told me so. 'Will *W.*' said I, and you mention'd the very Words to him 'in his Pantry at *Llanarth*.' 'Efaith, now I think on it, said he, I might say such a thing, for *Parthenissa* told me so.' '*Parthenissa*, said I is a vile perfidious Jilt, and does not value what she says. She knows too well, that I have Evidences to prove her writing them and delivering them with her own Hands, in order to be given me. Is not there Mrs. *J—es* and Mr. *S—rd*, ready to prove that I offer'd to part with her, and to deliver up her Letters, if she would give me mine? That was the Time that she gave me a Purse of Gold; and I like a silly, fond, doating Puppy, gave it her again, for which I deserve pistoling. Her saying, continued I, that I counterfeited her Hand, is the most barefac'd Lye that she could invent, which indeed surprizes me. There are Hundreds in this County, who know my Hand-writing to be but very ordinary, and her's to be an exceeding fine one; so that my counterfeiting her Letters is a Thing morally impossible, and highly improbable; and if any Person will make it apparent after I produce the Letters that they are Counterfeits, I will forfeit my Blood, which is so much sought for by Mrs. *P.* and your Wife. Besides, had it been in my Power to have imitated her Writing, the Characters, which were invented by Miss *Jenny Clarke*, and her, would corroborate with me, for I knew no more of them than the unborn Infant, till *Parthenissa* taught them me. I tell you what, Sir, con-

tinued

‘tinued I, to pretend Reasoning with Mrs. P. ‘would be like grasping of Air: But if you will ‘name the Time and Place, and give me the Meet- ‘ing, I’ll bring her Letters with me, not in the least ‘doubting, but I shall convince you in every one of ‘my Assertions. ‘I am sorry, says Mr. J. for you ‘both; but I tell thee what *Jemmy Parry*, by G—d ‘’tis my Opinion, that she will neither marry thee, ‘nor my Son. ‘Miss and your Son, said I, may ‘do as they think proper; but I do assure you that ‘I have married her, tho’ in an odd Way I confess, ‘and have been in the Carcass of her Hundreds of ‘Times; so that let who will marry her, there will ‘be no Porter’s Work; and you may tell your Son ‘from me, she has Room for his Leg.’ ‘The De- ‘vil was in you both, said he.’ So turn’d his Horse’s Head, and rode from me.

From *Ragland* I went to J. S. Esq; He assured me that he delivered my Letter to Mrs. P. and that he had begg’d the Favour of her to peruse it, because there was something in it which she was not appriz’d of. Mrs. P. said he, *perused the Letter over and over, and told me, that you thought to frighten her Daughter into a Marriage: She never will marry him, nor any one else, if she takes my Advice; and I have told you before, that I had rather she should be Parry’s Whore than his Wife. I have nothing to say as to that,* said Mr. S. to her, *but pray Madam, how could you take your only Child by the Hair of her Head, holding a Pen-knife to her Breast, threatening to stab her instantly, if she did not swear to you, that she never was, nor ever would be married to Mr. Parry?*

Who told you so? said Mrs. P. in a Surprise.

Mr. S. informed her, that I mentioned it publicly.

Why then, said she, the Devil, and only him, must tell him; because there was no Person in the Room but my Daughter and myself when the Thing happened!

I would advise you, Madam, said he, to drop the Prosecution; you can do no more than imprison him for some Time, which he thinks light of; but ’tis in his
Power

Power to save, or ruin your Daughter's Character irrevocably.

I am resolved, said she, to shew him no Mercy, but will ruin him, if there were no more Men living : Mr. Clarke, of the Hill, has undertaken to manage the Prosecution against him for me, and has already sent to Worcester for Advice : My Son-in-Law is resolved to sue him, and accordingly has consulted with the most learned Counsellors in London, how to manage him ; I will warrant you Mr. S. we shall make him know himself.

After Mr. S. had acquainted me with what had pass'd between Mrs. P. and him, I ask'd him, if he had delivered the Letter to Parthenissa ? Yes, yes, said he, but not before I had informed Mrs. P. that I had such a Thing. She desired to see it, promising to return it me again : I gave it to her, and she pull'd out a Piece of Paper, wherein was an Alphabet of Characters that she had sent for from the Hill, to see if they were the same Sort that Miss Jenny Clarke had taught Parthenissa : She pored near half an Hour in your Letter ; then gave it me, and I went into the Garden, and gave it into Miss's Hands, who after she has looked it over, put into her Pocket, and told me, but look'd another Way, that Mr. Parry was out of his Senses, and that there was nothing at all in what he had said.

Egad, Madam, said Mr. S. to Miss, if he is out of his Senses, 'tis you that have caused it : As for my Part, you young Dog, says he to me, I believe sincerely, that you have been upon her Mount of Venus, and in the Valley beneath it ; so that if you have some Trouble, from the Family, you have had a Spring of Pleasure in it : After sweet Meat comes four Sauce ; so you must have Patience.

But I shall never forget, continued he, the other Day, when you told me of an Inscription that was upon the Gates of *Phillipsburgh* after it had been taken by the French in *Lewis XIV's* Time from the Germans, viz. What the Germans shut, the French open.

What

What of that, Sir, said I ?

' What of that, Sir, replied Mr. S. smiling ? why you told me, not long ago, that you had opened a Fortrefs that no King could shut, excepting the King of Terrors ; and now we have found out where this mighty Place lies.

I took my Leave of Mr. S—, and in my Way to *Monmouth*, reflected upon what he had said concerning Mr. C—ke's managing the Prosecution against me. I had some Thoughts of waiting upon him in Person ; but again I consider'd, it would be more adviseable to send him a Letter. Accordingly I did, by his House-keeper, Mrs. M—y — (see Letter, No. 51.) I was with his eldest Son, a good-natur'd Gentleman, drinking a Cup of Ale, whilst his Father perus'd my Letter. After I had waited near an Hour, Mrs. M. came, and told me, (for the young Gentleman and I were in the Stable joining to the House) her Master gave his Service to me, but he was resolved to prosecute me with the utmost Severity of the Law : 'That was serving me with a Vengeance you'll say. *Give my Service to your Master*, said I, *and tell him, I expect no Mercy from him, neither will I beneath myself to that low Degree of begging the least of Favours from him.* His Son express'd himself concern'd, and wish'd it was in his Power to be of Service to *Parthenissa* and myself.

Nothing nettled me so much, as Mr. *Clarke's* insolent Answer to so civil a Letter : But I had greater Reason to be vex'd the Day following, as you'll find, by his contriving the greatest Scene of Villainy, (excepting that of Murder) as ever enter'd into the Heart of Man.

As I was standing next Day at one Mrs *H—n's* Door (who is a Milliner) I saw one *U—d*, a Butcher, (who was Constable) go by, and called to him. *Damn you*, said he, *for calling to me* : I was surpriz'd, and ask'd him what he meant : Mr. C. said he, *saw you go up this Way, upon which he called to me, and gave me a Warrant to take you ; at the same Time telling me, you was here ; and if you had not called to me,*
I would

I would have pass'd by you, under Pretence of not seeing you : He is now at the Swan and Falcon Window, and sees us talking together.

I thought myself innocent of any Crime that deserved a Warrant, so without any Hesitation went with him to the Room where Mr. C. and Justice St—d were. Mr. *Westfaling* had been there, but would not stay to be a Witness to so great a Piece of Villainy.

I made their Worships a Bow, and immediately Mr. C. ordered the Constable to go and call Mrs. *Jenny Birch*, the Milliner: Mrs. *Birch*,. thinks I, what in the Name of Wonder have I done to her ; I have no Way injured her, unless it was pretending Love to her, in order to carry on my Design with *Parthenissa*.

Whilst I was thus musing, she came into the Room ; and after Mr. *Clarke* had complimented her, he bid her lay her Hand upon the Book : Mrs. *Birch* was (if possible) as much surprized as I was, at her being sent for : She knew nothing of the Warrant, having given no Orders for it, although Mr. C. granted, or had it granted in her Name, and administered the Oath to her, *That she was to declare the Truth, and nothing but the whole Truth, and so help her God, &c.*

To prevent a great many says I, and says she, &c. which I cannot otherwise avoid, I shall set the whole down in the Form of a Trial.

Mr. C—. Pray Mrs. *Birch*, what did Mr. *Parry* say to you concerning burning of Houses ?

James Parry. Ha ! Villain ! are you thereabouts ?
(*aside.*)

Mrs. *Birch*. To me, Sir !

Mr. C. Yes, to you : Did he never talk to you of burning Houses ? Or threatening to burn some Persons Houses ? 'Twas some Time ago.

Mrs. *B*. O ! yes, yes, Sir, I remember something of it now.

Mr. C. Pray, Mrs. *Birch*, as you are upon your Oath, what did Mr. *Parry* tell you at that Time ?

Mrs.

Mrs. B. Mr. Parry came to me, and asked me, if I knew any thing of a Letter, that had been sent to Mrs. P. concerning *Parthenissa* and him? I told him I knew nothing of the Letter, but that I was at *Lantillio* the Time that he said the Letter was sent.

Mr. C. Pray, Mrs. B. how long is it since Mr. Parry ask'd you, if you knew any Thing of this Letter?

Mrs. B. 'Twas some Time in * *October* last.

Mr. C. Pray, what did Mr. Parry say he would do to the Persons that wrote the Letter to Mrs. P. provided he knew who they were?

Mrs. B. He said, if he knew who they were, he would not value setting their Houses, or would set their Houses, on Fire (I can't remember 'tis so long since) about their Ears.

Mr. C. Did Mr. Parry tell you, that he knew who the Persons were that wrote the Letter?

Mrs. B. No, Sir; he told me, he would give the World, was it in his Power to know the Author.

Mr. C. But was not you afraid that he would burn your House?

Mrs. B. Who, I afraid? No, not I, I do assure you: why should I be afraid? He said, the Houses of those that wrote the Letter; and I am sure I never thought of any such thing.

Mr. C. To be sure you was afraid that your House would have been burnt by Mr. Parry.

Mrs. B. No, Sir, I never harboured such a Thought of him. I don't think he would do any such Thing.

Mr. C. I have one Question more to ask you. Were not your Windows broke some Time ago?

Mrs. B. Yes, Sir.

Mr. C. Did you not think that Mr. Parry was the Person that broke them?

Mrs. B. I did not know what to think at first, because I knew he was fuddled that Night; and then
her's

* I mentioned the Words about the Middle of *October*, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-five, and was taken up for them in this villainous Manner, the 11th of *March*, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-six, after having frequented Mrs. B--'s House daily.

he's like one mad, if any thing vexes him : However I taxed him with it next Morning, and he assured me he did not break them, but afterwards gave me a Hint who did.

James Parry. Sir, you want this Girl to swear a wrong Thing against me ; but I hope she'll have more Regard for her Soul. The World sees too plainly what you would be at : All this you do upon Mrs. P.'s Account : and I know that you would with Pleasure suck my Blood, was it in your Power : And any one may plainly see that you are barbarously partial.

Mr. C. I partial ? you Puppy !

James Parry. Puppy, Sir !

Mr. C. Yes, Puppy : I partial ! I have given Money to cloath you.

James Parry. Upon my Soul, Sir, you have an uncommon Share of Assurance ! You give Money to cloath me, say you ? I never wore Charity Cloaths in my Life ; and I'll swear you never cross'd my Hand with the Value of a Doit in your Life.

Mr. C. I subscrib'd Three Guineas to the Parish, towards paying you your Salary, and that was cloathing you, I think.

James Parry. You talk as if I had been a Blue-Boy : Whenever I wanted Cloaths, I had a Mercer's Shop to go to, with or without Money : However, if you gave Three Guineas towards the Subscription-Money, the Parish is more obliged to you than I, they being to pay me so much *per Annum*. And I have done what no Organist in *England* has done before me, or perhaps will after me, *i. e.* play four Years and nine Months without receiving a Farthing Salary. So that if you had given the Three Guineas into my Hands, I should have acknowledged your Bounty publickly. And provided it had been so, you have cancelled all Obligations, by your ungentleman-like Behaviour, in telling me of it. But this is foreign to the Matter in Hand. I tell you once more, that you are partial upon Mrs. P.'s Account.

Mr. C.

Mr. C. Cousin *St—rd*, I beg that you will bind him over to his good Behaviour: I insist upon it; tho, I own (here he sneer'd) 'tis hard upon Mr. *Parry*.

James Parry. Was you a Gentleman, you would scorn to triumph over a Man's Misfortunes.

Now would I, was it in my Power, give Mrs. *J.* to the Devil, for the fetching my other evil Genius. (Aside)

[Here Mr. C. wrote about twenty Lines upon a half Sheet of Paper; and after he had done, he bid her Sign her Name at the Bottom of it, which she did.]

Mr. C. Now, Madam, you have signed a Bond, by which you are to prosecute Mr. *Parry* at the next Assize, which is to be held at *Hereford* within this Fortnight.

[Mrs. *Birch* was as much surpriz'd as any one could be, to hear of a Bond being sign'd to prosecute me; for he never spoke to her about it, till she had sign'd it. And what I was to be prosecuted for, no one could tell, unless 'twas the Devil and himself.]

Mr. C. Have you any Body that will be bound for your Appearance at the Assizes?

James Parry. N—o, Sir.

Mr. C. Then I beg you'd draw his *Mittimus*, Cousin *St—rd*?

Mr. *St—rd*. No, I beg that you will do it, Cousin C.

Mr. C. Nay, Cousin *St—rd*, I insist upon your drawing it; you will very much oblige me, you will indeed, Cousin *St—rd*.

Mr. *St—rd*. Well, if I must do it, I must.

James Parry. (To Mr. C.) You think that you are doing Mrs. *P—* a Piece of Service, by harratling of me, but you are very much mistaken, and that you will find before you are much older.

Mr. C. There is nothing in all you say, and I am sure you lye.

James Parry. I have heard say that you was never bred up at the University.

Mr. C.

Mr. C. You counterfeit *Parthenissa's* Hand.

James Parry. 'Tis a Sign you never saw me write : However, since you think so, I shall have Recourse to a Method, whereby I shall bring your Daughter to prove the Characters that she taught *Parthenissa*, and those *Parthenissa* taught me ; I mean Miss *Jenny*. All your Daughters have seen my Writing ; and if they would be so free as to speak, they certainly must allow, that I am no more capable of imitating *Parthenissa's* Hand, than I am of purchasing the Duke of *Beaufort's* Estate : But if you will give yourself the Trouble of perusing these Papers (throwing the Copies of nine or ten of *Parthenissa's* Letters upon the Table before him) you may easily see I don't counterfeit. But what surprizes me most is, that a Gentleman who is in the Commission of the Peace, should send to *Worcester* for Advice of Counsel, to know if I could not be taken up for riding with Pistols, &c. likewise for an Intent to steal an Heiress, whom I had married (but I allow in no legal Manner) and have had carnal Knowledge of her Body Hundreds of Times : This Heiress is twenty-two Years of Age, and at present has not an Inch of Land, nor a Farthing in Money : I am sure if you had consulted your good Lady, she would have advised you better.

Mr. C. Who told you that I sent to *Worcester* ?

James Parry. A Gentleman who heard Mrs. P. speak it : I have an Intelligence-Office in the Neighbourhood.

Mr. St—rd. But pray, Mr. *Parry*, did you ever lie with *Parthenissa* ?

James Parry. I have been with her six or seven Hours in a Day, without being interrupted by any one, for Years : I look as much like a Man as any one can, and she knows I am no Eunuch : I do tell you once more that I have carnally known her as often as any Man in the County has a single Woman, for these two Years past and upwards : But Mr. St—rd would not be satisfied till I had assured him in the most obscene Language, that I had enjoyed her.

her. He advised me to ask Mr. C—'s Pardon, as they were going out of the Room, but I rejected his Proposal. Mr. C— gave the *Mittimus* to the Constable, and ordered him to take me to *Hereford* Gaol that Night, and assured him that he should deem any Person his Enemy, who should offer to be Bail for me: And hearing that I snatched a Letter from Mrs. M—k, the Post-master's Daughter, a Girl about fourteen, which *Parthenissa* had sent her, begging of her to deliver a Message to a Neighbour; he advised Mr. M— to prosecute me for that mighty Piece of Business: But the other scorned the base Action. I prevailed upon the Constable to stay that Night, and next Morning I gave Mr. St—rd an Hundred Pounds Bail for my Appearance at *Hereford*, although Mr. C— had the Conscience to ask but eighty.

Mrs. P—'s Servant *Pen* came to Town that Day I was taken, and told several, that all her Mistress desired was, to have me transported or hanged; she wished for no more; I think that was enough. I went to *Gloucester* to retain Counsel, and Mr. K— was the first that I applied myself to: After I had laid the Affair open to him, he assured me, that if *Jenny Birch* would swear at the Assize (notwithstanding what she had sworn before Mr. C—, who I was persuaded would stick as close by me, as a Leech to my Gums) that she was really afraid of having her House burnt by me; nothing could save me from fourteen Years Transportation: 'Tis to be imagined his Opinion was disagreeable to me.

From *Gloucester* I rode to *Monmouth*, and sent a Messenger to *Dingestow* for *Parthenissa*'s Letters; he brought them, and also a Letter from Mr. J—'s Lady (see Letter, No. 52.) During the Tempest of my divided Thoughts, the best of Friends, Mr. P—, a Merchant in *London* (who I have made mention of before) desired Serj. B. and H. W. Esq; to plead for me, which they generously did, as you'll find hereafter. From *Monmouth* I went to *Hereford*, really expecting that *Jenny Birch* would swear something against me contrary to her Inclinations, through the
persuasive

perfwasive Arguments of my potent Adversaries : In short, I expected nothing leſs than Transportation ; although I had no Way injured any one : Well, thinks I, if I muſt go over the Herring-Pond, there is no avoiding it : I have been at Sea, and am not unacquainted with ſome Part of *America*, ſo that if I am obliged to quit my native Shore, I'll not be confined to what Province my Adversaries pleaſe ; but will reach *Carolina*, where I am acquainted : This was my Soliloquy the firſt Day that I walked in the Town-Hall, expecting to be call'd to diſcharge my Recognizance ; but my Name was not mentioned : I often ran to the Clerk of the Indictments (who was a Friend of mine) to aſk him whether Mr. C. and a young Woman had been to take one out againſt me : He curs'd me for a Fool, in being ſo uneaſy, and aſſured me there was no ſuch Thing as an Indictment for ſuch idle Words as I had ſpoke to *Jenny Birch*, provided I had ſaid them in Earneſt : What he told me proved true enough : Mr. C. having by this Time conſulted Men of greater Senſe than himſelf, ſaw his Miſtake, eſpecially as *Jenny Birch* would not, neither could ſhe indeed ſwear any Thing to my Diſadvantage : She fretted, and wiſhed that Mr. C. *Partheniſſa*, and I, were at the Devil, for putting her to Forty Shillings Expences, for a nonſenſical Shiddlecome-ſhite. On the laſt Day of the Aſſize, *H. W.* Eſq; moved for my Diſcharge from the Recognizances : His Lordſhip, Mr. Baron *Fortefue*, ſaid I ſhould be diſcharged before the Court roſe up : Mr. *W.* bid me wait till I was called, and upon paying the Fees I was to be diſcharged : With that he went immediately out of Town with Serjeant *Birch*. Mr. C. came afterwards into Court (he quickly found that my Counſel was gone) and called to Counſellor *E—s*, clapt a Guinea into his Hand, and took him with him into the Crown Bar, where I was inſtantly called : I was ſatiſfied that my appearing without a Counſel would make me look like a Jack-aſs ; ſo ran to Mr. *K—*, and gave him a Guinea for coming to my Aſſiſtance three or four Minutes. He came and plead-
ed,

ed, as Mr. *W.* had done, for my Recognizances being discharged: The Judge said nothing against it; and Mr. *K.* told me I had nothing to do but pay the Clerk of the Assize One Pound Two Shillings, and go about my Business; with that he left the Court. Mr. *E.* having (as I imagine) the Cue given him by his Uncle *C.* seeing my Counsel gone, and no one left to speak for me, started up, and moved that I should give fresh Securities for my good Behaviour till the next Assize. He is a Gentleman very much admired for his Wit, and pathetic Manner of expressing himself, which made me speak to him some Days before, in *Monmouth*, about pleading for me: He told me that I was an unhappy young Fellow, and that his Uncle *C.* had told him of the Affair concerning *Parthenissa*, but that he would not be retained, or plead on either Side.

Thus the Reader may see, that even Gentlemen of the Law are sometimes liable to falsify their Words. Mr. *C.* addressed himself to the Judge: *My Lord, I hope you'll continue him upon his Recognizance to keep the Peace of our Sovereign Lord the King towards all his Majesty's liege Subjects, but particularly Mrs. Jenny Birch.* Here was a damned Piece of Villany: The Girl knew nothing of all this Proceeding, not being in Court; and was as much afraid of me, as a Cow of a Hay-stack: However, I was forced to give fresh Security for my good Behaviour, altho' no Complainant appeared against me; and I am positive that no Lawyer in the Kingdom ever heard of such another Precedent.

I had like to have forgot mentioning that the first Time I was taken into Custody in *Monmouthshire*, Mrs. *P.*'s Adherents sent Letters to *Birmingham*, (where was strong Interest making for my being elected Organist) informing some Persons there, that I was in *Monmouth* Goal for a Riot, &c. The Report of Course spread like Wild-fire, so that my Friends could not pretend to speak any Thing in my Behalf: By which Report I lost at least a Chance for the Place.

In my Way Home to *Ross*, I often perused the Letter that Mr. *J.*'s Lady was pleased to send me, and had what she told me concerning *Parthenissa*'s writing to me in Characters, confirmed the first Day I returned to *Monmouthshire*. I there met a Gentleman of my Acquaintance, who is a near Neighbour of Mrs. *P.* After some Talk about my Affair, he assured me that I was to be indicted at *Newport* Sessions for some Gold that I had of *Parthenissa*. What's the Devil in them, said I? 'tis true I had some foreign Gold from *Parthenissa* about ten Months ago, but I returned it her in two or three Days; 'tis actually as I tell you, said he, and they are resolved to plague you as much as possible. But I beg you'll not mention my Name, because I'm in the Commission of the Peace; not that I value the Family of a Rush, yet I should not care to have my Name mentioned in your Affair, because they will make it a Party-business, and I beg you'll take no Manner of Notice of me, whilst upon the Bench, but be assured I'll do you all the Service in my Power. I thanked the Gentleman, and assured him that I would follow his Directions.

Upon the 16th of *April* (being then at *Dingestow*) I sent *Parthenissa* a Letter, wherein I protested my Sorrow, and deepest Concern for what had past, and that the stopping and burning her Letter, which she intended for me, almost distracted me: and if she would send me a Line by *R—ard P—ce* the Bearer (who was a Servant of Mr. *J—s*'s) what to do, or how to behave myself at the ensuing Sessions, I would be conformable to any Thing she would have me. I told her likewise what I had heard concerning the Gold, but that I was certain there could not be any Thing in it, because she very well knew that I had it by her Consent upon certain Conditions, and that I returned it her again, tho' it was in my Power to keep it lawfully.

The Man gave her the Letter in *Lant-lío* Church-yard, which she put in her Bosom, and gave him a Shilling; charging him not to mention a Word of the

the Letter to any one, and bid him tell me she had no Time to send an Answer.

E—d B. Esq; came next Day to Mr. *J.* and after some Discourse foreign to my Affair; he said that if he had known as much of Mrs. *P.*'s Quarrel and mine, when I was first committed, as he did then, he would have released me from Prison without any Hesitation, but *B.* the Jailor, and several others, said he, told me the Story in a quite different Light, and very much to your Disadvantage. I am not in the least surprized, Sir, said I, at that *R. B.*'s saying any Thing against me, because 'twas his Interest to have kept me there. As soon as Mrs. *P.* heard that I would not supercede your Commitment, says Mr. *B.* she sent me a Letter full of Compliments, praising me for administering Justice, and that it was such impartial Men that were fit to sit on a Bench of Justices.

Mr. *B.* had a Regard for Mr. *P.*'s Family and Party, and discoursing with Mr. *J.* proposed that I should give up *Parthenissa's* Letters for a Sum of Money: I told them that would never do, for to my Knowledge Mrs. *P.* had no Money, unless she mortgaged or borrowed; and no one knew better than myself what Miss had. 'Gentlemen, says I, I beg you will hear my Proposal, and if you say 'tis an unreasonable one, I will submit to any Thing you shall offer. If Mrs. *P.* will give me the Liberty of talking with Miss five Minutes out of any one's Hearing, in order to part amicably with her, I will deliver up her Letters into her own Hands, and quit my Pretensions to her.' Mr. *B.* and Mr. *J. &c.* thought my Proposal too reasonable; and after I had assured Mr. *B.* that I was sincere in what I had said, he was pleased to take the Trouble of going to Mrs. *P.* and make known to her what I had proposed. 'Madam, said he to her, Mr. *Parry* offers to deliver up all your Daughter's Letters, provided you withdraw your Prosecution, not that he values it, and give him the Liberty of taking Leave of your Daughter, where may be five or six to see that

he offers no Violence or Indecency. But he insists that they shall not be within Hearing.' " No, No, said Mr. T. J—ys, who was in the Room, that must never be ; if she does that, 'twill be downright submitting to him : And if my Advice is to be taken, *Parthenissa* never will consent to see him." ' 'Tis no Business of mine, says Mr. B—y, but what I do is for Miss's Sake, in order to prevent a great deal of Scandal, which undoubtedly would ensue, unless this Affair is nipt in the Bud.' " Pray, Sir, says *Parthenissa*, to him, how can *Parry* pretend to give me Letters, when he has none of mine." ' Madam, said Mr. B—y, you must not pretend to tell me that for a Truth ; I am satisfied to the contrary. Mrs. J. whose Word I would take, offered me her Oath, that she heard Mr. *Parry* offer you all your Letters back, and told you he would go out of the Country, and never molest or see you any more, provided you would part with him and give him his Letters, to you, as he was ready to deliver at that Instant your Letters to him. This, Madam, will be proved upon Oath against you, if required, therefore you must not think to impose upon me, by your telling me, he has no Letters of yours'. Notwithstanding her screen'd Impudence and Fallacy, she could not make Mr. B—ry any Reply, but abruptly left the Room disordered.

I had informed Mr. B—ry before he went to L—o, that Mrs. P. was above Ten Pounds indebted to me for teaching her Daughter Musick, and desired him to ask her if she intended Payment of it. When Miss left the Room, he ask'd Mrs. P. as I had desired him. ' I owe him nothing (said she) and my Maid *Pen* shall swear that she gave him Warning, three Years ago, not to teach my Daughter any more. So that if he did teach, no one agreed with him, and I am resolved not to pay him any Thing.' When Mr. B. returned from thence, he informed me of what passed, &c. and asked me for some Copies of her Letters, believing I knew more of her than any Man whatever. I gave him No. 3,

10, 14, 17, 21, 24, 31, 35, 36. which were all that I had transcribed at that Time, and were publickly read at *Ruperra*, the Seat of *T. M—n*, Esq;

Parthenissa finding her Reputation to be upon the Brink of inevitable Ruin, was resolved to repair it, if possible, by vile Falshoods. The first notorious one that she gave out was, that Mrs. *J.* of *Dingestow* begged and prayed, nay, that she even went upon her Knees to her, desiring that she would marry me.

Whoever has the Happiness of being acquainted with Mrs. *J.* will join in Opinion with me, and say, that *Parthenissa* was guilty of a mean-spirited Falshood; for I am satisfied that Mrs. *J.* would not condescend to so low an Action, provided she could prefer a Brother or a Sister by it. I can make it apparent, that in that Point Mrs. *J.* was rather my Foe than Friend, by her telling *Parthenissa* she highly recommended her Resolution in not marrying any one without her Mamma's Consent; and whilst they were walking in the Garden after Dinner, *Parthenissa* told Mrs. *J.* that she did not care to marry me, because she was afraid that I was a Rake: Upon which Mrs. *J.* replied, you certainly must know what Mr. *Parry* is, after so long an Acquaintance; and if he is a Rake, it is in no Body's Power to reclaim him but your's; and was I to marry again, my Choice should be a reformed Rake, for I am satisfied they make the best of Husbands: This was all that passed between Mrs. *J.* and *Parthenissa*, altho' she could impudently assert that Mrs. *J.* pressed her to marry me.

I must own to you, notwithstanding I was basely jilted, I never think of her without the utmost Heart-breaking Thoughts; I have endeavoured indeed, by forcing my Temper to Mirth, to bury her out of my Thoughts, and Time, with good Company has brought me some small Assistance; yet nevertheless I do firmly believe no Woman's Charms will ever for the future break my Rest, for I am

fatisfied *Parthenissa's* Charms will never be quite erased out of my Memory.

I returned from *Dingestow* to *Rofs*, and being in Company with *S—et P—s*, M. D. he asked me if I was acquainted with Mr. *J—s* of *Dingestow*? I replied, yes, very well: He ask'd me of what Make Mr. *J—s* was of? He is, replied I, six Feet four Inches high, without Shoes, and as well set as any Man in *Europe*: I am sorry to hear it, replied the Doctor: Why so, Sir, said I? He replied, because I hear he is a Coward: By G-d, said I warmly, whoever told you so is a lying Villain, and I am satisfied he would not refuse fighting any one Man in the World, provided the Quarrel was just. I'll tell you then, says the Doctor, *R—F— the Lawyer* said publicly on the Bowling-Green last Tuesday, that Mr. P. of P. sent a Challenge to Mr. J. and he refused fighting him. That Honey-comb Face Son of a Whore, said I, is a damned Liar, and so I'd tell him if he was here, and I thank you, Sir, for this Information. I sent Mr. *J.* a Letter immediately, which he answered in an Instant, (see Letter, No. 53.) and came to *Rofs* upon the Tuesday se'nnight following, in Order, if the Lawyer had any Courage, to have metamorphosed his Body into a Cribbage-board; but the trembling Quill-flogger (instead of saying as he did to Mr. *D.* the Rascal *Parry* is in *salvo custode*) cried Peccavi.

The Sessions for *Monmouthshire* was to be held at *Newport* upon the 5th of May, and resolving to be there Time enough, I sat out to *Abergavenny* in my Way thither on the 2d: I was informed there by several, that *Parthenissa* would be there, in order to indict me for some Gold that I had of hers; I was very well satisfied to the contrary, but could not imagine what she was to be there for: Thought I, it will be more for her Credit to stay at Home, and she will be too apt to find it so. From *Abergavenny* I went to *Newport*, and just as I alighted at the *King's-Head* Door, a Woman that knew me, assured me that *Parthenissa*, Mrs. *J—s*, and her Son,

were

were in the House. The Moment I heard her Name mentioned at *Newport*, my Blood ran its swift Course, and the whole Frame of my Body felt violent Emotions: No Words can express the Surprise I felt upon being assured of her being there! My Thoughts were confounded, and a Chaos of Ideas possessed my Brain; I did all I could to see her, but for some Time to no Purpose. At last I saw her go out of the Back-Door, with a Gang of all Sorts with her. The Dove could not be a more pleasing Sight to the Patriarch *Noah*, when he returned with the Olive Branch in his Mouth, than the Sight of her was to me. But on the contrary, to see my Rival, and my evil Genius his Mother with her, gall'd me.

I ran across the Street where she was to come to, and stood at a Door in Expectation of her. She came along the Street with her Eyes fixed upon the Ground, and when she came by me, I asked her with a great deal of Extasy how she did: She turn'd her Head from me, and would not bestow a single Glance upon me. It has been otherwise, said I. Mrs. *J—s*, (whom I hate worse than a Magpye does a Toad) gave two or three Ha, Ha, Ha's, and called me poor Fool, giving me at the same Time a cut-throat Sneer.

They went towards the *Green-Dragon*, where she was going to be sworn, or rather forsworn: And in short, during the Time I beheld her, I was in such an Extasy, that all my Cares were forgot, and I followed her with my longing Eyes 'till she was out of Sight. She was sworn privately before two Justices of the Party prevalent: but if I had had Justice done me, she must have been sworn publicly in the Court. Why should I talk of Justice in that County, when one in the Peace said, he and his Brother could make any Thing but Apples and Pears.

As I was going to the *Green-Dragon*, where the Justices were at Dinner, *Phill. M.* Mrs. *P*'s Attorney, met me in the Passage, thinking (as I imagine) that I was coming to speak with *Parthenissa*, push'd

me back, and thrust the Butt End of his Whip in my Face. I was just a going to give him a Return for his Insolence ; but the Presence of a Friend of mine happily prevented my making an Orifice in his Carcass.

To drown Sorrow, I drank off four Half-pint Glasses of Port Wine ; and a young Gentleman who is bred up to the Law, came and told me that *Parthenissa* had been sworn. I care not if she has, said I, I have not any Thing of hers, therefore say what you will she cannot hurt me more than she has done. ' That's true, said he, for by G-d, the B—h has sworn that you took Gold from her, and she would swear your Life away from you was it in her Power ; and by G-d you will be obliged to go to *Monmouth* Jail.' ' Sir, said I, I heartily thank you for your good Wishes towards me ; and since the perjured Jilt has made a Journey here on Purpose to ruin me, I am resolved to Tongue-pad her before she goes Home.'

When I alighted from my Horse that Day, I own that different Passions swell'd my Soul. My Heart was torn with Agonies for her I lov'd, and my Breast was fir'd with Revenge against my evil Genius and her Son. But when I was assured that the only one I valu'd had sworn wrongfully against me, my Love instantly turn'd into Hatred, and from that Time I detested the Thoughts of her.

She came out in about a Quarter of an Hour, guarded by about five Men and as many Women. ' G—d d—n you, says my Friend, give it her Home or ' not at all.' *Have I, said I, spent the Flower of my Youth, and the Quintessence of my Blood to satisfy your insatiable Lust ? You B---, you vilest of Prostitutes, is your pretended Love come to this, and have I sacrificed my All to so bad a Purpose ? See here (at that I exposed, what I have been often sorry for since) the Token you gave me to have it set under a Ring ; thou d—n'd vile Prostitute, I am resolved to make you infamous to Posterity.* Away she trudg'd, and made greater Haste to go out of the Town than she did

to come into it. She did not imagine she would have met with such Usage, because I was not expected at *Newport* until the last Day of the Sessions. My Behaviour (I own to be so bad) was such, that a Chimney-sweeper ought to have been ashamed of ; but my Provocation was great, and so full of Passion, that if I was to have been murdered, I could not help giving it Vent ; not but that I have been sorry for it Ten Thousand Times since.

Soon afterwards I met with J—H— Esq; a Gentleman of the best Family in the County. He ask'd me what I intended to do in my troublesome Affair ? I told him, I was so confused, that I could not resolve how to manage myself. Whatever you do (said he) do not submit to the Court, for they are all of a Party, and will lay a Fine of Fifty or an Hundred Pounds upon you. I thanked the worthy Gentlemen, and assur'd him I would follow his Advice ; and farther, that I stood in no Fear of them.

The Court sat that Afternoon, and I was called to discharge my Recognizance, and as soon as I appeared, the Clerk in Court read the Indictment, (see Letter No. 54.) wherein any one may see that the Person who drew it up was no way conversant with Foreign Coin, by calling Three Pound Twelves Double Doubloons. But the Indictment, like the Author, is original. As soon as the Clerk had read it, he ask'd if I would traverse or submit ? Traverse to be sure (said I) have you no more against me ? None that I know of, said he. I thought (replied I) you might have had one against me for a forcible Entry into the Body of *Parthenissa*. If you had any such Thing, I would have pleaded guilty to that, instead of traversing, and I don't question but I shall convince eighteen out of twenty thro' the whole County of what I assert. ' There is no body here ' that says any thing of that (replied P--- M---) ' we ' have nothing to do with it.' I was asked by the Court, if I would give Security for my Appearance at the next Sessions. I answer'd them in the Negative, upon which I was order'd into Custody, till I gave

Bail to one or more Justices. Mr. C— (Mrs. P—'s chief Orator) moved that I should give two Forty Pounds Securities, and Eighty myself; and that the Prosecution might have four or five Days Notice of it before I should be discharg'd. But his unjust Proposal was rejected, and the Lord Lieutenant of the County (who had heard nine or ten of the Letters read) said that Twenty Pounds each was sufficient, and that I should be immediately discharged upon giving such Security. With that I withdrew with the Gaoler, who confin'd me in a Garret in the same Inn that I used to put up at when I used to teach Miss G—n.

The young Gentleman, who I have mentioned before, came to me, and assured me that there was another Bill going to be preferred against me, for assaulting *Mary H---s*, who was House-keeper to Mr. *Porvel*. If so, reply'd I, the thicker they come, the sooner 'twill be over; but I am a perfect Stranger to any Injury that I have done or offer'd to her.

' I was informed by one of the Jury (reply'd my Friend) that while the pale-fac'd Whore *Parthenissa* was under Examination, that she did not look once in the Jury's Faces, but look'd steadily on the Floor, and answered very faintly to the Questions asked her: and had there been a Man of Sense to examine her, the Bill undoubtedly had been dismissed. But as ignorant as they were, they had no good Opinion of her, and believe her to be, I am sure most of them, what you have actually made her.'

The next Day I was brought into Court, where was another Indictment read against me, for assaulting the Housekeeper, and upon my not giving Bail (as I, had traversed) was committed a second Time. To shew that they were resolved to take some Pains with me, they presented the Jury with a third Indictment, for my assaulting *J. G.* a Tenant of Mr. P. The Jury now began to open their Eyes, and saw 'twas a malicious Prosecution, and an Intention to harra'ss me, so returned the Bill *Ignoramus*,
and

and had it been in any other County, I am positive there would have been three *Ignoramus's*.

As soon as I was brought back to my Room again, I flung myself upon the Bed, and my Harlequin Bitch (who in *Æsop's* Days would have been an especial Evidence for me) leap'd up upon me. *Ambrose G—rd* coming into the Room, and seeing me stroaking her, told me, it was not the first Time that he had seen a Dog and a Bitch together. The Insolence of that Villain provoked me more than Mrs. *J—s*, and if I had had a loaded Pistol, he would have been apt to have found me a dangerous Dog, as he was pleased to call me. Whilst I was in Court, I observed the Gaoler gave his Opinion as a Justice in every Case, but particularly mine, which surprized me; and asking a Friend of mine how this Gaoler, above all others, was suffered to take so much Liberty? You must know, reply'd the Gentleman, that the Gaoler is a mighty Party-man, and as his Party carries the Sway here, he takes such Liberty, that even several of the Justices are unwilling to do, lest they should disoblige the Lord Lieutenant of the County, that honourable Gentleman and Family being the Persons who brought him from the Scum of the Earth, to what he now is.

On *Friday* the 19th the Gaoler and I came to *Monmouth*, and Mrs. P. sent a Servant to see if I was there, or bailed out; but I was safe enough, which News he carried to Mrs. P. and by hers and Mrs. *J's* Orders, the Bells rang all that Night, and Part of the next Day; for which they were gratify'd with as much Ale and Cyder as they could swill down. A Gentleman in the Neighbourhood informed me of their Rejoicing the next Day, which was so far from giving me any Uneasiness, that I burst out a laughing. I assure you, Sir, said I, that I was afraid she would have indicted me for having criminal Conversation with her, instead of Money. But whenever she marries it shall be my Turn to have the Bells ring, for Joy that any Gentleman should be so complaisant.

plaisant, as to accept of my Leavings; and that I had got rid of so vile and perfidious a Prostitute.

I wrote a Letter to *Parthenissa* (see Letter, No. 55) and sent it by the Man that carried the *Gloucester Journal*, giving him at the same Time a strict Charge to let no one see him give it her. When he came to Mrs. P.'s, *Pen* sifted the ignorant Fellow, and quickly found that he had a Letter for her young Mistress. She perswaded him to give it Mrs. P. who perus'd it, and then sent it me back by the Post-man opened.

Since I mentioned the Watch in my Letters, I shall give the Reader an Account how it came to be given me, which I would not do, had not the Person undermentioned advertised his Wife in the *Worcester Journal* in the Years 1733, 1734, and I believe 1735. Mr. M—n, a Surgeon, went to settle in *Perfomers*, a Town in *Worcestershire*. He there got intimately acquainted with Mr. B. an Apothecary, and in a few Months brought him over to *Rofs*, where Mr. M— had served his Time.

I had been often in Mr. B.'s Company, and one Day in particular I went out of the Town with him, to a pleasant Summer-house, known by the Name of *Kyrles*. "Sir, said he to me, I like your Company very much, and should be glad to be better acquainted with you, because 'tis in my Power to serve you, and you in Requital may be of Service to me." "Explain yourself, Sir, said I, without any farther Apology, and depend upon my utmost Assiduity to oblige you." "You must know then (replied he, laying his Hand upon my Shoulder) that I am a Person who was born to a very pretty Fortune; but unhappily for me, I fell in Love with one very much inferior to myself. I strove all that in me lay to bury my Passion in its Birth, but to no Purpose; the oftener I saw her, the more violent my Flame grew. I discovered my Passion to her, and soon found that I was not disagreeable to her, and prevailed upon her, as I thought her something of the youngest, to go for a Year or two to a Boarding-School at *Worcester*.
She

She comply'd with my Request, and I was at the Expence of her Board, Dancing, fine Cloaths and Laces, &c. I frequently went to see her, and after some Stay there, I marry'd her. Soon afterwards, to oblige her, I had her Sister to live with us as her Companion. Instead of requiting me, as Gratitude should have obliged her, from bringing her from a mean Life to a good one, she vilely abused me, by defiling my Bed, with a Brother Gallipot, one C. of *Worcester*. I could hardly believe it at first, but her Sister's robbing me afterwards, confirmed me that I was in the ready Road to Heaven."

' But, Sir, said I, interrupting him, what Reason had you to believe that you was cornuted ?

" Have but Patience, Sir, replied he, and you shall hear all I have to say.

" My Maid, who was a very honest Girl, gave me a Hint one Day, that whenever I happened to be absent from Home a Day or two, &c. there came a Gentleman to my Wife ; and whilst he was there, her Sister left them together, and kept the Maid Company, which gave the Girl a Suspicion that he was more than a Relation, as they pretended to call him. This News almost addled my Pericranium. I thought it adviseable to make the Girl my Friend, so gave her Money, and charged her to take a particular Care in watching their Motions. She did her Part faithfully, and gave me no Room to doubt my being dignified ; and one Day in particular I desired my Wife to put three clean Shirts in my Bags ; for, (as she believed) that I intended going for *Oxford* that Evening, where I should stay five or six Days. She was very expeditious in complying with my Request, and, with a deceitful Kifs, charged me not to exceed the Time I had mentioned."

' Excuse me for interrupting you, Sir, said I, but I thought you said you could not believe any thing ill of your Wife, until you was robbed by her Sister.'

" 'Tis true, replied he, I could not believe what the Girl told me at first ; but my Sister-in-law's robbing me, gave me Room to think, that if she had not
known

known my Wife to be viciously inclined, she would never have presumed to have meddled with any thing. And I suppose that she was satisfied that my Wife would prevail upon me to forgive her, because she was no Stranger to what was going forward.—But to go on with my Story. I mounted my Horse, under Pretence of going to *Oxford*, and no one knew when I was to return, but the Maid. I bid her not go to Bed till Twelve, for that I was resolved to baulk her Pleasures. The Minute my Back was turned, my precious Wife sent Word to her Gallant at *Worcester*, who promised to be with her next Morning by Nine o’Clock; but I spoiled their Sport, as you shall hear. I returned Home about Eleven, and went to Bed to my Wife, who was very much surprized to see me so soon: I made some Excuse for my quick Return, and she lay very restless all Night. She wanted to get up betimes, but I would not let her stir by any Means; so about Nine o’Clock, who should run up Stairs (for the Maid said nothing of my being there) but Mr. C. My Wife jumped out of Bed, to meet and bid him be gone; but he caught her naked in his Arms, and flung her upon the Bed, across my Body. I happened to be reading a Quarto Book, with which I gave him a damnable Knock, which stunned him so, that he ran down Stairs, took his Horse, and away he rode for *Worcester*; and I gad, as soon as she conveniently could rattle me of all that lay in her Power, she went after him; and I advertised her in several Papers, and have taken Care that she shall not run me in Debt.” “Revenge, to be sure, is sweet, replied I laughing; and undoubtedly, the Blow you gave him with the Book will not easily be forgot by him, nor your Wife neither: But what is all this to your serving of me and my obliging of you?” “I’ll tell you, said he, all that I want to have done, is, to detect some Man in Bed with her; by which Means I can have a Divorce, and not otherwise. Now you look like a hale young Fellow, and one that can please a Woman; and if you’ll undertake it, I’ll make you a Present of Fifty Guineas,
and

and bear your Expences, and I will furnish you with a Brace of Geldings, and a Man ; so that you shall attack her like a Person of Fortune." " Is she handsome ? replied I ; and is she a good Bedfellow ? " " Yes, by G-d, said he, she is the best Bedfellow in the World, and is as fair a Woman as any in England ; and you are the only Person I know who is fit for such an Undertaking, because you can sing, and play the Spinnet, both which she likes mightily ; and if you say you'll undertake it, I don't doubt but that you'll gain your Point shortly ; and the Servant who shall wait upon you, must, by your Directions, give me Notice that you are in Bed together ; at which Notice, I will bring three or four Witnesses into the Room, to her real Shame and Confusion, and your sham one ; by which Method I shall be able to get her divorced from me, and I'll do my Endeavour to marry a worthier Woman : Therefore, the sooner we go about it, the sooner we shall accomplish our Design. I'll take Care to be in private Lodgings as near you as possible ; and if you doubt the Payment, you shall have Money beforehand." " No, no, Sir, said I, not in the least ; and I do not doubt but that I shall behave to your Satisfaction." After we had consulted what Dresses I was to appear in, &c. the illiterate Apothecary and I parted, promising to hold another Consultation, before our Design was to be put in Execution.

The Minute I left him, I went to *Parthenissa*, and imparted to her the Result of our Discourse, who heard the Beginning very attentively ; but when I mentioned that I was to go over to enjoy the Woman, she burst out into Tears, and with up-cast Eyes, looked as dismal as *Ananias* in one of the Seven Cartoons. *My Dear*, said I, *if I had an Inclination to have done such a Thing, I never would have informed you of it ; therefore don't be uneasy. 'Tis a Job that I should have been apt to undertake, if I had not been blest in thy Arms ; but whilst Heaven permits me that Blessing, it shall be in no one's Power to tempt me from thee.* *My dear Boy*, replied she, *thou dost*
kn070

know what a fond doating Fool I am, and I cannot help believing every thing thou dost say to me ; and to let thee see how much I shall acknowledge myself thy Debtor, for being constant to me, take this Watch, and wear it as a Token, that I will in a short Time be thy lawful Wife. [This Watch had been her Mother's, and I had it picked out of my Pocket, May 15, 1735.] But to return from my Digression.

Being safe in Gaol, Mrs. P.'s Party immediately gave out, that if any Roman Catholick Gentleman should take my Part, the others would go in a Body to the Lord Lieutenant of the County, and petition that he might use his Interest for having the Penal Laws put into Execution. Every Person of common Understanding laughed at those Menaces ; being satisfied that the Legislature would not give a Body of People Uneasiness, for the Sake of worthless Upstarts, who, upon Occasion, would be of the same Opinion as the Vicar of *Bray*.

I did not ask any of the Gentlemen that I had the Honour to be acquainted with, to be Sureties for me, because my Affair was immediately made a Party Business : And I'll take upon me to say, that if any Persons should happen to be involved with Difficulties in that County, they must not expect Impartiality there, unless they are of the Party which is the most prevailing.

Parthenissa now thought it high Time to take a little Pleasure in riding about ; for from *October* till *May* she went not much from Home ; and as I was caged, she was determined to go and see *Ross*, being satisfied that no one there would publicly affront her. She went there, with two or three in Company, particularly Master *D—y J—s*, and were soon joined by some of Miss's Acquaintance, who, to my Knowledge only wanted the Opportunity of being serviceable in the Use of Generation ; but, poor Girls, there was not a young Fellow in the Town that was capable of speaking to them. A Gentleman (the Moment he saw her come to *Ross*) said she was a vile Bitch, and had the Impudence of Hell ;
some

some hipp'd her, and some young Lads call'd after her, *Where is your Husband? Where is Parry the Organist? Who put the Man that — her in Gaol,* &c. She being the Reverse to *Lot's Wife*, never looked behind her, but trudged with her Gang towards her Mother's House, in order to go to *the Hill*, in her Way back to *Monmouthshire*. One of the Church-Wardens happening to be trying his Hand upon the Organ as she pass'd by the Church, the Moment she heard the Organ, she was ready to faint, thinking it to be me that play'd, after having been bailed out of Gaol. She sent her *Duenna* immediately to the Sexton, to know who 'twas that played; he told her, it was Mr. P—r the Barber, that was diverting herself. *Pen P.* acquainted Miss with it, who was something revived by this Time from her Fright. They went to *the Hill* to Dinner, and after some short Stay, returned to *Monmouthshire*. Even her Well-wishers blamed her Conduct in coming to *Ross* at that Time in particular, and not to set Foot in't for two Years afterwards, plainly shew'd that she imagin'd her coming there, whilst I was in Custody in another Town, would have made People form a good Idea of her; but she found herself mistaken. But to return to what concerned me most. P. M. Mrs. P.'s Attorney, removed the two Indictments (which were found against me at *Newport*) by *Certiorari*, into the *King's-Bench*, and served me with two Copies of Writs of ——. I confess, he so far very much oblig'd me, in doing me a Piece of Service ignorantly; for my chief Intent was to have moved the Indictments, if he had not; so that he marred me in Pains and Money. In about five Days afterwards Mr. M—'s Son served me with two Copies of Writs, and advis'd me to put an Appearance to them; but I, at that Time, reject'd his Advice.

Being sensible of the bad Situation of my Affairs, and the Illepidity of the Place, I sent to several in the Town, thinking that some of them would have been bound for my Appearance in so trifling a Sum; but they did not care to bail me, lest they should incur

cur the Displeasure of such and such Gentlemen, who were of Mr. P's Party ; but added, they would do me all the Service in their Power, in any other Respect ; and if I wanted common Necessaries, I should be welcome to any Thing, upon my sending to them. This, I must confess to be more than I could reasonably expect from People whom I had no Obligations upon. I afterwards sent to *Rofs* to several, and had the same Answer, That they would do any Thing for me, excepting being Bail ; That they could not do, lest they should disoblige Mr. *C—ke*, who they knew to be *Parthenissa's* Relation. At last, two of my Acquaintance, who did not regard Mr. *C—ke*, &c. came over to me at *Monmouth* ; from thence they went to the Seat of *Edward B—ry*, Esq; and offered themselves Sureties for me. He sent to the Gaoler, advising what to do, because my Friends were Inhabitants of another County ; but that if the Gaoler would bring me to the *Red Hill* (half Way from *Monmouth* to Mr. *B—y's*) he would make it up some Way or other, and the Gaoler should have his Fees, &c. immediately paid him. The Gaoler returned for Answer, That he could not pretend to bring me out, unless there had been a *Supersædas* sent him ; and that if Mr. *B.* did take it upon him to release me, he would disoblige several Gentleman in the County, who were exasperated against me for my rude Behaviour to that virtuous young Lady *Parthenissa*.

The impudent *Machiavel* knew well enough that 'twas his Interest to detain me Prisoner as long as he could ; but he ly'd like a Villain, in saying, That several Gentleman (particularly those he meant) were exasperated, for they stood very much my Friends afterwards, without any publick Shew. However, Mr. *B.* excused himself from superceding my Commitment. *Richard F—s*, Esq; was that Day particularly engaged, so could not possibly go with my Friends, but directed them to *James S—*, Esq; that worshipful Gentleman assured them that he would not release me upon any Account whatever. My Friends returned to Mr. *F—s's*, and informed him of
what

what had pass'd at Mr. S—'s; upon which he was pleased to go to him, and offered himself as a Bail. Sir, said the Justice, *I'll accept of none. You cannot,* reply'd Mr. J—, *justify refusing Bail, as long as you have a sufficient Security offer'd you.* We Monmouthshire Justices, replied Mr. S—, *can do any but make Apples and Pears; and I do assure I would not take a Thousand Pound Bail to set him at Liberty, because Madam P. is too deeply concern'd in it.* Mr. J. was sensible, that, upon Occasion, old S. would have abated 999*l.* out of the Thousand, to have discharg'd me; and that his Puffing was owing to the many good Eatables and Drinkables that he made himself welcome with at Mr. P.'s and if he had taken my Part a second Time, he consequently must have been an unwelcome Guest there ever afterwards.

Mr. J. came Home immediately, finding that I was to have no Justice done me in that Quarter) and wrote a Letter to *Tho. S—t, Esq;* thither he sent my Friends in order to bail me. When he perused Mr. J.'s Letter, he told them, That he would have no Hand in it; and added, that *Jemmy S—* was the Person that first committed me, and afterwards superseded that Commitment, and that he was the properest Person to get me my Liberty. hen I heard it, I was not in the least surpriz'd, because I knew Mr. S—t to be under very great Obligations to Mr. P—.

Nothing added more to my Misfortunes (I mean as to ruffle my Temper) but that I daily heard, or at least three Times a Week from *Ross*, of my being abused by a Parcel of flirting Pusses, whom I have had in my Power to have used, as any young Rake would a common Woman of the Town; but notwithstanding my base Usage, and considering that Reproach and Obloquy are Female Vengeance, I was illacrymable.

My Acquaintance advis'd me to make myself as easy as my Circumstances would allow of, especially since I was fallen into such vile Hands, and 'twould not be a great while before Sessions began; at which Time I must of course be discharged, because Mrs. P's

Agents

Agents had moved the Court. That, and some other Reasons, made me for some Time passive : Not but that I most certainly was in the worst Jail in the Kingdom (I mean as to myself) and I found it to be so for the following Reason.

The Jailor's Wife was a Person of a spurious Birth, whose Father was a Setter, or Bailiff's Follower. She at last arriv'd to the Honour of being Mr. *M— P---*'s House-keeper. After she liv'd there some Time, she quitted the Service of a foolish Master, and a drunken Mistress ; kept, as long as she could be trusted with any Thing, a Pedlar's Stall at *Ush* (an inland Town in *Monmouthshire*) where, being timorous of Sheriffs Warrants, &c. she withdrew from thence, none could tell where, till she was seen in the Capacity of a Servant at *Monmouth* Jail. The Jailor being her Kinsman, and she pretty tractable (after he had——) married her. All this I heard from a Prisoner, at my first coming in.

I enter'd myself as a Boarder (as soon as I came from *Newport* (with the Jailor, thinking to ingratiate myself into his Wife's Favour ; knowing her as well as him, to be insolent, but not unlike their Grand Master, good-natur'd when pleas'd. There were three Boarders besides myself, and each of us paid Ten Shillings a Week. The Sheets my Chum and I lay in were as coarse as a Nutmeg-grater, and the Colour of the Owner's Face, which I cannot compare to any thing, excepting damag'd Gingerbread. Every Boarder was oblig'd to have a Quart of Ale or Cyder at Dinner, which made 'Two Shillings and Four Pence *per* Week more. No Boarder was allow'd any Small Beer, at Supper or Breakfast ; so that they must either drink Water, or buy Ale, &c. no one being allow'd to send out for any Sort of Liquor. But what I thought most monstrous, was the Jailor and his Wife, and very often several of his Relations, at Dinner drank of our Liquor, and never offer'd to pay a Doit, nor call for any in upon their own Account : So that it is no Wonder how that Villain came to get so much Money, selling every

every Thing at an exorbitant Price, in a plentiful Country.

One Day in particular we had a boil'd Mutton Pye for Dinner (I believe, and speak the utmost, there was not two Pounds of Meat in it, but Crust in Abundance; which is Eating that I've had an Aver-sion to ever since my Return from *America*) I begged her to help me to as little of the Mutton as she pleased, but as for Crust I'd have none. She flew into a Passion, and swore by G-d if I would eat no Crust I should eat no Meat. I was as warm as herself, and without any more ado help'd myself sufficiently, which vexed her, insomuch that she was incapable of eating her Dinner. She at that Time stifled her Resentment (especially as her Husband was from home) and I was determin'd to be off as a Boarder. I made a feign'd Resolution not to eat any Flesh, till I had seen or heard from some of my Friends. As soon as she found I would no longer be a Boarder, she gave me to understand by her haughty Behaviour (consisting of haughty Looks, intermixt with beggarly Pride) that I was to keep my Distance, in not coming into the Kitchen, &c. as usual.

One Day she observed me walking near the Door next the Street; upon that she call'd to the Turnkey, and bid him shut the Door that parted the Apartments between the Jailor and Prisoners. *Don't, said she, let that Fellow come near this Room, but let him go and write his Life, as he talks of doing it.* (I had given her a Bottle of Wine the Night before, in order to get a civil Word from her now and then; but when the Liquor was out, she behaved in the most grandisonous Manner imaginable, and ordered us all to our Kennels) I will (says I as loud as I could) *and by G-d I'll give you your just Character in it.* At that she took a Flesh-fork, and ran towards me, saying, *G-d d-n you, for a Son of a B-b; I'll slit your Skull, by G-d.* Two Gentlemen, who were Prisoners, prevented her coming near me; but she gave (her Husband being abroad) Orders that I should be confined to my Room immediately.

In

In about Half an Hour *Richard J—s*, Esq; and *T. T—n*, M. D. came to see me. She very artfully burst into Tears, and told them that I had (an Impossibility) abused her insufferably, and that she was afraid I should murder her. She then called to several in the House to vouch what she had said, but the Persons called were the most conscientious Part of the Prisoners, and neither of them said *pro* or *con*, knowing her addicted to Lying, which Faculty I imagine she might have retained from the Time of her living with Mr. *P*. As soon as the Door was opened, with an Intention to speak with Mr. *J—s*, &c. she ran at me, and gave me a left-handed Cuff. I was resolved to spoil her Curt'sing for some Time, by exercising my Toes upon her, but was prevented by Mr. *J*. As soon as the Gentlemen left me, I was again cubb'd up by the *Amazonian's* Orders, till her Husband's Return, who gave me a Reprimand for what I did not deserve, and afterwards allowed me the common Liberty of poor Debtors,

Being sensible that there were some Weeks till Sessions, I began to write the Memoirs of my Life, and began from the Day of my Birth, &c. I wrote every minute Action that I had been concerned in 'till I was 15 Years old; and if it had been finished, it would have been a great deal more tedious than this Book is. By the Time that I had written 39 Sheets, the Gaoler's Wife found me to be in Earnest, and expecting to see herself in Print, thought to have it prevented, by ordering one of the Prisoners (or did it herself) to steal the Manuscript out of my Room; which accordingly was done, and immediately burnt or torn to Pieces by her.

I made all the Enquiry imaginable about it, but to no Purpose. I at last thought of an effectual one, which was by making *Henry M.* Esq; (who was a Prisoner for large Sums) drunk. He assured me, that the Gaoler's Wife had, by the Contrivance of *W—d* taken it out of my Room and burnt it. I acquainted several Gentlemen of *Monmouth* with my Loss. Some advised me to be easy, as long as my
Hand

Hand was in the Lion's Mouth, and others blamed me for pretending to write any such Thing there, especially as the Gaoler's Wife would do me all the Prejudice in her Power, upon Mrs. P.'s Account; and besides, what happen'd to me before my unhappy Amour with *Parthenissa*, was of no Manner of Consequence, especially to the circumjacent Country, where we both were known. *And if you are bent upon Printing, added they, publish no more than your Intrigue with her, and let People know every Thing in its true Light; especially as they have had no Regard for your Welfare, which has been plainly shewn by their barrassing of you in so unjust a Maner.*

I have observed to the Reader in some foregoing Pages, that Mrs. P. was indebted to me several Pounds, for teaching her Daughter Musick. The Post-man had a strict Charge not to bring a Message or Scrip of Paper from me, so I sent her a Letter, (see Letter, No. 55.) by an Acquaintance, but I never receiv'd an Answer to it.

Mr. C—ke's eldest Son called upon me one Day (I think 'twas in *July*) as he and his Sister's were going to the Christening of a Child of Mr. E—ns's of *Langaddock*. He gave me a Piece of Money, with his Mother's Compliments. I was not fond of accepting any Money from that Quarter, upon his Father's Account; but the young Gentleman pressed me, and said, *Mr. Parry, I beg, and my Mother hopes, you will not be too severe upon Parthenissa's Character.*

'I beg you would return my Thanks to your Mother, for this unexpected Civility, &c. but it is a Thing impossible for me to be severe enough with *Parthenissa*, because she has utterly undone me, and she can bear the Loss of her Reputation better than myself, she having a Fortune to support her, and I nothing to live upon but my Business, which is ruined through her vile Means; and in Justice to myself, I will publish the Amour, to convince the World of the many Injuries done me. But you may assure our Mother, added I, that I shall have a greater
Regard

Regard for the fair Sex, than to publish all I know of *Parthenissa*; for should I do that, she would be thought a Prostitute in Nature, and a Monster in Vice, notwithstanding her outward sanctified Face; and I am sorry that I shall be obliged to make mention of your Sister *Jenny's* Name, concerning the invented Characters, but cannot pass by so material a Point.'

The young Gentleman took his Leave of me in a friendly good-natured Manner, and in a Day or two I wrote to Mrs. *Clarke*, thanking her for her Favour conferred upon me; and in the same Sheet I sent her Copies of *Parthenissa's* Letters, No. 3, 10, 13, 31. I would have sent some more, but that I imagined they would not have been read in a Family related; and whether those I had written were received, I cannot determine; because, as (shamefully) the Gaoler is Post-Master, his Wife was commonly in the Office.

The Sessions were to be held at *Chepstow* the 14th of *July*. I expected to have been discharged upon my appearing; so in Company with one *John Parry*, who was a Prisoner for getting a Girl with Child (a Case diametrically opposite to mine) I walked to *Chepstow*. The Gaoler escorted us on Horseback. I quickly heard that there was to be an Indictment lodged against me, which proved very true. When I came into Court, I was discharged from the two Indictments found against me at *Newport*; but there was a fresh one found against me for assaulting *Jane Gr-d*. I was surprized to hear the Indictment read at *Chepstow*, because it was the very same Form of that which the Jury at *Newport* rejected; because of its Vileness. Honest P. M. Mrs. P.'s Attorney, being willing, or rather resolved it should not be returned *Ignoramus* this Bout, brought down those that, if possible, would out-swear any of the unfortunate Witnesses who have kiss'd the Book at the *Old Baily* for these 20 Years.

The Justices advised me to submit to the Court, every one being satisfied of the Baseness of the Prosecutors.

secutors. I thanked the worthy Gentlemen for their Well-Wishes, but assured them I would not submit to Mr. P.'s Proceedings, nor any of the infernal Crew, provided they had a Thousand Indictments against me: I was importuned by the worshipful Gentlemen several Times more, to submit, but I rejected their Proposal as before, with Thanks; and so for Want of Bail, was ordered once more for *Monmouth Gaol*.

I dined with some Farmers (the Gaoler being no Way dubious of losing me) who lived adjacent to *Lantillio Crofenny*. They informed and assured me, that the Indictment which was found against me, had never been brought on, if Mr. P. had not sent *Ambrose Gr—d* a Letter, declaring, that notwithstanding the Jury at *Newport* would not find the Bill, if he did not indict me afresh at *Chepstow*, for assaulting his Wife, he should not serve him any longer in Quality of a Groom, neither should he live in the House any longer, nor should he and his Wife keep a Publick-House in the Parish. So, added they, what the Fellow has done now, is by Compulsion, and Mr. P. tho' under the Rose, is at all the Expence himself: So that if the Fellow had not followed his Master's Directions, he must have starved.

This Usage from a Fool of Fortune's favouring, who was so knavish withal that he'd pay no Debts; he has been forced to skip from *Surrey* to *Middlesex*, from thence to *Kent*, and alternately around, being fearful of Sheriffs Officers: This Usage, I say once more, from a Scoundrel of no Manner of Principle, and one who was a Scandal to a Bailiff's Follower, gave me no small Uneasiness; and if he had had not a Microphalmy in his Eyes, he must have had an Incertitude of his Sister's Actions, from the strong inuendo's given him concerning her.

I have before mentioned, in the Beginning of these Memoirs, in how indecent a Manner he behaved towards her, at a Time that my Soul was ravished with incredible Delight in gazing at her. I have often reflected upon that base Behaviour, and I can-

not help saying, that I solemnly declare and firmly believe, that was it in his Power, he would have used her, as *Ammon* did his Sister *Tamar*. Vide 2 *Sam.* 13. 4.

On *Friday* the 26th of *July*, I returned to *Monmouth* with the same Companions.

I had been a Prisoner in *Monmouth* eight Weeks before I acquainted my Sisters with the disagreeable Situation of my Affairs; and the Day before I went to *Chepstow*, I received a Letter from my eldest Sister (to whom *Parthenissa* has wrote two, which Letters, as well as all the rest, I am ready to produce) telling me, that my youngest would be with me in a few Days from *Carmarthen*.

If it had been my (good or bad) Fortune to have married *Parthenissa*, and to have lived ever so well, my Sisters, I am positive, never would have been troublesome, nor would they have expected any thing from us. And as the Hopes of seeing either of them, (if ever they came that Way) at a Home of my own was frustrated, I was very unwilling to be seen by my nearest Blood in a Prison. I immediately sent my youngest Sister a Letter, begging of her to lay aside the Thoughts of coming to *Monmouth*, being a long Journey; and farther assured her, I should be released in a short Time: My Letter proved of no Effect; her Resolution of coming was fixed, because she thought my Case to be more dangerous than by much it was.

On *Saturday* the 17th, as I was playing at Fives with — *B—d*, Esq; and Mr. *W. P.* jun. both of the Forest of *Dean*, the Turnkey called to me, telling me that there was a Gentlewoman who desired to speak with me: I ran up, and who, to my agreeable Surprise, should it be, but my Sister.

She burst into Tears, which Sight I could not bear, so desired her to sit down in my Room till I had returned the Gentlemen Thanks for their Visit.

My Sister expressed herself well pleased to find the Matter not of so ill Consequence as 'twas reported down in the South of *Wales*. But why would you

come

come here, said I, after I had in my Letter desired you to suspend your Journey? There were different Reports spread about our Town, replied she, and I was afraid that your Case was like one M-es, and Miss S—e of Lowhadden, in Pembrokeshire. My Heart, continued she, was in a drooping Condition, till I came to Abergavenny, where I heard that your precious Devil Parthenissa ought to be confined with you, if she had her Deserts. That indeed revived me. I have brought, added she, two Letters with me in Behalf of our Family, and your Character; the one from John Ph-ps, Esq; Receiver-General of South Wales, to Edmund Berry, Esq; and another from — W-s, Esq; to T. M. of Penllwyn, Esq; both which Letters shall be delivered out of Hand.

My Sister's Stay in Monmouth was something above a Fortnight, during which Time my Sister and the Gaoler's Wife were as great as Spittlefield Weavers. She at that Time gave me kind Looks and good Words; and as soon as my Sister returned to Carmarthen, she sent her a Present of Tea.

At length, after an Imprisonment of 16 Weeks, thro' the Intercession of Mr. Philips, Mr. Berry accepted of the first Bail offered, in order for my Appearance at the next Sessions which was to be held at Caerleon upon Usk, in the same County.

A Stranger may wonder how the Sessions should be held at so many different Towns in the same County: That Query is soon resolved. The Lord Lieutenant of the County, and the Town of Monmouth, are of different Opinions; the former being of (what they call) the Court Interest, and the latter of the Country's. [I can make it apparent, that I have suffered by being acquainted with one Party more than another.] The Lord Lieutenant for that Reason being unwilling that Monmouth should partake of the profuse Pence, the Gentlemen, &c. hold the Sessions at Abergavenny, Caerleon, Newport, Chepstow, and the poor Town of Usk, alternately.

When I came to pay the Gaoler's Bill, he insisted upon a Guinea for his Trouble and Expences, in

bringing me from *Newport* to Gaol. All the Money that was spent upon the Road was Three-pence, which I paid for a Glas of Brandy at *U/k*: He made me pay him another Guinea for taking me down to *Chepstow*; and it must be observed, that he obliged me to walk: No Villain besides himself would have exacted upon any Person in that Manner: His Reason was, I was able to pay it. 'Twas his Business, I am of Opinion, to take his Prisoners without being paid for it, unless he provided them with a Horse, Meat, Drink, &c. I believe most People will join with me in the same Way of Thinking. After I had paid his Bill, he pretended a Mistake in his Calculation, and brought me in Debtor to him Ten Shillings more: *But*, said he, *as your Money is exhausted, I'll take your Note of Hand for Five Shillings.*

I gave him a Note with Pleasure, eager of being at Liberty; and at my going out, I asked him for my Horse-whip, which I gave him to put up for me, when I came in Prisoner. *I have used it*, said he, *and like it, and for that Reason I never will part from it.* Give me the Note of Hand, said I, if you'll not deliver me my Whip. No! he would not!

Thus this Monster serves every unhappy Person that falls under his Clutches. He is upheld in his Villany, and there's no Redress to be met with, he having the Protection of Gentlemen, who are not acquainted with his turbulent Temper, and arrogant Behaviour. The *Machiavel* behaves modestly before his Patrons, and cringes and fawns like a Spaniel: But when he has got the Predominancy over any unhappy Person, the Lord have Compassion upon them; and, I am afraid, unless he timely repents, the Devil will have the Mastership over him, for (together with his Wife) his ill Usage to a good-natured Gentleman (Mr. *M—u*) and an unfortunate young Woman (Daughter to a Clergyman) who hanged herself, to prevent any farther base Usage from them, whose Body they exposed in the most obscene Manner, and afterwards gave it (as faithfully reported) to an Acquaintance of mine, in order to be anatomized.

zed. I will give myself no farther Trouble of mentioning his or her Name, lest (as *John Cleveland* said of the Scots)

I wrong the Devil should I pick their Bones, &c.

August the 20th I went to *Hereford*, and at the Assizes had my Recognizance withdrawn, which Mr. C—ke (as I have mentioned before) unjustly made me give. Mr. M—so, Clerk of the Assize, having heard in what a villainous Manner I was used, generously declined taking the accustomed Fees from me. H—ry W—ley, Esq; brought down a *Certiorari* for me, in order to remove the infamous Indictment found against me at *Chepstow*, into the *King's-Bench*. I informed him and Mr. Serjeant B---b with the Cause of the last Indictment's being found against me. They advised me to get, if possible, the Letter that Mr. P. wrote to Am---se Gr--od, by which Means 'twould be in my Power to make an Example of so worthless a Paltroon.

I endeavoured, as much as possibly I could, to get a Sight of Am---se's Letter, but to no Purpose, and all my Expectations proved fruitless.

I passed away my Time at *Ross* and *Monmouth* till the 6th of *October*, when the Sessions began at *Caerleton*.

I then went down there, having my *Certiorari* with me, imagining they might hatch another Indictment against me, and was sensible they stood in no Need of Rappers. I gave them to understand, that I had wherewithal to remove the Court were there forty Indictments against me.

As the Court was going to sit, a worshipful Gentleman informed me, that my Affair was talked of at Dinner, and that the Justices, being thoroughly acquainted with my Hardships, and the Occasion of the Indictment, were resolved to fix no higher Fine than a Shilling, let my Adversaries swear what they thought proper. 'I know, added he, your Stomach was too high to submit, therefore I advise you by no Means to lay your *Certiorari*, because it will cost you

as much, if not more, to remove the Court, as it will to try the Affair outright.' I took the Gentleman's Advice, and tried the whiffling Cause.

When the Jurors were sworn, Mr. C—d (Mr. P's Agent) opened the Cause ; setting forth the Heinousness of my Crime, in making a forcible Entry into the House of M. P. &c. terrifying the Servants, and assaulting them, &c. The next that back'd him was Mr. G. of *Caerlton*, he with a laudible Voice, said the same as Mr. C. had done. But as to the third, Mr. P. M. he mutter'd and stutter'd something inwardly which no Body understood.

I had but one to plead for me (who proved enough) Mr. J. D. jun. of *Llantherthill*. He behaved warmly in my Affair, and came off with Credit far beyond the Expectation of any one of his Years.

The Evidences were called, and the first was *W. E.* a Youth of about 17 Years old, who was sworn.

Court. What do you know concerning this forcible Entry and Assault ?

W. E. I was in Justice P.'s Kitchen upon a Sunday Night, and Mr. *Parry* knock'd at the Door; one of the Maids opened it, and he came in drunk, and asked for Madam P. The Maids and all of us said, she was not at Home. Then Mr. *Parry* damn'd her, and wanted to know what was the Reason he could not be entertained at the Public-House for his Money. With that he was going towards the little Parlour, where Madam, and Miss, and Mr. J—, &c. was. But M. H. the House-keeper, hindered him to go to the little Parlour, and in striving to hit M. H. he did strike J. of the *Ostrey* with the Butt End of his Whip, in a very violent Manner.

Court. Did you observe her to bleed, or did any Bruise appear ?

W. E. No.

Court. Call the next Witness, which was J. R. and swore exactly the same, and particularly mentioned

tioned my striking her violently with the Butt-end of my Whip.

Court. Call the next Witness, which was J. G. what have you got to say concerning this forcible Entry, and your being assaulted by Mr. Parry?

J. G. 'Twas upon a Sunday Night, Mr. Parry alighted at our Door, and the Moment I heard his Voice, I ran thro' the Garden, and over the Justice's Wall, and so to the great House to tell Madam P. of his being at our House.

Court. Pray what Reason had you for going to tell Mrs. P. this?

J. G. Because I knew that there was an Uneasiness in the Family about Mr. Parry.

Court. Proceed.

J. G. I had not been at Madam P.'s Half a Quarter of an Hour before somebody knocked at the Door: I opened it, and who should it be but Mr. Parry. He seemed to be in a great Passion, and asked for Madam, and was going towards the little Parlour, where she and Miss were. Mary Haines went to stop him, upon which he struck at her, but missed her, and I received the Blow, which was with the Slash * End of the Whip upon one Side of my Face.

Court. Did you receive any Damage by the Blow that you say was given you with the Lash of the Whip?

J. G. No, an't please your Worship, but I was terribly frightened.

Court. Mr. Parry, have you got any Evidence of your Side?

James Parry. I have not, Sir; and if I had they'd stand but a poor Chance against the foregoing Ones.

After the Court had gone thro' with the Evidences, Mrs. P.'s Agents moved, that if the Jurors brought me in guilty of what was laid to my Charge, that their Worships would lay a heavy Fine upon me. My Agent was more strenuous on my Side, &c. By this Time the Jury unanimously agreed upon the

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Verdict,

* The two Fellows swore that I had struck her violently with the Butt-End of my Whip.

Verdict, which was, that I was guilty of the Assault, but not of the forcible Entry. Whereupon the worshipful Gentlemen fined me a Shilling, to the Disappointment of honest P. M. &c. One of the Justices was for having the Fine Five Shillings; whereupon his Brother asked him if he was crazy. 'Did we not all, said he, fix the Fine at a Shilling; what are you always going from your Word, &c. The other Brother immediately retracted, and agreed with his Brother and the Rest of the Bench.

The Freeholders, who were upon the Jury, would not take the Fees allotted them by Law, being sensible of the Baseness of my Prosecution. But P. M. insisted upon Half a Guinea for impannelling the Jurors. I told him I had the Misfortune to lose Three Guineas that Morning out of my Pocket by a Fall from my Horse; and that I would pay him in a short Time, &c. But he mistook my Meaning; not but that I was in his Debt since the Time he thrust his Whip in my Face at *Newport*.

One Thing I'd like to have omitted in the Trial at *Caerlon*. Mr. D--- moved, that the forcible Entry, which I was then to be tried for, had been removed by a *Certiorari* into the *King's-Bench*. P. M. had the consummate Impudence to say, that the Indictments never were removed, notwithstanding I had, as I observed before, been served with four Copies of the Writs, whilst a Prisoner in *Monmouth*, and I was to blame that I had not taken the Copies down with me; but as the Affair turned out, 'twas of no great Signification.

In a Day or two afterwards, one of Mrs. P.'s chief Advisers met me in *Monmouth*, and told me he found that a little would not frighten me, and that she had missed of what was aimed at. 'The Intent, added he, of so many Indictments was intended as an Occasion for your leaving this Country; she now finds thou art not to be daunted, and what I've done was for my Client, and if I had been employed by you, I would have done all in my Power to have served you.

And

And whatever Pains I have been at, I am as amply paid as if a Counsellor.'

Before I proceed any farther, I shall not think it improper to give some Account of my quondam Mistress. During the Time of my Imprisonment, she went to pay a Visit to Mrs. —, the Lady whom the Summer before she hindered me to wait upon, [see Letter, No. 28.] That Lady consequently was very much surprized at the Visit, and hardly ever returned it. And when she came to see a Lady, who is a very material Evidence of my Side; she told her that she was shockingly surprized at *Parthenissa's* Impudence in coming to see her after the Rumour was spread concerning her and myself. I could not forbear laughing when I heard it, but I allow Mrs. — to be a Gentlewoman of far more Honour and Integrity than the other.

About this Time I was credibly informed by a Neighbour of Mrs. *P.* that Mrs. *J.* proposed to Mrs. *P.* a Match between her Son and *Parthenissa*; but the Proposal was rejected by Mother and Daughter, which made Master *Dicky* look as dismal as the Knight of the sorrowful Face. Soon after there were two more that offered themselves as Suitors, the one a Piece of an Attorney, the other an Apothecary, both of the same Name; which is *M—n.* She's as proper a Woman for the Latter as any I know, being well vers'd in *Culpepper's* Midwifery, *Aristotle's* Legacy, Master-piece, &c. or else, I should have had an undeniable Witness of my Virility. Therefore, in one Respect, I am fully satisfied she has thrice more Crimes hereafter to answer for than I have.

'Tis obvious that she kept me in the Country entirely for her Pleasures. And what is most surprising to me, is, that a Girl should be so base after her Mother had found us out, as to beg of me in her Letters not to leave the Country, but to stay Month after Month, which I foolishly did to a very bad Purpose, by her jilting of me in a vile Manner. She most certainly has lamed her Reputation by her

so doing, and debarred me of a good Livelihood. And since she appeared against me at *Newport*, has for some Time been as mad as a blind Mare that has lost her Foal, and run into several Extrems of Lies. In Fact 'tis not to be wondered at, after she had sworn in so perfidious a Manner against me.

J. C. of the Hill, Esq; who threatened me with the Spiritual Court, Writs of de Excommunicato Capiendo, Actions of Ten Thousands, &c. his Courage went off like a Flash in the Pan. And I believe, nay I am credibly informed, that his Family wish that he had never been concerned in an Action that any honest Man ought to have been ashamed of.

I thought myself now out of their Clutches, and that if Mrs. P. was so flush of Money, as to expend such Sums in Law against me, she well might afford to pay the Money due to me for teaching her Daughter. I begged of Mr. C. D. an Attorney, to write to her, which he did, assuring her of a Prosecution if Satisfaction was not made me. Mrs. P. received his Letter, and instead of answering it, sent a Letter to Mr. P. D. of *Wilton*, near *Ross*, eldest Brother to Mr. G. She intended this Letter as a Piece of Policy, thinking (as I taught that Gentleman's Daughter the Spinnet) thereby to make him form as bad an Opinion of me as she had formerly imbibed into Mr. C. &c. " She was sorry that a Man of his seeming Virtue should take the Part of one so remarkable for the Foulness of his Tongue for a Twelve-month past: And that upon the least Distaste I should not value saying or swearing as much of them, as I had done of her *virtuous* Daughter; that I was a Fellow of low Life, and 'twas more Charity to give me a Meal than common Beggars; that I had owned I must have starved in the Streets if it had not been for her; and what I had eaten for the last three Years in her House stood her in Two Guineas a Quarter;—that it would be hard upon her to pay me such an extravagant Sum as I demanded, after I had lived upon her so long: I bid my Maid tell him not to teach my Daughter Years ago, she learnt formerly

merly of Mr. *Apperley*, and he had a great many Scholars; but it was my Misfortune to employ that Fellow who was call'd the *Welch Boy*. But let him consider that the many Wrongs he has done the Fatherless and the Widow will one Day be accounted for."

Mrs. *P.* sent the Letter inclosed in one to Mr. *H—s*, an Attorney, who gave it Mr. *D.* telling him that if I sued Mrs. *P.* he was ready to give Bail. Mr. *D.* was surprized at the Receipt of the Letter, he having never sent her one; and the first Time he saw me (for he was in *Worcestershire* when it came) he gave it me; which Letter I lost accidentally soon afterwards in *Wales*.

I was dubious whether I should return Mrs. *P.* a civil Answer to her mean-stil'd Letter or not: But to let her see I was ashamed of writing in a scurrilous Manner, after so much ill Usage, I sent her one (see Letter, No. 57.) This indeed she never had the Good-nature or Honour to answer, which indeed I imputed to her muddling herself with Tobacco, with which she makes herself so nasty, that sometimes I have seen her like a Dust-Cart Woman; and, in short, that was the Reason of her leading so disagreeable a Life in her Husband's Time. I have myself heard her say that he has washed her Hands; and to my Knowledge her Daughter has taken Snuff to avoid the Mother's strong Smell.

I plagued Mrs. *P.* sufficiently this Winter, by sending her Letters directed by strange Hands, so that she was dubious of taking others in, lest they should be mine, for I had them directed even from *London*. But in the Beginning of *December*, happening to be at *Grismond*, I crossed over to *Lantillio*, and alighted at the Publick-House. *Well J.* says I, *I thank you for the Prosecution you honoured me with. Damn the Justice* (meaning Mr. *P.*) *and Madam, and Miss, and you too* (said *J.*) *for giving us all the Trouble we have had: But indeed, Mr. Parry, what we did we were obliged to do.* I reply'd, *Well J. God*

God forgive you all, for I do. So after regaling myself, I made towards *Dingestow*. Mrs. P. heard, though my Stay was not above an Hour, that I was in the Neighbourhood, upon which the Doors were barricado'd, lest I should pay her a second Visit.

There was one *William Edwards*, a Bailiff, Father to the Boy that was an Evidence against me, who lived in the same Parish; that Fellow had insulted me whilst I was a Prisoner in *Monmouth*, upon *Parthenissa's* Account. But when I was at Liberty, and happened to meet him, he was seized with a Shivering, being apprehensive that I should have used him according to his Deserts; but being but a Shrimp of a Man, I took no Notice: But to be even with him, I often sent him some old Writs, or other Pieces of Parchment, inclosed in a Letter, for which he was obliged to pay double: However, his House lying on the Road-Side from *Lantillio* to *Dingestow*, I stopt at the Door, and called for a Pint of Ale: The Minute he saw me he came running towards me, damning me, and calling me all the vile Names he could think of, for putting him to such Expences for Letters. With that he took hold of my Horse's Reins, and strove to unhorse me; at that I took him by the Gullet and squeezed him till he was black in the Face. I disengaged myself from him, but he would not quit my Reins, and called aloud for his Son, bidding him knock me off the Horse with a Hunting-Pole: The Son did his Endeavour to obey his Father's Commands, by giving me a severe Blow upon the Back Part of my Head. The Father still holding my Horse fast, I could think of no Way to get shift of them, but by putting my Hand in my Side Pocket, and taking out an Ink-horn, making them believe it was a Pistol. *Now you Dog, said I, say your Prayers, for damn you, you have not an Hour to live:* The Fellow was scar'd out of his Wits, so quitted my Bridle, and whilst I pretended to cock my Ink-horn, the Son got between his Father and me, in order to push him into the House: I had now a fair Opportunity of revenging the Blow given me.

With

With good upright upon my Stirrups, and with all the free ~~able~~ I knock'd him down, where I left him sprawling and crying out Murther: The old Fellow shut the door full of being shot; and I left the young one, telling him we were even.

In the Beginning of 1737, I wrote these Memoirs, and diverted myself with plaguing Mrs. P. As for Miss, she went hardly abroad, fearful of my catching a Scent of her. Mrs. P. understanding that I lived in Tranquility, was resolved to dislodge me, if possible. She called a Council, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. J—ys, Phil. M—n, and some others, to consult how to give me farther Trouble. One wiser than the rest, (whom I take to be Mr. C—yd of *Monmouth*,) told them, the only Way would be to send for an Order from *London*, to have me taken up with a Sheriff's Warrant, for not putting in my Appearance in the *King's-Bench*, to the two Indictments that were found against me, which they had removed by *Certiorari*. Now (thought they) we have him snug. But the Affair was not carried on with so much Secresy, as to hinder me from having Notice of it six Days before the *Herefordshire* Writ was issued out, by a Letter directed to an Inn-keeper in *Ross*. Upon *Friday* the 20th of *May*, I saw a Sheriff's Officer stand at the Post-Office Door. I went up to him, and said, B—n, *Hast thou got any Action, &c. against me?* He replied, *I have, Master, a Warrant against you; Why the Devil would you come near me? I would not have stirred an Inch after you, because I know the Affair. However you must go to Hereford, and give in Bail for your Appearance above. Mr. D—s, the Under-Sheriff, will do any thing to oblige you, upon Mr. D—s of Wilton's Account.* I knew the Fellow to be a Rogue; and being satisfied, that 'twas more agreeable to hear the Birds sing, than the Mice cry, I resolved upon giving him the Go-bye. 'Well, says I, let's call at Mr. D—s's, and I'll get a Letter from him to the Under-Sheriff.' Accordingly we went to *Wilton*.
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The Family being at Prayers, *B—n* and I took a walk into the Garden. I brought him to a Pear-Tree, next the Hall Door, and bad him view the Beauties of those Pears, whilst I went for a Tankard of Cyder, as he imagined. I call'd out, *Betty, Betty*, bring a Tankard of the Red Pear. The Girl was a Mile off, and I step'd into the Hall, and gently bolted Mr. *B—n* in the Garden, whilst I took Sanctuary in a remote Part of the House. In two or three Minutes he bethought himself of the Trick, and knock'd at the Hall Door, which was open'd by Mrs. *R.* Sister to Mrs. *D—s.* 'Where (*quoth B—n*) is Master *Parry*?' 'I fancy he is gone to *Ross* (replied she) for 'I've seen him go in a Hurry over the Bridge, &c.' The Fellow found it in vain to trifle any more Time away, for the Writ was returnable next Day, and away he trudged for *Hereford*. I begg'd of a sincere Friend to write to Mr. *R—F—r*, of *Lion's-Inn*, to enter an Appearance for me in the *King's Bench*, which was immediately done. I once more had the Pleasure of fretting Mrs. *P.*'s Gizzard; and as for *Phil. M—n*, in one Point I can't blame him, because 'twas his Business, and he mayn't have such another Client, as long as he lives. And this must in Justice be said of him, no Man in *England* has a better Method of enlarging a Bill, and if Mr. *P.* or Mrs. *P.* should pretend to tax his Bill (which must be well nigh as long as Lady *Wronghead's* in the *Journey to London*) he will call them Whore and Rogue, and swear they are worse than I really describe them to be.

The Beginning of *July* I derermined to make *Worcester* in my Way to *London*. In my Way thither, I spent a Week with the Reverend Mr. *R.* Rector of *Redmarley*; from thence to *Worcester*, where I staid some Weeks, after taking a Ride to see *Birmingham*, of which Place once I was in Hopes of being made Organist. During my Stay at *Worcester*, that compleat Tradesman, Mr. *William W—re*, used me with an uncommon Civility, his House was my Home, and he made me several handsome Presents.

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A particular Acquaintance of his, who is a Wool-len-Draper in *Broadstreet*, insisted upon my dining with him, in Company with his Partner's Wife ; I accepted of the Invitation, and whilst we were at Dinner the Lady asked me (hearing that I came from *Ros*) if I knew one *Parry* an Organist ? I answered in the Affirmative. Pray, Sir, said she, what Sort of a Man is he ? He is, said I, about my Size, and a little above twenty-three Years old : I press'd the Gentleman's Foot not to discover me all the Time. Miss *H.* has told me, said she, and several others, that he is the vilest Villain breathing, and to be sure he must be so for degrading *Parthenissa*, who is one of the modestest and most virtuous young Ladies living. I assure you, Madam, replied I, there is no one knows *Parry* better than myself ; I am his intimate Companion, and know the very Secrets of his Soul ; to my certain Knowledge he has had carnal Knowledge of her Times innumerable, and she made him several Overtures of Love before ever his Ambition reach'd to the Height of embracing her. In Fact, Madam, she is a vile perfidious Jilt, and how Miss *H.* takes upon her to vilify a Man that is utterly a Stranger to her, and never did her any Injury, I am really at a Loss to determine ; but thus far I am satisfy'd, was my Friend *Parry* to have an Interview with her and Miss *Jenny Clarke*, he would satisfy her, through Reasons he could give the latter, that *Parthenissa* is really what he calls her, viz. *A perjured Jilt*. If *Parthenissa* (replied the Lady) is really what you say, she is very much to blame ; but Miss *H.* spoke it publickly and said farther, that Miss *Mary Clarke* assured her of it at Mr. A—'s in the Foregate-street. After we had ended the Subject, I went into the Yard, and at my Return I met the Lady coming blushing out of the Parlour, who turn'd her Face from me ; for it seems the Gentleman had told her I was the very *Parry* whom she had rail'd against from the Information of Miss *H.* I told Mr. *H.* that I was sorry he let her into the Secret, though
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my Expressions were strong enough to let her see that I was the Person. Tush, says he, don't mind it. Women are but Women. I informed Mr. W— this, and assured him I would ————
 ————, but he conjured me not to do it, as I tender'd his Friendship. I laid aside the Thought at his Request; but if I had written to her, I would have given her a Surfeit from meddling in Affairs that did no Way concern her, by giving some Account of herself and a Clergyman of the Church of *England*.

On the 22d of *July* Mr. W—re went for *Bristol* Fair, and I was to have gone next Morning for *London*, but a Letter from Mr. *George D.* assured me, that as soon as Mr. *Richard F—r* had entered my Appearance, Mrs. P.'s Agents had joined Issue, and the Record was come down for a Trial at *Monmouth*, for an Assault upon *Mary Haines*, and a forcible Entry, as I have before mentioned, so I laid my *London* Journey aside, and came down in a Wherry from *Worcester* to *Gloucester*: There were sixteen Passengers, mostly Women, going to *Bristol* Fair, and I do not know that in the whole Course of my Life I spent among Strangers a Day more agreeably. I pass'd for a Native of *Sweden*, no one knowing to the contrary but a Servant of Mr. W.'s, and highly diverted the Women, by telling them a Heap of Rhodomontades in broken *English*, for which they requited me with as much White Wine and *Naple* Biskets as I could well tell what to do with. When I came to *Gloucester*, I providentially got acquainted with *Signor Claudio Roijeri*, a celebrated *Italian* Master, who has proved himself, since my being in *London*, to be one of the sincerest, and most benevolent Friends that a Person would desire to be blest with. I went with him to *Monmouth*, the Assizes drawing nigh, which gave a Surprize to Mrs. P.'s Family, every one imagining me to be in *London*: Mrs. P. and Miss kept their Chamber for four Days before the Assize, being conscious of their Villainy, and fearful of a Subpœna against me, and left the Eviden-
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ces to make good at the Hazard of their Souls, what the Attorney should dictate for them. The Cause was tried at the *Nisi prius* Bar, Serjeant Skinner (Mr. Baron Comyns being ill in London) sitting as Judge. My Counsels were H—y W—, Esq; Serjeant Birch: Mrs. P.'s were Counsellor Trevor, C—e, Hollings, and Kettleby. Mr. Kettleby had been feed by me some Time before, but upon Philip M.'s telling him I was not in Town, he took a Fee of Two Guineas from him to plead against me. Mr. Hollings, being King's Counsel, opened vehemently against me: he had a good Wig on, and well combed, but his Speech was rather loud than learned; C—e seconded as well as his Capacity would allow him; Mr. Trevor examined the Witnesses, and Mr. Kettleby did me no Damage.

I cannot help observing one Piece of Artifice, (which is really strange) of Philip M.—s; he gave a particular Charge to the Witnesses not to mention a Word concerning what I had said of *Parthenissa*, which Advice was punctually observed.

The first Witness called was *Jane Gr—od*, who deposed, that I knocked at the Door, and the Moment the Latch was open I thrust in, and was forcing my Way through the Kitchen towards the Parlour, where Madam and *Parthenissa* were; and that *Mary H.* went to hinder me from going there, upon which I struck her with my Fist a hard Blow in the Face. [*This Woman swore at Caerleon, that I struck at M. H. with my Whip, but she received the Blow with the Lash End, upon the Side of her Face.*]

The Court asked her, if ever she had seen me at Mr. P.'s before; she said, yes; but she remembered one Time in particular, that *Pen P.* came to her House, and desired me to go to *Dingestow*, because Miss was very uneasy at my being at *Lantillio*.

The next Evidence that was called was *Mary H.* who deposed, That as soon as I came into the Kitchen, I was making my Way towards the Parlour, and upon her stopping of me I gave her a smart Blow on the Face, and that she thought I had struck her
Teeth

Teeth down her Throat ; but owned that she did not bleed inwardly or outwardly.

The Court asked her, What I came there for? She answered, that I said for my Wife: Upon which Counsellor *Trevor* told the Court, that as he imagined me to be a Fellow that play'd upon the Jews-Harp from House to House, I might court the Scullion-Wench that belong'd to the Family: I happened to be by him (as well dressed as himself) and clap'd my Hand to one Side of my Face, and spake in his Hearing, *viz.* if *T—r* had not spoken that shallow Speech, which I own to be his chief Talent, his Brains must have come out.

The last Evidence that was called, was *W. E—s*, jun. he (being exasperated at the Blow I gave him the Time I had been last at *Lan—o*, was resolved to deviate from the Evidence he gave against me at *Caerleon*) deposed, That as soon as the Door was opened to me, I rushed into the Kitchen, with a Sword drawn, two Pistols cocked, and a Jockey Horsewhip in my Hand ; that I assaulted *Mary H—s* in the Manner mentioned before, by the two foregoing Witnesses. [*That Villain evidently perjur'd himself, because M— M—n, the Constable, and several others, can testify, that when the Constable assaulted me, and searched me, I had no other Arms but my Cutteau and Horse-whip about me.*]

My Counsels spake in their Turn, shewing the Impossibility of my carrying two Pistols cocked, a drawn Sword, &c. at the same Time, the Incoherency of the Evidence given against me ; and I found myself much to blame, in not having the Verdict given against me at *Caerleon* for one and the same forcible Entry recorded.

The Counsel for the Plaintiff, particularly Mr. *Hollings*, closed the Pleadings, and the *Oxford* Member summed up the Evidence ; whereupon the Jury agreed upon their Verdict, and brought me in guilty of the Assault, but not of the forcible Entry.

The unjust J. was exasperated at them, looking like a fiery Meteor, frightened the harmless *Welchmen*,
made

made them lay their Heads together once more, &c. who brought me at last in guilty of both. But how did it end? At their Cost. My Friends deposited no more than Court-Fees and Issue-money, as you will find hereafter.

Immediately after the Court arose, one of Mr. P.'s Neighbours told me, he was sorry for me, for that *Jane, William Edwards, and Mary Haines*, had sworn heartily against me: *But added he, if the two former did not swear as they were directed, they must have starved or left the Country. Let them swear on and be damned*, said I, *sooner than I will expend a Farthing upon the Verdict I will lie in Prison seven Years.*

I consulted an eminent Counsellor, before the Judges left *Monmouth*, in what Manner I should obtain the Money due to me from Mrs. P. He asked if I had any Promissory Note from her; I answered him in the Negative, and that I had no Witness to our Bargain but her Daughter. The Advice I give you, said he, is to commence no Action against Mrs. P. for in the first Place you have nothing to shew for your Debt; and secondly, you have no Evidence but the young Lady, who irrevocably has lost her Reputation; and in all Appearance has already sworn a Falshood against you: And if once a Person perjures herself before a Justice or Bench, that Person will not value swearing forty Times as much before a superior Court. My sincere Advice, continued he, is to retain no Thought of her; you are very young, and undoubtedly may get a Livelihood in some other Part of the Kingdom.

But, alas! my fond Heart doats upon her still; and my endeavouring to drown my Love in Wine and with Women, is like throwing Oil upon the Fire. Very often, and even at this Season (*July, 1739*) I am drowned in Tears, and burn in Love like a Ship set on Fire in the Midst of the Ocean. A feeble Mind is no sooner seized with this Fear, but Hatred finds a Place also; and Love not yet being entirely banished, strange Disorders happen by
such

such opposite Passions ; and the Soul's not being destroyed, is to be attributed to the Number of its Enemies. On one Hand, Hatred freezes the Heart, (the principal Seat of the Soul) stifles the Spirits, and extinguishes the natural Heat : On the other Hand, Love burns it ; and by dilating its small Cavities, increases its Spirit and Heat.

But it seems, that to be jilted by a Woman is no new Thing among Men. *Solomon*, the wisest of our Sex, who knew Women better than we, compares them to the Wind, and speaks much to the Purpose, in saying, *That he that has a Woman in his Possession, and endeavours to keep her to himself, is like him that retains the Wind with his Arms.* Alas ! by a woeful Experience I have found his Words to be too true. Indeed, Women are naturally very fickle, and easily carried by small and frivolous Matters, through the Weakness of their Judgment. They delight in Trifles, and spend all their Life-time in giving Proofs of the Inconstancy of their Sex. Their Stature is generally small, or sometimes otherwise ; their Strength indifferent ; their Actions languishing. In one Word, they are weaker, and more inconstant than Men.

I cannot pass by one Thing, in Justice to Mrs. P. notwithstanding her base Usage towards me. In the Country, and since in *London*, several Gentlemen have intimated to me, that they verily believed that I have gone through the Family, *i. e.* that I have lain with the Mother, Daughter, and the Servant. As for the Servant, I have actually had her in my Power, but thought her disagreeable, by which she escaped me.

The Account given me by *Parthenissa* of her Mother, you have seen in these Memoirs ; and I take Heaven to Witness that I never had an amorous Thought of her.

'Tis said, that Honesty is the best Policy ; but had it been possible for me to have known then what I have known since, I would have made Policy the best Honesty.

If

If she was pleased with any Man's Aspect, during the Time of her Abode in *Ross*, it was with one *P—ps*, an *Irish* Dragoon, of Captain *Whiteford's* Troop in Lord *Cadogan's* Regiment. I have heard her often talk feelingly of him; and, to my Knowledge, she has gone often from Church to a Chandler's Shop, opposite the Post-Office (his Quarters) and gazed upon him for Half an Hour at a Time. For my Part, I know no Reason why I should not be as free in my Sentiments as the rest of my Neighbours, in saying, that I harbour no better an Opinion of middle-aged Women, old ones, and young ones, who daily frequent the Church, than those who stay at Home. I own that Love makes Women indiscreet; but those that pass for the most chaste, have often no less Flame, for being more reserved than others. That Woman is chaste, which may be never was asked the Question (a Case parallel to several in *Ross*) for if you examine strictly, those that pass for the most virtuous, perhaps they will be found full as criminal as the rest, and but very few modest among them.

The *Ephefian* Matron, whose History *Petronius* makes *Seneca* agreeably relate, being the Admiration of all the neighbouring Provinces, by Reason of her Chastity, yielded at last to a common Soldier.

But to my own Affair: After *Monmouth* Assizes ended, it was the Opinion of Mrs. P.'s Agents, that I would not appear at *Westminster* to receive Judgment: By my Neglect they would further have plagued me. I stayed there till the Horse Race was over, and upon the 20th of *October* I came to *London*. The first Thing I did, was to visit my generous Friend Mr. *J. P.* who shewed me several Marks of his Friendship afterwards.

'Tis to be imagined I was not overstocked with Money at my Arrival here; but Providence directed me to the House of Mr. *J—B--n*, a Vintner in *Fleet-street*. I was entirely a Stranger to him, yet he has supplied me with Money and all Necessaries for a great many Months, and only upon my Word.
And

And may Heaven renounce me, if he ever loses any Thing by me, the Hour that it is in my Power to requite him.

The Generosity of Signor *Claudio Roijero* shall never be forgotten by me. That Gentleman, at no small Expence, took me to all the remarkable and delightful Places in and about Town, and what little Money I've got here has been thro' his Regard for me.

I waited upon Mr. Serjeant *B---b* and *Humphrey W---y*, Esq; to know in what Manner I was to behave in Relation to my Law Affair. The latter particularly advised me to be in the Hall, and answer if I should be called, assuring me at the same Time that he was fully satisfied, that he could have the Judgment reversed. I waited several Days at *Westminster-Hall*, that Term and the *Hilary* Term following, but my Name was never mentioned. I left Word with Mr. *W---d*, Clerk in the Court, where I was to be met with if at any Time I should be called. But I never heard any more of the Matter, which shewed how conscious M. P. and Mrs. P. were of their unjust Proceedings against me.

It may not be improper to give some Account of *Parthenissa*, during the Space of three Years. After she had jilted me, &c. she made a Fool of *Dick J-y*s. The next that shared the same Fate (as I am informed) was an Apothecary in *Abergavenny*. Who should follow him but an Attorney, who was a Manager in the Prosecution against me; viz. P. M. jun. of *U/k*. The next that attacked her was Mr. *W---B---y*, a young Gentleman who received some Damage in his Infancy, thro' the Carelessness of his Nurse; but a greater Objection happened, which was, his Name sounded very much like mine. After him there came one Mr. *L—I*, with his two Servants in Liverry. She played with him about six Weeks, laughed at him, and gave him the Go-by; upon which he declared that he believed every Word of mine to be true. This plainly shews that Money makes the Mare to go. The Person who followed Mr. *L*. was

was a L. and a near Relation of Lord A---'s. He thought that no Beauty could withstand a Soldier's Brandishing, or an Orator's Rhetoric, but he shar'd the Fortune of those that went before him, and finds he is no more than mortal.

In Autumn 1738, J. C. of the Hill, and M. P. Esqrs. departed this Life. I could have very well spared a Couple more. In *January* following I writ *Parthenissa* a Letter (see Letter, No. 58.) There's enough now would be glad of her for the Sake of her Fortune. The first that attacked her this Year was Mr. H. H. Son to Sir H. He swore he would have her right or wrong; but he blustered his Breath to no Purpose. As soon as I heard it, I writ to Sir H. at *Hamstead*, and at the same Time to *Parthenissa* in the Country, which Letter, in Fact, is not fit to be communicated to the Publick, lest it should teach the young Girls, if possible, more Mischief than they already know. In *June* last (1739) Mr. F. L—, a young Gentleman of Fortune in that County went to make his Addresses to her, which occasioned a great deal of Mirth. When he first came there she was gone to *Abergavenny*; so Mr. L. paid his Compliments to a young Gentlewoman that was there as Miss's Companion. But the young Gentleman's Mother (who is Head of the *Beau Monde* in that Country) thought to salve up that Mistake by going herself to *Parthenissa*, and propose the Match. 'Madam, says Mrs. P. my Daughter is already an unhappy Woman, and if she follows my Advice she'll never marry, but if she should alter her Condition, I have engaged my Interest for another.'

'Tis intimated to me that this Person is no other than Mr. J. L. Attorney. He has been down there ten Months on Pretence of settling her Affairs. But every one guesses at his Stay, and if Sanctity can prevail upon her he must be the Man, and I'Faith well matched they'll be; for she looks as innocent as an Angel, tho' at the same Time, I know her to be worse than a Devil incarnate, and as lecherous as ever *Pompia* or *Messalina* were who could away
with

with the Embraces of Twenty Men in a Day and Night, which they themselves have bragged of if we believe History.

A Gentleman of my Acquaintance inform'd me that he was in Company with Mr. L—'s Brother who is an Apothecary (who, to my Knowledge is a meer pedantic solemn Coxcomb) and talking about the Marriage between the Attorney and my Mistress, what unhappy Life they consequently must lead, that I should be a Thorn in their Sides, &c. the Glisten-Merchant had the Impudence to assert, that I hardly ever saw her, and that if it had not been out of Mrs. P.'s Compassion and Generosity in sending me Victuals, and discharging me from Prison, I must inevitably have perished there.

1739. In *August* last the Rev. Mr. W. had the Vanity to introduce Mr. W. a Haberdasher to *Parthenissa*. The Friends of Mr. W. blame him much for it, and I'm fully satisfied Mr. W. will come Home without his Errand. My Intelligence from the Country is pretty good; and the Hour I heard of Mr. W——'s Journey, I waited upon his Sister, who is an agreeable well behaved young Gentlewoman. I laid the whole Matter before her, and to convince her of my Sincerity, I gave her the Liberty of perusing these Memoirs, which she gratefully returned, and soon gave her Brother some Account of his new Acquaintance.

'Tis a Thing impossible for any one to guess at the Emotions of my Heart, whilst I am writing these Things. I confess, and not without many Sighs, that where there has been an entire Love, and the Embers of it left, the Soul keeps loving Ideas of the absent Object, and receives Abundance of Satisfaction, when the beloved Person is mentioned. But sometimes, Lies and Impostures slide in with true Reports, that the Soul is misled into Mistrust by suspicious Conjectures, and Doubts of its own forging.

Res est solliciti plena Timoris Amor.

By

By what I have already said, 'tis too apparent, that *Parthenissa* has ruined me. I sacrificed my Time, and every Pleasure that Youths are fond of, to please her. She has often told me, I had no Occasion to make a Practice of Musick, so as to get a future Livelihood by it; for that she had Fortune enough to maintain us both. I foolishly adhered to what she said, and intirely neglected my Practice in that Science. And what was yet more shocking, she hindered me from going to Places, where in all Probability, I might have got a tolerable Livelihood; especially at a Time when I had discharged my Debts, and had Money, &c. by me. But to keep me in the Country, 'till I had wasted my small Substance; to jilt me in so scandalous a Manner; and, after all, to have me so unjustly imprisoned! was such an uncommon Provocation, that I believe no one breathing would be silent upon.

We engaged so firmly together, that I believe no Passion equalled ours: We loved with such Violence, that it seemed as if a Spell had been laid upon us: For Years (to my Thinking) we were as happy as could be wish'd; and had she not been of so vile a Disposition, we might certainly have been so to this Day. Enjoyment was so far from palling my Desires, that it rather increased them. We lived in all the Delights of Love, and gave ourselves up so entirely to it, that we thought of nothing but each other; If any intruding Thought crept in, we would immediately lull it to Rest, like a froward Child.

Upon the 8th of *October*, 1735, when we parted, it was with such a Regret, that it foreboded our eternal Separation; and had it not been the Series of my Misfortunes to get the Mastery of my Passion, I never should have withstood the Force of it. But I must own, if I had foreseen the Fatigue and Hazard of this unhappy Amour, I believe that I never should have ventured upon her; because I am verily persuaded, that I could much better have supported Ingratitude itself, tho' ever so foul and odious, than the deadly! deadly Thought of our irrevocable Separation!

paration ! I positively affirm, that 'twas not only her Person was so dear to me, but the Steadiness of my unalterable Affection. My Soul is often strongly divided ! Her Perfidiousness makes me abhor her, and yet at the same Time, my Love, obstinate and invincible, will not let me think of any thing else ; but, contrariwise, her lovely Idea is always before me : I always thought her, nay, do still, the most charming of her Sex. She often was jealous, without any just Occasion, which sometimes made me almost desperate with her, for her unjust Suspicions : Sometimes it signified nothing to humour her in her Weakness, or constrain myself from looking any pretty Woman in the Face. Her Mistrust was so ingenuous, as to render my Constraint useless.

Thus have I given a true and an impartial Account of this Amour ; wherein the Reader may observe, that I no Way have hid my own Faults, but, on the contrary, have fully exposed them : And if Mrs. *P.* had acted the Part of a prudent Woman, she would have tried, as she was unwilling that I should become her Son-in-Law, to have kept (especially as she found her Daughter and myself in an indecent Posture) what had past between us a Secret, instead of babbling it to that Fiend Mrs. *J—s.* But nothing excepting my Ruin, would allay her Revenge ; though at the same Time (together with Miss's giving me up) she only was the Ruin of her Daughter's Character, which might have been sacred to this Day, had I not been so barbarously used. I therefore infer from her Management, that the Reader will join with me in saying, she did not act the Part of (what she would in vain be thought) a discreet Woman.

But before I put an End to these Memoirs, thinking myself happily acquitted and discharged from *Parthenissa*, I shall finish the Whole with a Word of seasonable Advice to my once-intended Spouse. As she is a Woman of an insatiable, a brutish, and carnal Appetite, that cannot be satisfied by any of
that

that Species whom God ordained and created for the Comfort and Solace of their Sex, I would recommend to her the Experiment of *Pasiphae*, the ingenious and renowned Queen of *Crete*.

I have somewhere read, that neither her poor Husband *Minos*, nor any of his Courtiers, being able to give her that Benevolence, which she eagerly expected from them; and being uneasy and perpetually tormented in her Mind at her Loss and Disappointment, she came to a full Resolution, at once to apply herself to the renowned Mechanic of that Island, the famous *Dædalus*, to invent some Contrivance, if betwixt them both they could find any Experiment to take off her Pain, and to appease that Devil incarnate in her.

The Thing had its desired Success. A Cow was contrived betwixt them both, so artificially, as even to deceive the Lord of that Brute Creation. When that same is the Object of their Desire, what will not a Woman do to obtain her Wish?

The Queen eagerly ascends the Ladder, goes into the Cow, and places her *Part* ingeniously to the Hole; the vigorous Bull, the lustly lawless Libertine, acquitted himself like a Beast of Courage, and gave the longing Queen perfect Satisfaction; if such insatiable Queens may be said to be satisfied. The Story continues to tell us, from the happy Enjoyment betwixt both they begot that noble and terrible Creature, the *Minotaur*.

To apply the Story to *Parthenissa*. I know the Indulgence (at present) of her Mamma, and that she would spare no Cost or Pains to sooth and gratify Miss in her Pleasures; the same Experiment is easily to be made, and many a Bull to be had in the Parish, besides the Parson's: And as I know her Passions to be as strong and insatiable as the lascivious Queen of *Crete's*; so, in the most exquisite Degree of Pleasure that Woman ever felt, betwixt them both they may beget another chopping lovely *Monitaur*.

I was advised by several Gentlemen, &c. to publish these Memoirs by Subscription; which if I had

done, 'twould have brought a considerable Sum into my Pocket. What I have done is no Way for Profit, but to do Justice to myself and Relations, who have been (if I may use the Expression) hit in the Teeth, concerning my being a Prisoner in *Monmouth Gaol*.

It is to be imagined, that I am not insensible of my drawing the Malevolence of a great many People upon me, by writing these Memoirs, especially the Fair Sex; but being already acquainted with their Malice, I value them the less; for an injured Mind thinks nothing unjust that is natural.

I can fall no lower than the Earth, and whoever thrusts me down sooner than Nature intends, must follow me (perhaps) sooner than they will be willing.

I have before observ'd, that thro' the Tenor of these Memoirs I have kept a steady Regard to Truth, nothing lessening or extenuating from my own imprudent Conduct and Behaviour, thro' a short Space and Series of Life. The courteous Reader must consider me, as one brought up in a Science the most agreeable and entertaining, and which withal exposes a Man many Times to a Variety of Company, whereby he is frequently exposed to the Temptations of some Vices, which he might otherwise have avoided: And if he considers the Incitements of Youth on one Hand, and the Blandishments and Allurements of the Fair on the other, especially where the Passion is kindled into Love, he cannot but, in some Measure, put a favourable Construction on my past Conduct: If he condemns me, I am before-hand with him, because I have condemned myself already; and having now taken a full Resolution never more to be seduced by the faithless Sex, I can now bid Farewel to the amorous Decoy, having been sufficiently punished, and had a woeful Experience of the unhappy Effects of it. And I am further perswaded, that I have furnished the Reader with a very necessary and useful Lesson, that mis-
guided

guided Youth may take Warning from my unhappy Circumstances. For,

*By such Examples we are taught to prove
The Sorrows that attend unlawful Love.*

And, as the same Poet still very wisely observes, a good Character once lost, is with the utmost Hazard and Difficulty ever after to be recover'd. For generally

*Ruin ensues, Reproach and endless Shame,
And one false Step entirely damns our Fame.*

Warn'd by my Example, others may shun the Snare ; bearing always in Remembrance this useful Lesson, *That unlawful Love must expect to meet with unhappy Consequences.*

Before I put the finishing Stroke to these Memoirs, I intend to trouble the Reader with a small Detail concerning myself in *London*, and what has given my Acquaintance an Opportunity of mentioning my Name frequently.

I happened to be in Company with a Clergyman, a Physician, an Attorney, and a Gentleman (in *May*, 1739) at a Tavern near *Temple Bar*. They insisted upon my going with them to *Old-Man's Coffee-House* near *Charing-Cross* ; notwithstanding 'twas late, and no Coach to be had, I comply'd with their Request : and to facilitate our Walk, I give a Link-Boy Sixpence for his Link, and in going by *Exeter-Exchange*, a Fellow met the Foremost of our Company, and struck him over the Arm ; at which I advanc'd, and struck him with my lighted Torch over the Face, upon which he fell, and was disabled for a Week or upwards.

He found me out, by my having on a lac'd Waistcoat, and had a Warrant from Sir *William Billers*, by Virtue of which he carried me before *Micajah Perry*, Esq; then Lord-Mayor, who committed me to the *Poultry Compter*.

I apply'd to the Gentleman whom I had vindicated for Relief, but he ungenerously told me, if I had kill'd

the Man, 'twas no Business of his. Upon which Mr. *Pr—d*, Clerk to Mr. *T—V—n*, of the *Temple*, generously reliev'd me out of the Stone Doublet, and engaged his Master to prosecute *Parthenissa*, in an Action of a Breach of Marriage Contract. He undertook it, and kept the Letters between us, till I saw in the *Daily-Post*, that she was married to *J. L. Esq*; of *L—Inn*; upon which I ran to Mr. *V—n*, and inform'd him of the Marriage. He then told me (after having kept my Letters three Months) that I was a Stranger to him, and that I could not expect that he should proceed against my *Quondam Mistress*, unless I brought him a Purse of 100 or 50 Guineas at least. So this Affair, so much talk'd of, was dropt, to my Disadvantage, and to his no great Credit.

In the Beginning of *January* 1739-40, it was inserted in most of the *London News-Papers*, that I was drowned by Skaiting on the Ice in *St. James's-Park*; but Providence, I thank it, spared me.

The Winter following Sir *Claudio* recommended me to Mr. *Rich*, Master of *Covent-Garden Play-house*, where I continued during the long Run of his Grand Entertainment, *Orpheus and Euridice*.

I am now, *May* the 9th, made Master of Arms on Board the *Revenge* Privateer, Capt. *James Wimble*, in order to sail upon a Cruize against the *Spaniards*; and if the Almighty should spare my Life a few Years longer, I hope to give my Friends, &c. a farther Account of myself.



L O V E



LOVE LETTERS

BETWEEN

JAMES PARRY

AND

PARTHENISSA, &c.

Note, Those Letters that are mark'd

- (a) Were written in Characters.
- (b) Were written backwards.
- (c) Were written in Lemon Juice.
- (d) Were written in Urine.

I. To Mrs. ELIZABETH D--N

Madam,

THE Sweetness of your Beauty, and the Excellency of your Virtues, have so very fully taken up my Thoughts, and so firmly surprized and vanquish'd my Heart, that I am so much yours, both by Conquest and Duty, as I know not whether I do more affect or honour, or more admire or adore you. Therefore, if you are as courteous as fair, return me your Heart, as I now give and send you mine, and assure yourself that my Affection is infinite and intire to you, that I love and desire you a Thousand Times

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more

more than mine own Life, and will esteem my Death both sweet and happy, if you henceforth live mine by Marriage. Your Will shall be my Law, and be assured you have not so fervent a Lover, or so constant a Servant, upon Earth, as he who is proud to subscribe himself.

Dear Madam,

Your devoted Slave,

Friday Morn.

JAMES PARRY.

II. *To Mrs. ELIZABETH D—N.*

Dear Madam,

YOUR sweet and excellent Beauty hath enkindled so fervent a Flame in my Heart, that your late Disrespect and Contempt of me, is not sufficiently prevalent to make me soon, or slightly forsake you. Although you term my Love Folly, and my Affection Obstinacy, yet until you cease to be fair, think it not strange, if it be impossible for me to cease to love you. Neither do I sacrifice my Shame to your Glory, or cast away my Tears upon your Contempt, since I perform it more out of Love than Compliment, and rather out of true Zeal than false Hypocrisy. And as the strongest Cities and Castles, by the Rule of War, so the fairest Beauties by that of Love, deserve to be honoured with more than one Assault or Siege; and that Officer cannot be term'd a Soldier, a Gentleman, or a Lover, who will be put off with the first Repulse, especially from so beautiful an Enemy as yourself; neither can it breed any Repentance in me, to be a Slave to so fair a Mistress, because the Excellence of your Beauty is every Way capable both to confound Sense, and to subvert and overthrow Reason: Be then but as courteous as you are fair, and as kind as I am constant, and I'll with Pleasure sacrifice my Life at the Shrine of your Beauty, and prostrate my Zeal and Service at the Feet of your Commands, which if you please to grant me, nothing on Earth can make me miserable.

I am, Madam, your Admirer,

And devoted Servant,

Tuesday Morn.

JAMES PARRY.

III. *To*

III. To Mr. PARRY.

THERE is none but you that thinks me a Fool, and you have Reason, for every Action of my Life to you is nothing but Foolishness; or who would have parted with a Thing, that when you enjoyed it I was certain you would not come near me; and to give Scrubs what is my Due, is unsufferable. Oh! Heavens, were it all to begin again, how happy should I be; but as it is, I must (if I can) bear the Fate of ruined Girls. 'Tis true, I have a good Mother, but she does not know the Injury she does me, in keeping me at home to see but one Man, and he to despise me as much as I love him: But had it always been so, I should not have been miserable; but, oh! how often has he told me he loved me, till he had the fatal Secret from me, that I loved him ten Times more than it was possible for him to do me. When the Conscience is once stung by Sin, how dismal are all one's Thoughts, and every Thing appears quite black! The Wicked have no Rest at Night, for their frightful Dreams; oh! how happy are the Innocent, they have nothing to fear. Adieu.

IV. To PARTHENISSA.

My Dearest,

YOUR staying at *Monmouth* longer than I expected, and being in Company with Mr. *Doomsday* (who, I am informed, gallants you) gives me a great Deal of Uneasiness. Mr. *Doomsday*, I allow, is good-natured; but yet, I do not approve of his being familiar with you, lest he should discover the warm and sincere Affection I have for you; and I really tell you, that I sympathize with you (although fully perswaded that neither of us have a just Reason) in Jealousy. But, to make short of the Matter, if you will not come Home to Night, I will actually go

L 5

towards

towards *London* upon *Monday* Morning. None in the
World more affectionately yours than

Saturday, 12 o'Clock.

JAMES PARRY.

P. S. I was glad to hear that you refused to dance
with Mr. *Doomsday*, or any other Person.

V. *To Mr. JAMES PARRY.*

TO be forsaken's worse than torn,
And Death a lesser Ill than Scorn.
No Forest, Cave, or savage Den,
Holds more pernicious Beasts than Men.
Vows, Oaths, and Contracts, they devise,
And tell us, they are sacred Ties ;
And so they are in our Esteem,
But empty Names despis'd by them.
Women with studied Arts they vex ;
Ye Gods, destroy that impious Sex,
And if there must be some t'invoke
Your Powers, and make your Altars smook,
Come down yourselves, and in their Place
Get a more just and noble Race ;
Such as the old World did adorn,
When Heroes like yourselves were born.
But this I wish not for poor *M--y's* Sake,
For she no God wou'd for her *Jemmy* take.
The Heart, which is our Passion's Seat,
Whether we will or no does beat ;
And yet we may suppress our Breath ;
This let us see that Life and Death
Are in our Power, but Love and Hate
Depend not on our Will, but Fate.
Oh that some hungry Beast wou'd come
And make himself poor *M--y's* Tomb !
If none accept me for a Prey,
Death must be found some other Way.

I could write on, but I am afraid you'll not give
yourself the Trouble of reading it, because it comes
from your forsaken fond one,

PARTHENISSA.

VI. *To*

VI. *To Mr. JAMES PARRY.*

I Wondered what made you shun me so much ; but now, alas, I know the fatal Reason ! O consider the Oaths, Vows, and Promises you have made me, which you have broke, except that, that when you proved unconstant (which you often swore should never be) you would not come near me ; but your lustful Temper could not withstand the Temptation of a common Woman. So for one that is common to a Regiment, I am left. But by the just God, by whom you swore to be true to me, I will not forgive thee so soon as thou imaginest ; and what can you expect but his severe Wrath for my Ruin ; and may the seducing of me be an eternal Sting to thy Conscience in all thy Embraces. My virgin and unwary Innocence was wronged by faithless Man, who defies the Almighty daily by his Impurities. Thy Flattery bewitched me, and I insensibly inclined to a Kindness for a Person who I thought valued me so much. I began with thinking thy Passion only an Esteem, and as such cherished that out of Vanity, which I afterwards rewarded out of Love. I put the very best Construction upon whatever you said and did. Thy Rudeness I took for the Violence of thy Passion, and thou easily didst obtain Pardon. I, by Degrees, suffered in you, what I should take to be Insolence in another ; I fancied that one that loved so much, could never have a Thought that was injurious to me. I forgot all thy Compliments were mercenary, and thy Passion Lust. Whatever you have told me of being my Captive, your Purpose was to make me yours : You pretended to be entirely at my Devotion, when all this while you was working my Destruction.---The Servitude of a Prostitute is the most slavish in the World ; for besides all the Interest of another Life, which she basely resigns, she sacrifices all that's valuable in this ; she puts her Reputation wholly in the Power of him who has debauched her, and what is worse, her Reformation too ;

too : If she should have a Mind to return to Virtue she dares not, for Fear he should divulge her former Strayings from it ; thus she is engaged to future Evils to secure the past ; she subjects herself, not only to his Lust, but to his Humours and Fancies : But there is another painful Effect of this Sin ; what Fears of my being left by him, what Jealousies of Rivals have very often tortured me, and not without Ground ; for I cannot but think, that the same Humour of Variety which engaged him to me, may do the same for another, and another, and so on ; in which I have the Mortification to see myself neglected and forsaken, for ugly common Trulls, in every one else's Eye, but the Soldiers and his own ; but Fancy being the Tyrant of the Passion, 'tis as possible to grasp Air, as to confine a wandering Lust as yours is ; but when I take Courage to look inward, the View is yet more dreadful. A deformed Soul, spoiled of its Innocence, and rendered almost as brutish as the Sin it has consented to, tho' it be in some Respect like the Beast that perisheth, yet it is not, it cannot be in that which would avail it most. An endless Being it cannot lose ; nor can it expect any Thing from that Pre-eminence of its Nature, but an Infinity of Misery. How can I think of appearing before the Almighty, to give an Account of my wicked Life without Horror ? Would it not be better for me there should be no God, before whom to appear, than an omnipotent, all-seeing One, who has been Witness to our most secret Sins ? The Mountains I call upon to cover me from the God of Purity ; but alas, they are immoveable, and I must stand fully exposed to his intolerable Wrath ! Better for me that I could return to my original Nothing. Oh ! pity the sad Condition you have brought me to ; a Woman that has lost her Honour and Reputation, is the Contempt even of him who first betrayed her to it, and is a perpetual Blot to her Name and Family. Oh ! from what I have found of the Force of Love, let me consider why has the great God given this soft Passion Strength to triumph over the Endeavours of the most accomplished Mortals.

This

This Goad of Pleasure, this fatal Sweetness, this irresistible Desire, so tempered with human Clay, by thy wise all-creating Hands, as if it were necessary and an inseparable Ingredient of it. O! thou bright Original of all Things! didst thou not foresee the Mischief it would occasion? couldst thou not have given another Kind of Constitution? But, good God, what am I a doing? Dare I, miserable Wretch, find any Error in the Creation, or from the Wickedness of Mankind, arraign his Mercy to Mankind? Is it nothing then to animate wretched Clay to the Degree of Godhead; to put it in their Choice; to give them Power and Capacity to share with angelick Natures, Immortality and immortal Bliss? And by a Method so inviting and so easy, that all who have their Reason about them, would prefer the Law to Liberty, and the Precepts of God to those of Nature.

But, alas! I was ruined when in an Age before I knew the Use of Reason, or could have a true Sense of Glory; and am forsaken now. Nay he had the Insolence last Night, before my Face, to hug *Jenny Birch*; and oh! in what Rapture did he then cry *Nancy! Nancy! Nancy!* But may all the Plagues of Heaven fall upon his false Heart for deceiving me. May he marry and be deceived as I am! May his Daughters be ravished in his Sight, and may he want Bread as when I first knew him! May the Pox rot his Flesh off, Bit by Bit, and then may he think on me! May the never-dying Worm continually gnaw his Conscience, and may he go where he bid me, which was to the Devil, to Hell, and be damned! Pride shall make me hate thee, for every one says thou wer't but a ———, which I suppose is the Reason you chuse the Company you keep, for Birds of a Feather flock together. [*That happened the Day she saw me kiss Dolly Dew. See Memoirs, &c.*]

Guilt hinders him from coming near me, for sure, he will never approach me again, whom he has so much injured; for how can he ever see me, without being put in Mind of all the Oaths he has sworn to me, and how much he is perjured? May thou be eternally

eternally curst, thou Author of all my Woes ; it is finished. Now Man may do his utmost, for I can't be more lost.

My Crime is my Punishment ; be a very Man, when I tell you of my Love, upbraid me with my Folly ; be modishly ungrateful, because I have been unfashionably kind ; and use me worse than you would any Body else, because you cannot use me so well as I deserve.

When you read this, remember it was wrote by a Girl, who once loved you better than you ever were before or ever will again ; but your Usage has taught her to curse thee, for thou wer't not worthy keeping a Heart to thyself, and I hope thou'lt never have one again to trample on. *Decemb. the 18th, 1734.*
Adieu.

VII. *To* PARTHENISSA.

My lovely Angel,

I Have perused the Paper which I took from your snowy Bosom, and must confess, it is wrote in a very sublime Stile ; but being well assured that the Language in it, has been taken out of Romances, Plays, &c. (particularly a remarkable Speech of Lady *Lurewell's*) it has had not the Effect upon me, that it would have had, provided the Stile had been fraught with your own Graces.

You must (my Dearest) excuse my Inability, in not answering you in so high a Stile, having no Romances, &c. to pick out of ; nevertheless, I'll do my Endeavour to answer you, as well as I possibly can, in down-right *English*.

You accuse me (my fair One) with keeping Company with a Woman, who you say is common to a Regiment ; with shunning you, and the Lord knows what. You have given me a great deal of Uneasiness, by your being jealous of a Woman, to whom I am an entire Stranger as to Person and Parts, and I solemnly declare that I know nothing of her, (I mean as to carnal Knowledge) any more than speaking to her

her once, and that Time you was at *Nicholas F——*'s. And by all the Extacy with which I have lost myself in enjoying you, I (for your Sake) will not offer or make Love to her, nor any other Woman, as long as you live: Neither do I desire or expect for the future that peculiar Blessing of being clasp'd in your Arms.

You tell me I was insolent in hugging *Jenny Birch*, t'other Night; that indeed gives me fresh Surprise: I beg Leave to ask you whether or no you were the Person that bid me (as you call'd it) sinuggle her up in Presence of your Mamma, in order to make her believe, that I paid my Address to *Jenny*. Consider that, I say, and believe you'll blame yourself for calling me insolent, when at the same Time, I only acted, according to the Directions which had formerly been given me by you. I own I was to blame in mentioning the Word *Nancy* two or three Times, because I was sensible 'twould put you out of Temper, yet believe me, I am an entire Stranger to her Name, Person, and Temper; but (as *Macbeth* says) a jealous Woman believes every Thing Passion suggests, and that is your Case. Was I to be legally married to you (and as it is I have no Manner of Comfort) I must of Course lead a miserable Life, not only from your jealous Temper; but a Woman that maintains her Husband (forgive my Frankness) is full of Wrath, Imprudence, and much Reproach. This I'm afraid would be my Case, should I continue with you: So for the future, I'll retain nothing of you, excepting your lovely Idea; that indeed can never be erased out of my Memory. My Charmer, it is the Friendship I have for you, that makes me lay myself so open to you. I therefore beg that you will make a firm Resolution, never to offend the Almighty any more, but return to Virtue. I no Way will be your Hindrance, and whatever has past between us, shall (for my Part, die and be in eternal Oblivion.

You tell me you was ruin'd in an Age, before you had the Use of Reason, or a true Sense of Glory. In my Opinion you very well might have spared your-
self

self the Trouble of mentioning that Sentence. If you are ruin'd, you yourself was the whole Cause of it ; for you made several Overtures of Love to me, before I ever presumed to press your panting Breast, or suck your balmy Lips, which are sweeter than all the aromatic Spices of the Eastern World.

You should not have mentioned the Word *Age*, because you are older than myself, being born upon the 10th of *October* 1711, and myself being upon the 20th of *March* 1712-13.

As to your cursing me, wishing me rotted, &c. &c. it does no Way move me. Far be from me to return the Compliment, for I sincerely wish you all the Happiness Heaven can bestow.

Your saying that every Body knew I was but a — which made me keep such Company, &c. does not in the least disturb me. What Name you meant by the long—I am at a Loss to find out. The Company I keep is the best in the Town, and as for your telling me I wanted Bread when you first knew me, no Way moves me, for even yourself knows that to be as false as ever Woman was ; but having the Honour to be acquainted with your Temper, and believing you at present to be in a violent Passion, I am resolved that you shall take your own Time to cool yourself. 'Twill be adviseable for both of us to change our Lives, and not to expose ourselves to superlative Evils. Think well of what I say ; if we have the least Sense of Religion, our Hairs should stand an End, when we consider that we may die suddenly, and have no Time to prepare ourselves. Both Sexes die at all Places, at all Ages, and at all Times : We are sure of nothing in this World but that we must all die. We must (my Angel) all give an exact Account of all our Thoughts, Words, or Actions. Therefore delay no longer taking up a new Course of Life ; make good Use of the Time God is pleas'd to give you, betake yourself to Repentance, and make a firm Resolution never to offend him any more. Follow the Precepts of Mrs. *Stedman*, in worshipping the Almighty daily, and do not neglect the Advice of your Well-wisher.

I would

I would not have you be fearful of what the licentious World says of you, but be afraid of dying a Scandal to your Relations. My guardian Angel, I must conclude, wishing you may serve God, love your Friends, and pardon your Enemies; be likewise just to all People, and do no Injury to any Person. If you observe these Rules, you may defy the Devil, for you will undoubtedly be happy in that World to come; but you must always remember, that the greater you are, the more you are obliged to give the first Example.

I am (thou most agreeable of thy Sex)

Your affectionate Friend and Servant.

December 19th, 1734.

JAMES PARRY.

VIII. To Mr. JAMES PARRY.

Mr. PARRY,

I Think you were very silly in going to *Hereford*, when you knew that the Man from *Gloucester* was to play upon the Organ Yesterday; but as it happens it is no great Matter: He play'd in the Morning most wretchedly, and never was Psalm Tunes given out so bad as he gave them; his Interludes were shocking, infomuch that some pitied him, and others laughed at him; among the latter Sort, you may be sure, we bore a Part. In the Afternoon he played something better, which I suppose was owing to the Instructions he received from some of the Singers: But however, he is a miserable Performer, and whoever advised him to come here, were no Friends of yours, and the Thing (now they've heard him play) will be of no Service to him; he dined with Mr. *Wear* the Curate: if you had had your Wits about you, you never would have sent your Beau Clothes to *Hereford*, to shew away in, especially at an Assize Time, because (as the old Saying is) the Judges always bring wet Weather along with them. Pray take Care of Miss's Mare, and don't (according to Custom) gallop her hard. I am, Sir,

Respects, Mond.

Morning.

Your humble Servant,

PEN. P——L.

To

IX. To PARTHENISSA.

Thou Soul of my Soul, and End of all my Wishes!

THE Moment I saw thee at *Jenny Birch's*, viewing the Strangers, I went up the Church-Lane, intending to sit with thy Mamma, 'till I saw thee returned, lest she should imagine (as I had asked thee to come out) that I was likewise at *Jenny's*. As soon as I came into the Kitchen, I asked her if thou wert gone out; all the Answer she gave me (notwithstanding I had said some other Things to her) was a discontented Look, and to my Knowledge I never observed her to have looked so pale before. Immediately guessing at the Reason, I quitted the Room, but with what Confusion, I'll leave Heaven and thee to determine. I met *Pen.* in the Street, and she told me, the wrongest Thing I ever did in my Life Time, was to ask thee to go and see the Strangers: For, said she, my Mistress is prodigiously angry with you for it, and is resolved to burn the Musick; and she is actually bent upon sending Miss to Mr. C——'s of the Hill to board.

Doubts and Anxieties (my lovely Angel) are ever the inseparable Companions of Love whilst in Pursuit: Heaven send ours once compleated, and give some Period to this distracting Suspence; and if what *Pen.* has told me (which Heaven avert) should prove true, the Lord look down with an Eye of Compassion upon me. I am, my Charmer, in the utmost Despair, being fearful of losing thee, who art the only Prop of my Life; in losing thee I shall lose myself; then may I safely say, Cursed be the Day that gave me Birth, and doubly cursed be them that caused our Separation, whose Love has no Equal. I would to Heaven I was certain, that there is such a Place after this Life, where neither Happiness nor Misery could have any Claim to me! then would I with Pleasure destroy myself, lest that in this World I should see thee in the Arms of another, which
would

would be the greatest Curse that Heaven could inflict upon me here on Earth. I am in Tortures worse than a Rack; therefore as thou tenderest my Life, let me speak with thee this Night at Twelve, at thy Chamber-Window; 'till then, my lovely Angel, and most sacred Treasure of my Soul, Adieu.

Sat. 26,
April, 1735.

*From thy ever-affectionate
And half-dead Servant,*
JAMES PARRY.

X. *To Mr. JAMES PARRY.*

TH Y Letter put me into a Flood of Tears. I am sorry thou wert so tortured; but be assured from me it is no more than a Quarter of the Pain of Jealousy. 'Twas unlucky your speaking about the Strangers, because it occasioned a few Words, which were, (the Time Mamma called me into the Kitchen) *viz.* don't walk dangling with that Fellow: Which I answered hastily, she might be certain I would not be so silly. Then I went into the Parlour to put on my Hat, and she followed me, and said angrily, she supposed you would be at *Jenny Birch's* as soon as I, and that there was no preventing a Town-Talk of me. Then I, in a great Passion, threw off my Hat; then she left the Room, and I slam'd the Window, and broke it; but soon put on again my Hat, and went: But, O Heavens! what a Passion Mamma went in, (as *Pen* told me) she changed Colour, sometimes red, then white, which made *Pen* come to speak to me to bid me come Home, which I did, but she would not speak to me; so after a Fit of Crying, I sent for Mrs. *M—se*, who came immediately, under Pretence to ask me to walk, which we did, no farther than *Jenny Birch's*; but took Mamma to the Summer-house. Mrs. *M—se* staid 'till Seven; Mamma all the while did not speak twenty Words. Then I went up Stairs, and she talked to *Pen* about thee and me, which I was not told; but that she intended I should

go to the Hill to board, which *Pen* advised me to do, telling me I knew Mamma would never let me stay from her long. To-day we talk'd a little freely; however, I hope it will wear off soon. I am convinced here has been in my Absence busy Tongues at Work. Take Care how you put Letters into the Spinnet, for I have observed Mamma to rout it over. I am surprized indeed at your saying you'll go where neither Happiness nor Misery can have any Claim to you, knowing that that cannot be, for in this World you must meet with one on't; and if I shall have my Wish, it will be Happiness. I am certain you have more Sense than to have Thoughts of shortening your Life. I han't Time to say more, only watch the Time People go to Church To-morrow to speak to me. Farewel To-night, thou dearest Boy. This Paper is wetted with Tears; burn it, for I myself have taught *Jenny Birch* to read backwards, which confounded me so much at your shewing the Direction of your Letter Yesterday.

Sunday Night.

My Dear, dear Dearest,

The Time you appointed last Night was too late; for *Pen* being to rise very early To-day, 'twas impossible for me to stay up so late. I was a Bed at Eleven; but the last Thing I did was to look out for you, but to no Purpose. However, I could not sleep 'till One o'Clock for thinking of you. To-day I saw you were here, by the * Dirt on the Window, but as I lay on the other Side of the House, there was no Possibility of coming.

To

* Whenever I wanted to speak with her at Midnight, (if I could not awaken her by whistling an *Italian Tune*) I'd take a Handful of Dirt, and fling it at her Chamber Window, by which Method she'd often rise from her Bed to speak with me.

XI. To PARTHENISSA.

My lovely Angel,

THE very same Hour that you set out from hence, I (in Company with Mr. *Perkins* the Attorney) went to *Gloucester*, where I have had the Ring made according to your Directions, by which (thro' the Help of a Parson) I hope to be made one Flesh with you. I have puzzled my Brains these three Days in contriving how we shall be married with the utmost Secrecy, and at last have thought of an effectual Manner. Your Brother has two Tenants, *viz. Cecil G—ge*, and *James Ed—ds*; the one lives above *Dingestow*, and the other below it. You must come under Pretence of dunning them; and as you are passing by *Dingestow* House, Mr. *J—s* and his Lady (I flatter myself) will ask you to alight, dine with them, &c. there we can assuredly (having the Parson and Licence ready) be married as private as we can wish for; and I am positive, that not any thing, excepting your Pregnancy (which if you justly judge of my Virility, you cannot for any considerable Time be a barren Woman) can divulge the Secret. I beg you will let me hear from you by To-morrow's Post, for I am satisfied that you are sensible you are my Heart's Darling. I have, my good Genius, bought some curious Busto's (done in *Gloucester*) made of a chalkish Mortar. They represent *Oliver Cromwell*, the Chevalier, several Popes Heads, and the present Royal Family; likewise some scarce and valuable Medals, which being (neatly finished) I hope will please her whom my Soul loves. I would have been with you ere this Time; but I am sensible that my coming to your Brother's, would spoil the Scheme I have already laid. By your Directions, I go daily to your Mamma's as usual, lest that by absenting myself, she should mistrust our Intrigue. Next Post I shall

shall expect an Answer ; till then, (thou Conquerer of my Soul (Adieu.

From him who will stile himself,
Rofs, June *Eternally yours,*
 17, 1735. JAMES PARRY.

XII. To PARTHENISSA.

Dear Love,

I Wrote to you upon the 17th of this Instant, acquainting you with our Marriage Scheme ; and at that Time I begged the Favour from you of an Answer by the Return of the Post. I really expected one, but the Disappointment has in a great Degree mortified me. If the Affection, which you pretended to have had for me, had been real, you certainly would have answered my Letter, and not having heard from you, makes me (almost) imagine, your Affection is a pretended one. In my Opinion, no Scheme can be carried on, (provided you are willing) with greater Secrecy: Therefore, I beg to know your Resolutions immediately ; for I think it very inconsistent with my present Circumstances, and (what is, or at least should be most valuable) my Time, to be trifled with in this Manner, by your will, and will not. Post is just a going out, so that I have not Time to say more, than that (my lovely Angel) I am most affectionately yours,

JAMES PARRY.

P. S. I am removed from my old Lodgings.

XIII. To Mr. JAMES PARRY.

My Dearest, (b)

YOUR kind Letter of the 17th Instant I received, as also one last Night which I don't well understand ; for first you upbraid me with a pretended Affection, which I am certain you have had no Reason for, but you might have thought who was with me, *viz.* my Maid: and that it was impossible to give a Letter to the Post unknown to her; but in Answer to your first, good God, what shall I say?

say ? you know the State of Life I am in, and how much I love ; but what can I do at this Time ? We, (you know well) cannot live on Love alone, and Friends will soon look cold on two that they maintain. Besides, for such an Adventure, I ought to have some Linen, which at present is quite worn out. I'll tell you, my Dearest, my Mind ; there is something in Matrimony so shocking, which I cannot account for ; it is true, we now love almost to Distraction, and so have Hundreds that after Marriage have lived miserable. You know my intolerable jealous Temper, which must be disagreeable ; besides, several other Faillings I have, which makes me of Opinion no Man will think himself happy with such a Wife — But were I my own Mistress, I would soon give you the Satisfaction you desire : I have too good an Opinion of you, than to imagine you would say any thing to my Disadvantage, otherwise I should mistrust your having said something, by every Body's mistrusting our Intrigue ; but for God's Sake think of all the Oaths and Promises you made to me, when it was to my Ruin, and by all the Love we have bore one another, don't expose me, and tho' I cannot at this Time, I will some other, as you call it, make you happy. I cannot trust the *Dingestow* Family, because I know nothing of them, and hardly ever saw them ; but as it is, I hope you han't let 'em know any thing of the Matter : I would not for the World do it at this Time, since you say it would not be a Secret long ; for I am sure I should be murder'd. Thou dost, my Dearest, know I am good for nothing ; and what wilt thou do with me ? I wish I could see thy Sister, her Advice I would take sooner than any body's. You find I am wavering, and don't know what to do. When you write to me again, do it in these Characters, * and direct your Letters in another Hand, and tell the Post-Boy you were desired to give them to him, and don't put Post-paid to *Monmouth*. I long to know where you lodge. Take Care of my Rings till I see you, for, it won't be long before I shall come to *Ross*. I shan't write
till

till *Monday*, lest the People here mistrust. Methinks I could for ever write to my Dearest; but that Time will not permit; so I must conclude, wishing thee all the Happiness in this World, and Life everlasting in the next, none in the World more affectionately thine. — When you write again, don't scold me so: Love me, &c.

XIV. *To* PARTHENISSA.

My lovely Angel,

YOUR Letter came to my Hand this Moment, and not being willing to lose any Time, makes me answer you (perhaps) sooner than you expected. Before I proceed to our main Business, I must my Dearest (and do sincerely) beg Pardon for being so very imprudent, in telling you in my last, that I thought your Affection to me was but pretended; but 'twas your not answering me so soon as I desired, that put me in a Pet. You know that we *Welch* Folks are as fiery as any People whatsoever; so when you consider that, you'll easily forgive me I believe. My Angel, if your Memory fails you not, you may remember that you consented to my buying the Wedding-Ring at *Gloucester*; and at the same Time gave me the Ring that we, some Time ago, married each other with, to have the new Ring made by; and at the same Time assured me (according to your Promise in *December* last) that you would be married to me in a legal Manner; and before you left *Ros*s, you told me you would leave the Management of the Affair entirely to me. You seem in your Letter to be a Stranger to all this; which surprizes me, insomuch that I cannot (being conversant with no other Woman) tell what to make of you. I am no Stranger to the Way of Life you are in, and believe you love, and that if you are so inclined, you may marry me in the most private Manner, by the Method I have proposed. I am positive that we shall never be drove to that Stress of living upon Love alone; for (if I am married) I shall get a Pound where I get a

Shilling

Shilling by my Business. There's no Fear of a Reconciliation soon with Mamma, as thou art her only Child, and I know of enough that will do their good Offices between her and us ; and should that fail, it would be but giving out that I was going to *Carolina* or *Georgia* with thee, and I am positive she would be reconciled, for she would as soon part with her Eyes as let thee go out of the Country : Therefore thy Fears of being murdered, &c. are nothing but mere Chimera's. I know of no Reason why thou shouldst harbour such Thoughts, and be assured from me, that there is no Manner of Danger in the Undertaking ; and as for Linen, &c. I beg you would not give yourself any Uneasiness about it, for that shall be my Care, and I will provide you some immediately. I have (my lovely Angel) acquainted Mr. F—s already with our intended Marriage, and he, I am persuaded, will do us all the Service in his Power. Likewise Mr. L—s the Attorney, (who you know has been my Friend on all Occasions ;) for it would be a Thing impracticable to carry it on without some Friends to assist us ; and if you please to meet me at *Dingestow*, and be married to me, I'll return here the same Night ; so that there cannot be the least Suspicion of a Marriage, or any thing like it ; and when the Thing does come to be known, (but we may keep it a Secret three or four Years) it will be but a nine Days Wonder, and there would be an End on it : But if once you prove pregnant, the Marriage must needs be owned ; therefore, as I have acquainted my Friends (who will be as secret as the Night) with it, I hope you will not delay the Thing, lest it should breed Danger. It would be the wrongest Thing imaginable to think of sending for my Sister *Nancy* ; for, as I take it, that would be making the Matter appear plain in every one's Eye ; especially since you say that People mistrust our Intrigue. I am fully satisfied of your Capacity in making any Man happy : I do not mean as to your Fortune (for I take the Almighty to Witness, that I covet nor desire any thing but your Person.) I wish it had been my good Fortune

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to

to have been born to a large Estate, whereby I might have shewn you my Sincerity in what I say. I have, my Dearest, thoroughly examined myself, and challenged my Thoughts, by which I find, nay, I am positive of it, that I shall prove a good Husband to you ; and though you are naturally jealous, (if a Fault, it is the only one you have) I'll never give the least Occasion, by being, as I have always been, since our first Consummation, as constant to you as the flowing Tides are to the Moon. You actually promised me Marriage, and if you do not fulfil it this Week or the next, I solemnly protest that I will immediately go for *London*, or elsewhere, and never see this Country more : If I find myself disappointed, I shall hate the Thoughts of it, after having trifled away so much Time here to no Purpose. I scorn to bully you into a Marriage, but will leave you to determine what to do ; and by your dear Self I swear, that unless you expose yourself, your Name shall never be prophaned by me. I therefore beg that you will not give yourself any Uneasiness, nor harbour so ill an Opinion of me. The Post-Boy is faithful, and in order to keep him so, I have given him my Orange-colour'd Waist-coat, accompanied with a handsome Spill. He is known by the Name of Lord *Farnaby*. Mr. *Herbert* and I differed about the Price of my Lodgings, for I thought them to dear ; and notwithstanding I paid him Eleven Pounds last *Christmas*, in Full of all Demands, he was for collecting his Rent before the following *Midsummer* : However, I paid him, and have since taken fresh Lodgings in the back Part of Mr. S—'s House. The Post-Boy waits for me on Horse-back, so that I have not Time to say more, than that I am, with Sincerity, my love-ly Angel,

Your most affectionate,

Rofs, June 23,

And devoted Servant,

1735.

JAMES PARRY.

P. S. I have bought a new Suit of Clothes, trimm'd with Silver, in order to appear genteel before the Parson, &c. I beg an Answer to this Letter on *Wednesday*.

XV. 60

XV. To Mr. JAMES PARRY.

*My dear Dearest,**(a)*

JAMES, the Post, brought thy dear Letter safe to me upon *Monday* Night: I heartily wish that thou hadst said nothing of our Affair to Mr. *J—s* or Mr. *L—s*; but as it is, it cannot be helped; I hope they will keep the Secret, for do what I can, I must (I find) now marry thee, for two strong Reasons; *First*, that if I don't, thou wilt leave me; and in that thou dost tyrannize a little too much, for thou dost know, that it is worse than Death to be without thee. But the second Reason shocks me more, and that is, I have not had the Fl----rs these seven Weeks (and I wonder how I could forget to mention it in my last) so that I am mightily afraid that I have thy dear Image in my Body; not that I shall be ashamed of the Father of it: Therefore, my Dearest, I will comply with thy Desire in marrying thee, in a legal Manner, as thou dost call it; but, for God's Sake, beg of Mr. *J—s*, to get an honest Parson; and if I should not prove with Child, after we are married this Week, I will beg of thee, and I am sure thou wilt not deny me any Thing, not to lie with me, but now and then, in order to keep our Marriage a Secret as long as possible; and I protest that I would not lie with thee all Night in Bed for a Thousand Pounds, unless Mamma was dead or reconciled to us; for I am sure that thou wouldst make thyself a Father and me a Mother soon. But, good God, why do I talk so silly, when I am, I'm afraid, a breeding already. For God's Sake, my Dear, make all the Haste you can to me; I am almost frightened to Death; so now my dear Spouse, (for I'm sure you think yourself so) adieu.

Lan—io,
Wednesday, June

From thy fond and doating

PARTHENISSA.

25, 1735.

XVI. *To* PARTHENISSA.*Madam,*

I Never, since the Hour of my Nativity, looked so much like a Fool as I do at present. How shall I be able to look Mr. F—s in the Face, after my giving so uncommon a Trouble to no Purpose. My Eyes (I thank Heaven) are now opened, whereby I plainly see, that you have kept me in the Country only for your Diversion. Your telling Mrs. F—s that you never would marry without your Mamma's Consent, plainly shews it. I own, there's a Duty incumbent upon Children to their Parents; but yet the Happiness of our Lives depends upon our own Choice, and, in my Opinion, no one can be properer than yourself to fix upon an Husband. I find (and not without Torture) I am not to be the happy Man, and that you are averse to a Marriage with me, notwithstanding your Vows and Protestations to the contrary. I am really afraid, that you'll be very apt to pay dearly in the End for fooling of me. I now think myself your Equal, and you most certainly have made it so, by accepting of my sincere Affections and Addresses. Therefore, don't imagine that your Fortune shall skreen you from my Resentment of your base Usage. I will take a particular Care of your Letters, which are as Records, and shall rise up in Judgment against you. As for the Gold you bid me take, that will I keep to defray my Expences to *London*, tho' I own 'tis worse than Death to part with you; but since it must be so (dear Charmer) I bid you an eternal Adieu.

Dingestow, 1735.
Wednesday Morning.

Yours till after Death,
 JAMES PARRY.

XVII. *To* Mr. JAMES PARRY.

I Would have given the World (were it mine) that I had staid at Home Yesterday. Good God, what can Mrs. F—s, who is a perfect Stranger to me, think

think of either of us. I was very much surprized to see you in such a Passion after all the Proteftations to the contrary, that you made me here laft *Saturday* Night. If you loved me as you fay you do, you would hardly affront me. As Mrs. J—s knows all, I'll take her Advice, and only her's in every Thing. Let me know next Post if you'll let me have the Money, or no: Elſe I muſt go ſoon to *Rofs* to fetch ſome of my own, for I can't be here without any. My ſincere Love and Service to good Mrs. J—s (for I find you are there ſtill.) So now adieu.

I wiſh I were a Fly, to ſee if you ſhew this to any one. I muſt I find take Care how I write, ſince I am threatened by you; it once was otherwiſe. I ha'n't Time to ſay any more at preſent, or I'd ſcold you.

XVIII. *To Mrs. J——s.*

Dear Madam,

I Received your obliging Letter by Mr. *Parry*, and I ſhall always ſtudy to deſerve your Friendſhip; and if it ever lies in my Power to make you Amends for your good Offices between him and myſelf, no one ſhall be more willing, than, Madam,

Your moſt devoted, humble Servant,

PARTHENISSA.

XIX. *To Mr. JAMES PARRY.*

Dear Parry,

THE Letter you wrote to Mr. *Porter*, was imparted to me, and I have (with the greateſt Deſire to ſerve you) been at *Doctors Commons*, and find it is impoſſible to buy a Licence, without an Affidavit from one of the Parties concerned. My Boy, I wiſh you all the Succeſs imaginable in your Undertaking, and if upon further Reflection you can tell how I can be ſerviceable to you, I'll do it by G—d.

I am, yours to Command,

London. July 24, 1735.

W— L—s.

M 3

XX. *To*

XX. To Mr. JAMES PARRY.

Dear Jemmy,

I Received yours of the 26th past, and I assure you that I have made the best Enquiry about what you desired; but I find it is impossible to obtain it. As this is an Affair of great Consequence, I think you might find some Excuse for leaving *Ros*s for eight or nine Days, and in that Time you might come up here, and have it effected according to your Desire, and be down again without the least Suspicion. Mr. L---s knows as well as any Body, that an Affidavit in this Case must absolutely be given; and that it is not in the Power of any Clergyman to grant one under less Terms. I thought she was the Person you mentioned in your last, and if it was in my Power to be any Way assisting, I should be as zealous in it, as if it was my own Affair. I hope to see you in 14 Days Time, but I should be glad to hear how you proceed by the first Post, and what your Resolutions are. My humble Service to Mr. L---s, and I am sincerely your Friend and Servant,

Lond, July 31, 1735

WM. L---s.

P. S. Mr. P---r gives his Service to you, and wishes you Success.

XXI. To Mr. JAMES PARRY.

My Dearest,

THIS not to be imagined how surprized and sorry I was, to see you at the *Ship*. I hope you don't use that House, nor indeed the Neighbourhood. Be constant and true to me, and keep all Things safe till I see you, which I hope will be soon. I can't tell you the Grief I am in, to find you writ to *Betty R---s* so scolding a Letter. Mrs. P---ps, when we were alone, told me all (and indeed nothing but the Truth) concerning *Dingestow* Affair. I wish the Housekeeper and the Parson's Tongue had been out: Take all the Care imaginable in writing to me. You must

must desire *Pen* when she writes to me, that she'll remember me of the Song I promised to send you, and you must desire no more than a Verse at a Time, because I am a Woman of Business. (* *My Time, O ye Muses.*) I ha'n't Time to say more. I am entirely yours, &c. &c. &c.

P. S. Desire Mr. Parry to write out *Lonzineigh's* for the Flute. [*This Sentence was written with Ink.*]

XXII. To PARTHENISSA.

My lovely Angel,

(c)

THINE I received, by the Method agreed upon between us. I am sorry to think that thou wer't surprized to see me at the *Ship*, and believe me, I never frequented that House or Neighbourhood, since the Time that thou wer't jealous of the *Fersey* Spinner. Neither would I have been there the fatal Day I parted with thee, had it not been for the Servants, who came to fetch thee; and I thought it my Duty to treat them well, for thy dear Sake. Therefore, give thyself no Manner of Uneasiness; for, by the Love I bear thee, I never will darken those Doors. I am, my *Phoenix*, as much concerned as you can be, concerning the Letter I've sent to *Betty R—s*; but what is past cannot be recalled. I am at a Loss to guess who should tell *Mary P—s* of our *Dingestow* Adventure, unless it was *Jacob*. I believe him to be a sly Dog; but I dare take upon me to say, that the House-keeper, nor the Parson, never mentioned a Syllable of it. I wish thou hadst proved with Child at that Time; then thou wouldst have married me, and the nine Days Wonder wou'd soon have been at an End. I will take all the Care imaginable of thy Rings, and will never give thee an Occasion to doubt my Constancy and Affection.

First, shall the Heav'n's bright Lamp forget to shine,

The Stars shall from the azur'd Sky decline;

M 4

First,

* A Song in one of the Spectators.

First, shall the Orient with the West shake Hand,
 The Centre of the World shall cease to stand ;
 First Wolves shall league with Lambs, the Dol-
 phins fly,
 The Lawyer and Physician Fees deny ;
 First Heaven shall lie below, and Hell above,
 Ere I inconstant to my *Molly* prove.

My Charmer, I heartily wish that there was a
 Chrystal Casement in my Breast, thro' which thou
 couldst see, without any Deception of Sight, how
 truly I am, and how entirely, thy most affectionate
 and ever constant,

Rofs, Aug. 11, 1735.

JAMES PARRY.

P. S. You know how deeply I am in Love, and
 it is impossible for me to be without you long ; there-
 fore, my Dearest, do not delay coming to my Em-
 braces.

XXIII. To PARTHENISSA.

My lovely Girl,

(c)

I Should not have written to thee so soon, had I
 not had an Opportunity of sending thee a Tune,
 which I have set to the Words made upon Lady
Diana Bertie for the Flute. I have, my Angel, had
 a strong Invitation, from a particular Friend of mine,
 to come to *Hereford*, in order to see the Horse-Ra-
 ces ; but I was willing to acquaint my Fair One of
 it, before I set out. I shall not stay there above two
 or three Days ; so am in Hopes my being there will
 be no Way disagreeable to thee. Rest satisfied that
 I will not salute any Woman there, for thy dear Sake.

Thy Image only shall my Breast employ,
 And fill my captiv'd Soul with Shades of Joy ;
 Direct my Dreams by Night, my Thoughts by Day ;
 And never, never, from my Bosom stray.
 'Tis thou alone that art my constant Care,
 In pleasing Dreams thou comfort'st my Despair ;
 And makes the Night, that does thy Form convey,
 Welcome to me, above the fairest Day.

I burn

I burn to see thee ; therefore come to *Ross* upon the 17th of this Month, or thereabouts ; and I will most certainly be here, in Expectation of thee. I am heartily concerned for thy Simplicity, in asking thy Mamma to come to *Monmouthshire* ; because something tells me, that her being there will dash our Amour to Pieces, unless we are timely married ; but be assured from me, we never shall have a fairer Opportunity, than when at *Dingestow*. I have not Time to say more, than that I am (thou Charmer of my Soul) thy ever-constant and affectionate (Husband in Effect)

JAMES PARRY.

Ross, Aug. 12, 1735.

P. S. If thou dost not come to me, at the Time I have appointed, I shall leave thee for some Weeks.

XXIV. *To Mr. PARRY.*

The 2d Chapter of Solomon's Song.

1.
AS when in *Sharon's* Field the blushing Rose,
 Does its chaste Bosom to the Morn disclose,
 Whilst all around the Zephyrs bear
 The fragrant Odours thro' the Air :
 Or as the Lilly in the shady Vale,
 Does o'er each Flower with beauteous Pride prevail :
 And stands with Dew, and kindest Sun-shine blest,
 In fair Pre-eminence superior to the rest ;
 See if my Love, with happy Influence, shed
 His Eyes bright Sun-shine on his Lover's Head ;
 Then shall the Rose of *Sharon's* Field,
 And whitest Lillies to my Beauties yield ;
 The Roses with the Lillies join,
 And their united Charms are less than mine.

2.
 As much as fairest Lillies can surpass
 A Thorn in Beauty, or in Height the Grass ;
 So does my Love among the Virgins shine,
 Adorned with Graces more than half divine :

Or as a Tree, that's glorious to behold,
 Is hung with Apples all of ruddy Gold,
Hesperian Fruit, and beautifully high,
 Extends its Branches to the Sky ;
 So does my Love the Virgin's Eyes invite ;
 'Tis he alone can fix their wand'ring Sight,
 Among Ten Thousands eminently bright.

I really am so tired with writing, that I can write no more ; but if none of your Acquaintance has the Spectators, I'll, when I have more Time, finish these Verses : but here is now enough to keep you from Idleness, so hasten to make a Tune to it : 'Tis writ so bad, that I must desire you'll burn it, as soon as you have writ it out.

[*Thus far was written with Ink, but that which follows with Lemon Juice.*]

My Dear, I received thine, but with what Confusion, Heaven knows ; for my Mamma being with me last Night, when the Post brought thy dear Letter, which I no sooner opened, but was ready to faint ; but was glad to see *Pen P—ll's* Name at the Bottom. Mamma asked me if it was thine Hand, which I denied. I have not read it yet ; keep all my 'Things safe till I see you, which I hope will be soon. I writ last *Saturday* to thee, and once before, which is all the Times I have since the fatal Day of our parting. When I heard you were at *Monmouth*, I was very uneasy, because I writ as you desire me, so I thought you would have been at *Rofs*.

My Dear, Say you can't have this Song any where else. I long to see thee, my Dear ; *Wednesday* or *Thursday* is our reaping Day, so can't come then, but about eight Days I will if possible. I can't imagine your Business at *Hereford* Horse-Race ; I wish I was with you ; but pray don't go, for I shall take the first Opportunity to come to *Rofs* ; and as my Stay won't be long, so watch it.

I desire you will kiss this Paper, for it lay near my Breast two Hours To-day. I wish *Pen* has not found out our grand Secret, by your being so silly as to be out of Town when I writ to you. I was in little
 Hopes

Hopes of seeing you here, in your Road to *Abergavenny*.

The above I writ Yesterday to my Dear, and as I can't see it I have forgot. I am hardly able to support the Melancholy this dull Place has put me in, with your dismal Letter of parting, and the Lord knows what. Oh! my full Heart and Eyes, which are now ready to burst. Oh! Love! Love! has been my Ruin. Mamma wonders that *Pen.* writes so often by Post, therefore don't do it but now and then. *Saturday* depend upon a Letter from me: I long to see thee, my dear Boy! I need not caution you how no one shall see this. It was an unlucky Moment that you wrote to *Betty R—s*, as you told her, no one but she could tell *Dingestow* Affairs; 'tis shocking to me to hear thee termed a Rogue in that Business, and as much as the Mask is talk'd of. Oh! that sorry House-keeper. Poor Mr. *J—s* and his Wife are as ill thought of as you.

I am, yours most affectionately,

PARTHENISSA.

XXV. To PARTHENISSA.

I Was booted, spurred, and just going for *Hereford*, when *Pen.* gave me thy dear Letter and Verses. I find in thine that thou art averse to my going to *Hereford*; and to let thee see the Regard I have for thee, I have pull'd off my Boots, &c. and deferred my Journey. I promised myself a great deal of Pleasure by being there; but be assured from me, I will sacrifice the most agreeable Diversions this Life can afford me (if they are any Way disagreeable to thee) to comply with any Thing my *Parthenissa* would have me do. I assure my Fair One, that I have not been out of *Ross* since she left it; therefore if you writ to *Pen.* she never acquainted me of it; and whoever told my Angel that I was in *Abergavenny*, did Wrong; for I have not seen that Town, since the Time that I was blest with thy Company there. I am sorry to hear that thou art so melancholy.

melancholy, and wish for nothing more than to be with thee, my better Half. I may sympathize with my Dearest, in saying, Love! Love! has been my Ruin. From the Time my Soul has been captivated by thy matchless Charms, I have not done any thing (neither indeed can I) besides thinking of thy dear, dear Self. I conjure my Angel, by all the Ties of Love and Friendship betwixt us, that thou wouldst fly to my Embraces; for it is a Thing impossible, for one that loves as I do, to be any considerable Time distant from the real Object of his Wishes.

—————How I've lov'd.

Witness ye Days, and Nights, and all your Hours,
That danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,
As all your Business were to count my Passion.
One Day pass'd by, and nothing saw but Love,
Another came, and still 'twas only Love;
The Sun was wearied out with looking on,
And untired with loving.
I saw you all the Day, and ev'ry Day.
To me, each Day was still but as the first,
So eager am I yet to see you more.

I wish what I'm going to write may'nt be disagreeable to my pretty *Poll*? I have this Moment received a Letter from one Miss *Kitty G——n*, of *Newport*; wherein she tells me, she has an Inclination to be instructed in Musick by me, and wants to know how much I'll take each Journey; and she tells me I was recommended to her by Miss *W——e* of *Monmouth*; whether it was Miss *P——a*, or Miss *R——c——l* I know not: However, I'll go down this Week to *Newport*, and teach her. I propose to be out no longer than three Days. But be thou (my fair One) assured from me, that if Miss *G——n* should prove (which I think impossible) as beautiful as thyself, it never shall be in her Power to attract my Eyes from thee who art my very Soul. I have told thee what has pass'd concerning *Betty R——s*'s Letter cannot be recall'd. You tell me that the Neighbourhood term me a Rogue, for carrying on a Match (which they imagine)

imagine) between Mr. *J—n J—s* and you. Their using me thus, is quite the Reverse to give me Uneasiness, for I am pleased with it, because that Report makes our Affair the snugger, especially since thy Mamma is satisfied to the contrary. I believe thy Aunt *J—s* to be at the Head of this Report, as well as of several others, to thy Knowledge as well as mine.

May she by Worms be in old Age devour'd,
And by all Mortals, as by me, abhorr'd.

So much for her carrotty Pate. But I would for their own Sakes, advise them to have a Regard to what they say of Mr. *J—s*; he is well known to be a Gentleman; one that never offers an Affront, and I am positive he will not take one, from any one breathing. I should be glad if thou would part with me, whilst I might go to *London*, and buy a Licence; that was what I meant, by parting with thee some short Time in a former Letter; however, I will be governed by thee, and no one else.

I am, my dearest lovely Angel,

Thy most constant and affectionate

Ross, Aug. 14, 1735.

JAMES PARRY.

N. B. About the Time that this Letter was written, there was a Report that I carried Letters from Mr. *J—s's* Brother to *Parthenissa*; although to my Knowledge he hardly ever saw her, but never spoke or writ to her.

XXVI. *To Mr. JAMES PARRY.*

My dearest Dear,

(a)

I Received thy Letter, and am now fully satisfied that thou hast a tender Regard for me, by not going to *Hereford* Horse-Race; for if you had gone there, I should indeed be jealous of the *Haberdasher's* Daughter, that I have heard thee so often make mention of, when thou didst use to joke with me. I do assure thee, my lovely Boy, that I'll comply
with

with any thing thou shalt ask of me, but going to *London*. That I never will consent to, unless I was with thee; for I know thee to be very amorous when a little in Liquor. We can (my Dearest) and will be married very soon, one Way or another; therefore be not uneasy upon that Score. I know thee to be full of Love, and that thou cannot be without a Woman long: So to prevent thy going astray, I'll quickly come to *Ros*s and keep thee honest. I beg (my Dearest) to know who the young Lady you made mention of in your's is; I mean as to her Family; let me know whether she is handsome or not, whether she sings well or not, and lastly what is her Height, Shape, Air, and Complexion. I hope thou wilt not take this as an impertinent Enquiry, but answer me sincerely, for thou art no Stranger to my Temper. I have told thee before, that our reaping Day is nigh, and the Moment we have done, then I (with as much Extacy, as thou hadst Eagerness to deprive me of my Virginity) will fly into thy dear Arms with Pleasure. As I write this Letter in Characters, I can't, you know, be so particular as I could wish. So I conclude with these Lines, which if they were made on Purpose for us, they could not be more apropos; but, now I consider they will be too long for this Letter, especially in Characters: so I'll write them upon a blank Half-Sheet, with Lemon Juice, in a Letter that I shall write to *Pen*, this Week. Pray write to me in the same Manner, between the Lines in a Tune that you must send me for the Flute. No more at present, thou best beloved of Men, but that I am thine most affectionately.

PARTHENISSA.

Lan--io, Aug. 15, 1735.

P. S. Pray go to our House as usual, lest by absentsing *Pen* should mistrust.

To

XXVII. To PARTHENISSA.

My dear Angel, (b)

I Was at *Newport* when thy delightful Letter came here, and would have called upon thee with Pleasure, but that we agreed to have an Interview here. First, in Answer to thine concerning Miss *G—n*. She is a Clergyman's Daughter of *N—b*, a Town in *Glamorganshire*; and, together with her Father and Mother, boards at Mrs. *G—n's*, who formerly was House-keeper, to Sir *W—m M—n*, of *T—r*. The young Lady is a little taller than *Nancy Dew*; she is airy, well-shaped, grey-eyed, and has a little Wen upon her Right Eye-Brow: her Hair is of a light Brown, and is (by what I can hear and see) qualified to make any Man happy. But when I consider thee, whose Form surpasses the beautiful *Circassian's*, thy bewitching, soft, and glorious blue Eyes, where the Soul speaks and dances, and betrays Love's Secrets in every killing Glance; a Face where every Motion, every Feature, sweetly languishes; a Neck all tempting, and thy lovely Breast inviting Kisses from my eager Lips; then thy Hands, such clasping Arms, so white, so soft and slender, which have so often clasp'd me; but above all; thy lovely Hair and Limbs must not be forgot; when (and in Fact I do nothing else) I think of the Beauties of thy Body and Mind, it is not in the Power of Miss *G—n*, or any Female, to steal one Thought of thee from me.

I long to fold thy Body in my Arms!
To gaze upon thy Eyes, my happier Stars!
While every Sigh comes forth so fraught with Sweets,
'Tis Incense to be offered to a God.
The vernal Bloom and Fragrancy of Spices,
Wafted by gentle Winds, are not like thee.
From thee, as from the *Cyprian* Queen of Love,
Ambrosial Odours flow; my ev'ry Faculty
Is charmed by thee, and drinks immortal Pleasure.

Why

Why then, O thou Blessing sent from Heaven to ease my Toils of Life! thou sacred dear Delight of my fond doating Heart, why dost thou not fly to my Embraces?

Whilst I was at *Newport*, the Widow *W—* of the *A—* came there, to pay a Visit to Mrs. *J—s*, (Miss *W—e*'s Sister) and sent for me. I waited upon her, and (after I had sung a Song or two) she assured me, she would learn both to play and sing of me, and would send for her Spinnet from *London*; and as soon as it came, she would send for me, to the —. I hear, as well as others, several Things said, &c. So that I shall not do any thing, but by thy constant Directions. But to our own Affair. As you say in your last dear Letter, that you are satisfied that I have a just Regard for you, why don't you come to me, especially since you know that I cannot be long without you. I have often told thee, there is nothing that I desire more than thy dear self; and I never wish'd for any thing more, than to have thee my lawful Wife. Thou dost, my Dearest, know, that I have no Estate to settle upon thee: I would to Heaven I had.—That I suppose is the Reason, why thou dost wave the one, but refusest not the other. I will with Pleasure (my Dearest) if you think proper, have Writings drawn, and will readily sign them; whereby you shall be Mistress of your Fortune, after Marriage: So that you may settle it upon whom you please. In my Opinion nothing can be more plain than that I covet yourself, and not your Fortune. I hope to have my Doom one Way or the other very soon. I would not for the World deceive thee, and I have too good an Opinion of thee, to think that thou wilt trifle with me, and am sure thou can'st not call my Love in Question.

That I do love thee, O all you Host of Heaven,
Be Witnesses! That you are dear to me!

Dearer than Day to one whom Sight must leave,
Dearer than Life to one who fears to die!

O thou bright Power be Judge, whom we adore,

Be.

Be Witness of my Truth ! Be Witness of my Love !

Dear as the Light
To Eyes but just restor'd, and heal'd of Blindness.
That I do love thee, Heav'n's Witness to the Truth,
As I could love Prosperity with Youth.

Why then does not my Angel hasten to my Arms,
for my Memory runs continually upon thee. Thy
lovely Idea fills up, and ingrosses my Imagination,
that I can think of nothing else. Let me despair if
I lye. Therefore (my lovely Girl) make Haste and
tantalize me no longer by staying from me ; for a
Sight of thee will be more precious to me, than all
the Curiosities and Diversions in the World. Hasten
then to the Arms (thou ever present to the Heart)
of thine eternally.

Ross, Aug. 19th. 1735.

JAMES PARRY.

P. S. Give my Compliments to *Bunny Brown*,
and tell her, I'll use her unmercifully the first Time
I catch hold of her, &c.

XXVIII. To Mr. JAMES PARRY.

(c)

TO thee I send, my dear, dear *Jemmy* this,
Joy of my Soul, and my Heart's only Bliss :
To thee this short Epistle I commend,
Kindly receive it from thy blushing Friend ;
For who from Blushing can refrain, when she
Thinks on the Time she was seduc'd like me ?
My Breast, you said, began to pant and rise ;
Pleasing my Shape, and killing were my Eyes :
With Pleasure then around you spread my Fame,
And sighing wish'd for—what I dare not name.
These were the Prelude to our future Joy :
Then you more forward grew, and I less coy ;
Your balmy Words, as *Hybla's* Honey sweet,
My fond believing Heart leap'd up to meet.
Deep in my Heart your Image keeps its Place,
Which Time, nor yet Enjoyment can deface.
How Happy should I be, if sure that mine
Was rivetted but half so deep in thine.

When

When first incircled in your Arms I lay,
 I blest the Night, and curs'd the coming Day.
 My Virgin Treasure was a World to me,
 And I the Victim sacrific'd to thee.
 This was, alas! my poor unhappy Case,
 When I deluded was to your Embrace:
 With Transports I received your amorous Kisses,
 And gave what Lovers call, the Bliss of Blisses.
 We neither love, nor burn with common Fire,
 Ours is the mere Perfection of Desire.
 Unless we love, Life's but an empty Name,
 'Twas Love that join'd the universal Frame.
 To me your Heart, and mine to you I gave,
 And both possess'd, what both had wish'd to have.
 The generous Path of Friendship then pursue,
 You live for me, and I live but for you.
 Angels love Souls: So let them love for me:
 As mortal, we must all like Mortals be;
 Their Love is pure, and mine more unconfin'd;
 I love the Body, they love but the Mind:
 Mine more intense and active sure must be,
 Since I gave Soul and Body both to thee.
 Judge, my dear *Femmy*, sure you must judge right,
 What pass'd between us the first happy Night.
 I felt you with a pleasing Kind of Smart,
 The Kifs went tingling to my very Heart.
 The Sweetness cling'd upon my Lips all Day,
 When it was gone, the Sense behind did stay.
 Love has no Cure. True Love can never cloy.
 We covet more, when more we do enjoy.
 Love couples Friends, Love's Chain our Body ties,
 With Pleasure then our Hearts we sacrifice.
 Such Sweets by Death alone can be destroy'd:
 Bodies were made that they might be enjoy'd.
 Sense is enough, where Senses only woo,
 But reas'ning Lovers, must have Reason too.
 Tell me, my dearest *Femmy*, is not this
 The Quintessence, the Honey-Moon of Bliss:
 When, to compleat our Happiness, combine
 Our Bodies, and as close as Lips they join?

Why

Why should we for each other fear to die,
 When Heaven commands, encrease and multiply?
 Then, like the Phoenix, we'll revive again,
 And often die, but never feel the Pain.
 If ever I perceive my Flame decay,
 And when at first you find yours fade away,
 Then kindly come, and light your Eyes at mine,
 And I'll with Pleasure take fresh Fires at thine.
 In all I'm pleas'd, but most in what was best;
 And that last Joy was dearer than the rest.
 Then with each Word, each Glance, each Motion
 fir'd,
 You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd:
 'Till, all-dissolving in the Trance we lay,
 And in tumultuous Raptures dy'd away.
 By Charms like thine; which all my Soul have won,
 Who might not—ah! who would not be undone.

My dear, dear Femmy.

I Have writ these Verses so small, that I am afraid
 thou canst hardly read them. They were writ by
 several Hands, but sent by a Countess to her *Poly-*
archus. I had not Room to put them all in this Paper.
 Her Affair was so like ours, that I was resolv'd to
 send them to my Dearest. But to Answer thy dear
 Letter, I cannot help saying, that I am a little
 uneasy at thy teaching Miss G—n; but being assured,
 that no one besides myself, can have any Share in
 thy Heart, that on the other Hand makes me a little
 easy; but by all the Love we have born one another
 (I insist upon it) thou shalt not teach Mrs. W—.
 You know what a Character she has; it was but
 the other Day, that after she had been lying with
 Mr. — of — she left some Steel Powder behind her;
 which People say, she takes to prevent quickening
 with Child, and indeed sometimes I am so frightened,
 that I wish I had some too. But my Dear, if you
 love me, you will not teach her upon any Account.
 I will come within these few Days to *Ross* to thee;
 don't be out of the Way! and since thou art so eager,
 I will comply with thy Desire in any thing that thou
 dost

dost ask of me ; not but that I will scold at thee, for saying that I do waver, &c. But we love each other, and have been, for a long Time, sure of our Honey-Moon ; I ha'n't Room to say more, only I am thy most affectionate and sincere

Lan-io, Aug. 21, 1735.

PARTHENISSA.

P. S. Mamma says that *Pen* is afraid of losing us, by her writing so often. *Bunny Brown*, as thou dost call it, is very well, and bids thee Defiance ; but there has been no Inundation this long Time.

XXIX. To PARTHENISSA.

My dear Girl,

(c)

I TOOK thy lovely Letter this Day from *Pen*. but not without some Difficulty. I am really afraid, that she begins to mistrust our Intrigue, by her not shewing me any of thy Letters as usual. 'Twas my good Luck to take thine this Day by main Force from her ? So that (I believe) some new Method of corresponding must be thought upon, and that speedily.

I have (thou lovely Angel) often told thee, that thy Will shall be my Law ; therefore I am surprized that thou shouldst be uneasy, concerning Mrs. *W—* ; and since I find thee averse to my teaching her Music, no Money shall tempt me to wait upon her. Thou art sensible that I value thy Love more than Riches. To satisfy thy Doubts, I never will speak to her if possibly I can avoid it. The two Lines that we have often alternately repeated, are ever in my Memory.

My Life, my Soul, my All that Heav'n can give,
Death's Life with thee, without thee Death to live.

Therefore, I insist upon thy coming to *Ros* this Week. I am sure if thou art so inclined, no one will be thy Hindrance. I have often (my Dear, and you very well know it) proposed honourable Marriage to you, and you have as often declined it : But what is your Reason for delaying it, I know not ;
you

you know that Delays breed Danger : I now am in a very good Way of getting Money ; but how much more should I be, if I was married. Music-Masters, as well as Dancing-Masters, never can expect a handsome Livelihood, until they are joined in Wedlock ? This (my pretty one) is the Case with most, if not all of us. 'Tis no new Thing for a young Fellow, of a genteel Profession, to marry a young Lady of fine Accomplishments ; neither is it uncommon for a Girl of Fortune to chuse for herself. I am above the Degree of a Journeyman Mechanick, or a Person that condescends to wear a Livery ; and yet, I have read in the publick Papers, of the latter Sort who've kicked up their young Mistresses Heels, whereby they have rose to an handsome Figure in the World. I own

No Flocks have I, no fleecy Care,
 No Fields that wave their golden Grain ;
 No Pastures green, or Gardens fair,
 A Woman's venal Heart to gain :
 Then all in vain, my Sighs must prove,
 Whose whole Estate, alas ! is Love.

How wretched is the faithful Youth,
 Since Women's Hearts are bought and sold ;
 They ask no Vows of sacred Truth,
 Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for Gold :
 Gold can the Frowns of Scorn remove ;
 Thus am I scorn'd---who have but Love—
 To buy the Gems of *India's* Coast,
 What Wealth, what Riches could suffice ?
 Yet *India's* Shore could never boast,
 The Lustre of thy Rival Eyes :
 For there, the World too cheap must prove,
 Can I then buy,—who have but Love ?
 Then M---y, since nor Gems, nor Ore,
 Can with thy brighter Self compare ;
 Be just as fair, and value more
 Than Gems, or Ore, a Heart sincere :

Let

Let Treasure meaner Beauties prove,
Who pays thy Worth must pay in Love.

My Angel may wonder, how I came to be so poetically inclined ; the only Reason I can give is this. Being (worse than Death) debarred of thy dear Self, I cannot do any Thing, excepting I pore now and then into some Books. I often meet with Passages of the foregoing Nature, which seem to point at me ; so that I cannot help transmitting them to my Fair One ; *M---t M---n*, the Flax-Woman, waits for me, so that I cannot have Time to say much more. If you have any Regard for me, you will either come to me in three Days, or write me a Line, and send it To-morrow.

Yours to Eternity,

Rofs, Aug. 21. 1735.

JAMES PARRY.

P. S. Why can't you send by *James* the Post-Man, and order him to deliver them to my Lord *Farnaby*, (as formerly) who will most assuredly bring any thing safe to me. I know him to be trusty.

XXX. To PARTHENISSA.

My Dear,

(c)

PEN P—'s sending a Bundle of Cloaths to *Monmouthshire* gave me Opportunity of backing my last Letter sooner than you expected. I sent you a Letter dated the 21st Instant, which was the same Day that I was favoured with your last. I begged in mine to see you, or at least hear from you this Week ; I promised myself the Happiness of one or the other ; but my Hopes have been frustrated. I cannot help telling you in plain *English*, that by your seeming Indifference, Neglect and Contempt, I imagine you have met with some new Face, which (I'm afraid) you are fond of ; if so, I must tell you, that I am not used so well as I have deserved. You cannot be insensible that I have sacrificed every thing that should have been valuable in me in pleasing of you ; if you are inclinable to part with me, let me instantly know it, and nothing on my Side shall be wanting

wanting to compleat your Happiness in any Manner whatever. I gave you to understand in my last, that I spent some Time in Reading during your tedious Absence ; so meeting a Passage that hit me Slap in the Face, I am resolved to send it to you.

The Night's black Curtain o'er the World was spread,
 And all Mankind lay Emblems of the Dead.
 A deep and awful Silence void of Light,
 With dusky Wings sat brooding o'er the Night.
 The rowling Orbs mov'd slow from East to West,
 With Harmony that lull'd the World to Rest.
 The Moon withdrawn, the oozy Floods lay dead ;
 The very Influence of the Moon was fled.
 Some twinkling Stars that through the Clouds did peep,
 Seeming to wink as if they wanted Sleep.
 All Nature hush'd, as when dissolv'd and laid
 In silent *Chaos* ere the World was made.
 Only the Beating of the Lover's Breast,
 Made Noise enough to keep his Eyes from Rest.
 His little World not like the greater Lay,
 In loudest Tumults of disorder'd Day.
 His Sun of Beauty shone, to light his Breast,
 With all its various Toils and Labours prest.
 The Sea of Passion in his working Soul,
 Rais'd by the Tempest of his Sighs did roll,
 In tow'ring Floods to overwhelm the Whole.
 Those Tyrants of the Mind, vain Hope and Fear,
 That still by Turns usurp an Empire there,
 Now raising Man on high, then plunging in Despair.
 Thus *Jemmy* lies, his Grief no Rest affords,
 'Till swelling high, it thus burst out in Words :
 Oh ! I could curse all Womankind but one,
 And yet my Grievs proceed from her alone.
 Hell's greatest Curse a Woman if unkind,
 Yet Heav'n's great Blessing if she loves, we find,
 Thus our chief Joys with most Allays are curst,
 And our best Things when once corrupted worst.
 But Heaven is just, ourselves the Idols fram'd,
 And are for such vain Worship justly damn'd.

Thus

Thus the poor Lover argu'd with his Fate,
 His *Molly's* Charms now did his Love create,
 That Love repuls'd, now prompted him to hate.
 Sometimes his Arms wou'd cros his Bosom rest,
 Hugging her lovely Image printed in his Breast;
 Where flattering Painter Fancy shew'd his Art,
 In charming Draughts, his Pencil *Cupid's* Dart.
 The Shadow drawn, so lively did appear,
 As made him think the real Substance there.
 He thought her naked, soft, and yielding Waist
 Within his pressing Arms was foldest fast;
 Nay, in her Charms she really there was plac'd.
 Else, how could Pleasure to such Rapture flow;
 The Effect was real,---then the Cause was so.
 What more can most substantial Pleasure boast,
 Than Joy when present, Memory when past?
 Then Bliss is real which the Fancy frames,
 Or those call'd real Joys, are only Dreams.

You may see by this Letter, and others of mine, that you are my constant Thought and Care; but I will intrude no longer upon your Time, because (as you've writ me Word in a former Letter) you are a Woman of Business; so I take my Leave, subscribing myself with Fidelity, your oblig'd and ever constant

JAMES PARRY.

Rofs, Sat. 23 Aug. 1735.

P. S. I intend setting out for *Newport* on *Tuesday* next, to teach Miss *G—n*. I have sent you the Tune, that I did set to *Sharon's* Rose, and *Si caro si*, both for the Flute.

XXXI. To Mr. JAMES PARRY.

(c)

I Durst not call the Dear, since thou art so ungenerous as to think I am fond of new Faces. I am sure I never gave thee Occasion to have that mean Opinion of me; but it was what I always feared, and so I told you. Heaven knows my Heart, how sincere it is: But my Misfortune is, that the two I strive most to please, suspect me most; viz. Mamma and

and you. All that I can say is, that I am unhappy to the last Degree, and am often tempted to put an End to so miserable a Life as mine is: With Tears I speak, not that I would have you think this to wheedle with thee, for I would have every one imagine, I am not that mean Thing. When you rightly consider it, you'll not blame me I presume. I had your Letters 'tis true, but had not Time to send an Answer, nor Opportunity to scorch. I have hardly two Minutes alone. Your *Monday's* Letter I received, but what was I the near; I could come at no Fire till *Wednesday*, I hope you have had what I writ to you; this being the fifth Time since our coming here. I must beg you will not send by the Post, for the first I received put me in such a Confusion, that I was forced to go out of the Room. And I cou'd not own to Mamma, that 'twas you that writ it, tho' *Pen's* Name was at the Bottom: But last Night I was forced, being I had just received the Bundle. She is a little angry with thee, and said I was always sending for something or other, which made People talk so much of us. She does not know that I have had a Tune from thee. I have been forced to wait four Days for an Opportunity to scorch thy Letters, so you can't be angry with me upon that Score. But I fear you will ruin all by writing so often. You may depend on't, it was not my Fault that I did not come to *Ross* before this Time. The first Moment Mamma will give me Leave, I'll take it with no small Pleasure. I fancy it will be soon, for she said to Day, my Gown would be spoiled if it was not soon robed. We only wait to have a *London* Letter first, as we expect from my Brother soon. And you know it would not be well to do the Thing you mention (Marriage) the Time of his coming; so it must be done either before, or after. So now, my Dear, I have writ over my Paper some Way or other; so must conclude; not but I could for ever write to thee, my dearest Dear. I have something hangs upon my Spirits so heavy which I am not us'd to, that I'm really afraid I shall either

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lose

lose my Senses or Life. Therefore 'tis barbarous to use me so rough as you do. After I have been thinking of thee, I often in the Midst lose my Memory. I wish I was with thee, thou should'st soon be convinced I am not fond of new Faces. My dearest Boy, I was afraid of somewhat, but now I have the Fl---rs.

From thy fond

PARTHENISSA.

Lant—lo, Aug. 24 and 25, 1735.

Being busy, I've been two half Days writing this Letter.

N. B. *The Gentleman that wrote me the Letter XIX. and XX. (who is at this Time a Merchant in Birmingham) saw Pen P— give the Letter, which I scorched in his Presence; but did not let him read the Conclusion, till 15 Months after 'twas dated.*

XXXII. *To Mr. J—B G—E.*

Honest J---b,

THERE is a Gentleman near *Newport*, who has an Inclination to learn the Violin; he wants both a Master and an Instrument; you know I am no Dab at a Fiddle, but will venture to teach him the Gamut, and will supply him with Musick. If you have e'er a good Violin to dispose of, write me a Line on next *Saturday*, directed to me, at the *King's-Head*; but I had rather you would give me the Meeting there, because I am positive we shall make but a few Words to the Bargain. Pray give my Compliments to Madam and Miss. Tell Miss that I have transcribed *Secatiata del sua nedo*, out of *Rodelinda*, and *un Lampo ela Speranza*, out of *Admetus*, both for the Flute, and will send them to her the very first Opportunity. *I am yours,*

Monmouth, Aug. 28, 1735.

JAMES PARRY.

N. B. *The Minute J—b received my Letter, and read it till he came to the Italian Words, he carried it to Parthenissa, who seeing a Mark upon it (whereby she knew that I had filled up the Paper with Lemon Juice)*

Juice) told him she wanted his Paper to set down a Memorandum, by which Means she kept the Letter and scorched it, and what I writ was as follows.

XL. To PARTHENISSA.

My lovely Angel,

(c)

PEN P— gave me thy Letter on *Tuesday*, whilst I was in your Parlour, in Company with honest *W--- L---s*, who is just come from *London*. I confess my last Letter to my Charmer had nothing of the complaisant Lover in it; but is there any Thing that a Man who loves as I do, is not capable of saying? I love thee to Distraction, and that's the Reason that I am for securing thee to myself. My Heart grows fuller and fuller of thee, and the least kind Word softens me to Folly; Love is a Witchcraft of the Mind, that directs one to an Object, and fixes one to it, maugre all our Resistance; 'tis a Disease that seizes us like the Madness of Dogs and other Animals. Love causes in Lovers the same Effect that Wine does in Drunkards. I need not tell thee all this, because (to me) thou art the Queen of Love. I fully determin'd to've been at *Newport* on *Tuesday*, but Mr. *M--se* made me defer my Journey till he came with me in his Road to *Swansey*. I write this to thee here in *Ross*, but what I shall write To-morrow from *Monmouth*, will be nothing but a Flam, in order to have this conveyed to thee. Let me hear from thee, nay let me see the soon, for I long to wear the matrimonial Yoke, therefore do not defer it any longer.

*Thee I conjure, by all our past Delights,
Our chearful Days and our transporting Nights,
By all the emprecated Gods above,
To whom you are forsworn unless you love,
By thy fair Face, which I as much adore,
As all those Gods, and own as much its Pow'r,
Ah! let thy Wishes with my Will agree,
Since surely I thy Slave must ever be:
In thee since I have center'd all my Joys,
O Venus! let my Love be still my Choice.*

*Heav'n knows, dear Girl, I love no other Fair.
In thee lies all my Love, my Heav'n lies there.
Oh! may I, by indulgent Fate's Decree,
With thee lead all my Life, and die with thee.*

I've bought a little *Welch Horse*, but repent my Bargain, for I am almost as able to carry him, as he can me; but I can sell him to Advantage. I shall return to *Ros* in three Days, and if that thou dost not come to me, do not think it impossible for me to fall in Love with a pretty young Girl, whom I have lately stolen a Glance from. My dear Dearest, pardon my Jestings, and believe me to be with Sincerity, thy eternal Adorer

JAMES PARRY.

XXXIII. To PARTHENISSA.

My lovely Angel,

(b)

YOU know what Money I brought out with me. I have paid a Barber what I owed him out of that, and shall want Money to clear myself here, before I come to *Ros*; which shall be To morrow, (God willing) for I long to be in thy Arms. Send me a Guinea by Lord *Farnaby*, this Evening, by which thou wilt oblige him who loves the dearer than his Eyes, and aims at nothing upon Earth, more than that of subscribing himself, my lovely Angel, thy constant and affectionate Spouse,

King's-Head, Monmouth,

Sat. 13 Sept. 1735.

JAMES PARRY.

P. S. Lord Gage's eldest Son danced with Miss Alice C—ke, and Mr. Tommy C—d* with Miss B—d of Cowberry. I have not seen any great Beauties here.

XXXIV. To

* A young Gentleman of Fortune in *Newport, Monmouthshire* (I forgot mentioning of him in the Course of my Amour.) In *October*, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-four, he came to *Ros*, accompanied by Mr. H---t R---rs, of the *King's-Head Inn in Monmouth*) in order to pay his Addresses to *Parthenissa*. He sent for me, and begged of me to go and ask her, if

XXXIV. To Mr. JAMES PARRY.

*My dearest Dear,**(b)*

THY dearest Letter was brought me this Minute, and since I believe thee to be true and constant to me, I think it my Duty to hide nothing from thee. Mamma intended that I should go to the Horse-Race with the Miss C---s, and she ordered W——R——s [*a Tenant of Mrs. P—, who keeps the Golden-Lion in Abergavenny*] to give me Two Guineas for that Purpose. So that you must look out for him, being it's Market-Day, and take it of him; but no not spend it all, and don't be angry with thy fond *Parthenissa* for giving this Caution, because I know thee to be generous and free, &c. You promised to be back in three Days with me, and now it is my Turn to hector; if you don't come Home To-night, I will actually go to *Lantillio* To-morrow. I sha'n't forget thy Letter, which frightened me so much when I was at *Monmouth* this Day Twelve-month with Mrs. B. D. and Mr. *Doomsday*. My dear Boy, for all Jest-ing, come to my Arms this Night or To-morrow without fail, for I long to have thee with me. My dear, dearest Boy, I ha'n't Time to say more, only,

*I am, your most affectionate Spouse,**Rofs, Sat. Two o'Clock.*

PARTHENISSA.

N. B. *I could not meet with him; he gave the Money to Mr. J. S. Clerk to an Attorney, who gave it Parthenissa that Night in Rofs. That Person has said several Things in Company, since my Amour was publickly known, which are no Way to her Advantage; 'twas concerning her Behaviour, &c. whilst he was in her Company; I being then at Monmouth.*

N 3

XXXV. To

if she would give him Leave to make her a Visit. I perfectly knowing (or at least guessing the Answer she would make) delivered his Message, but she would not see him.---If Mr. *Doomsday* had heard of this short Embassy of mine, I should most certainly have lost his good Opinion of me.

XXXV. *To Mr. JAMES PARRY.*

(b)

Sept. 28, 1735.

I AM sorry to go without taking Leave of thee, though I've all the Reason imaginable to fancy thee inconstant ; if you write to me, take all the Care in the World, and not by Post, as last Time. I should be glad (if the Sight of me can be endured) if you would call on us. I ha'n't Time to say more, only I fancy that you have three or four Strings to your Bow. Adieu, thou best beloved of Men, but nothing cures Love like Slight from him ones loves, &c. &c.

PARTHENISSA.

XXXVI. *To Mr. L—s.**Sir,*

BE pleased to give the inclosed to Mr. Parry ; but must beg you'll not give it him, unless you're sure he's fasting, and sober ; and in so doing you'll very much oblige,

*Sir, Your very humble Servant.**N. B.* The inclos'd was as follows.*To Mr. JAMES PARRY.*

(b)

YOU can't be surprized at our Behaviour, when you consider where you spoke slighting of me ; but to keep you no longer in Suspence, you must know there came a Letter to Mamma, but from whom she won't tell, assuring her that you one Night came to an Ale-house, and swore you might marry me any Day ; but my Face was damn'd ugly, my Shape bad, and my sneaking Temper you should never endure ; and then shew'd several Letters that I writ to you ; and then if she doubted, there were two Men ready to swear it at any Time. You may guess what a Hurry here is, first with me, then I with you. I

am

am now quite deceived in you ; so farewell for ever. I hope you'll not expose me in this last End ; but I thought in Justice I ought to tell you the Reason in Writing ; since I never shall be again alone with you, which I find you are not sorry for. Alas ! there's no Faith in Man. She is determined to leave off House-keeping, which I am not sorry for, since I find it is as it is. When I think of thy broken Vows, good God how it shocks me ! but Man is made to Flattery, Deceit, Self-interest, and all that's bad. You cannot be angry when you consider it, since you know too well how I am serv'd, that did not deserve it from you. I was forced solemnly to swear, that I neither was, or ever would be married to you ; and you may imagine I made no Scruples as soon as I found your Usage ; there was at that Time a Penknife to my Breast, which was to oblige me to a Confession. Oh ! I have had such a Week of Vexing, that it shall ever be my earnest Prayers to the Almighty, I may never have the like again. As 'tis impossible for you to clear yourself, I must beg this last Favour, that you would never write more to me, since it would but help to make me more miserable, if possible. Good God, how silly I was to trust a Drunkard. Oh ! how I am this Moment hurried by different Passions. But what am I doing ? You are not the Person I took you for, and may be I may have this Letter flung in my Teeth ; but if you are not quite turn'd Brute, have the Compassion to burn it. I could still upbraid you, but must now conclude ; therefore once more farewell for ever, from the too, too much deceiv'd,

PARTHENISSA.

I often think upon the Verses I once writ you, out of the Maid's Tragedy [See Lett. V.] I could tear my Heart and Eyes out ; but what am I the near. I endeavoured to write in Lemon, but am so watch'd I could not. For God's Sake take no Notice to Pen, not even that you are going to London, where I wish you all the Happiness this World can afford. Next Saturday I'll say a little,

little more to you on a Piece of Paper that I'll send to Jenny Birch, with the Names of the Books that you have of mine, if I can possibly.

XXXVII. To PARTHENISSA.

My lovely charming Angel,

(b)

MR. L—s came on *Tuesday* Evening to my Lodgings, and ask'd me if I had drank any thing that Day. I assured him I had not. He told me he had a Letter for me from you, and with that gave it me; but when I perused it, good God! how great was my Confusion, Trouble, and Surprize; my Heart was ready to've burst within me, my Pulse beat low, my Spirits failed me, and for some Minutes I was bereft of my Senses. Mr. L—s (seeing my Concern) begged that I would be as easy as I could; and to make it my Business to find out the Author of that villainous Letter, which was sent thy Mamma. No Pen (my dearest Angel) is able to describe the Anxiety I am now in, and am really afraid, that I never shall be able to suppress my Grief, since (Heaven knows it) I am to be debarred unjustly from thy lovely Person, and dear Conversation, &c. My lovely Girl, I scorn to tell thee a Lye, and will so far vindicate my Integrity, as to insist upon thy believing me, in what I am going to say. I take the Almighty God to witness (as the Creator of all Things both visible and invisible) that I never was capable of saying those Words of you, that you've mentioned in your Letter, and I heartily imprecate, that he would split my Soul into Ten Thousand Splinters, and cast them into the deep Abyss of Hell, if I ever (to my Knowledge) harboured such a Thought of you; it therefore must be some damn'd Fiend, that could write so hellish a Letter to your Mamma. I would with Pleasure forfeit any Thing but my Soul, to be revenged on them, did I but once know who they are. I would have no Regard for their Family, for by Heav'n I would do myself Justice.

When

*When I am wrong'd, and unreveng'd sit still,
Sword, Flame, and Poison have forgot to kill.*

Could my dearest Angel ever be persuaded by any Devil, to believe that I could say thy Face was damn'd ugly, thy Shape bad, &c. I cannot think you would believe it. I solemnly declare in the Presence of Heaven, that I always did, do and ever shall think thee as beautiful as an Angel, and one fragrant Field of Charms, to pamper up the Blood of wild Desire. To me you were always dear as the Light ; O dearer than the vital Air I breathe. O thou art dearer to my Soul than Rest to wearied Pilgrims, or to Misers Gold ; to great Men Power, or wealthy Citizens Pride. But your Mamma's inhuman Usage to you has shock'd me more than any thing else. I cannot help thinking but that she saw me in thy dear Embraces, at the Bottom of the great Stair-case, the last Time I was at *Lant--o*, and blest in thine Arms. And I am really of Opinion (because she said nothing to me after you ran up Stairs) that this is an Invention of hers, in order to separate thee inhumanly from me for ever. *Pen's* seeing you in Tears when I was going to *Monmouth* Horse-Race, has been (you may depend on't) of great Dis-service to each of us ; nay, I swore that it would inevitably ruin us, unless timely remedied by our Marriage. My Angel may be assured that no one upon Earth, excepting Mr. *L--s*, has seen any of thy Letters to me. And he, although the best of Friends to me, and one who knows ev'ry other Secret of my Soul (but that of enjoying thee) none but those that were no Way exposing thy Loss of Virginity.

*Go bid the Needle his dear North forsake,
To which with trembling Rev'rence it does bend ;
Go bid the Stones a Journey upwards make ;
Go bid th' ambitious Flame no more ascend,
And when these false to their old Motions prove,
Then will I cease thee, thee alone to love.*

Therefore, my lovely Angel, how could you lay so severe a Command upon me, as not to write to you for the future? Is it not enough to lose you? Is it not too much to fear, that the only Person whom I love is designed for the Embraces of another? Must I also banish my Thoughts, would you also deprive me of the only Good I have left, and rob me of my Love? Ah! Cruel! do you think it's possible for a Man that you've enslaved, to recover his Heart? know your own Power better than you do, and cease vainly exhorting me to erase you out of my Memory,

*Yes, Parthenissa, I am still the same ;
For thee I burn, for thee preserve my Flame :
The Poles shall move, and from their Axis start,
Ere I will change my Love, or change my Heart.
Before my Heart chuse any new Delight,
The Sun shall lose his Heat, the Moon her Light.*

If my fair One has an Inclination to write to me, for I've had no Thought lately of going to *London*, (as, like ev'ry thing else, has been falsely insinuated to thee) you may do it with your Urine as well as Lemon Juice, and if you have any Regard for the Person whom you have robb'd of his Soul, you will let me hear from you soon; if not, you may perhaps hear of my Exit out of this Life; which News would be very agreeable to your Mamma, but how far it may be so to you, I cannot determine. I sincerely wish you as much Happiness as possibly any Woman can have; I wish your Mornings may be good, your Noons better, your Evenings and your Nights best of all. I wish your Sorrows may be short, your Joys lasting, and all your Desires end in Success. These, my lovely Angel, are the hearty and sincere Wishes of him, who has been, is now, and ever will be (thou fairest of Women)

Thy devoted, faithful, and ever-constant,
Ross, Oct. 22, 1735.

JAMES PARRY.

Pen P— has given me to understand that I shall never be in your Company (alone) again, and that
you

you ne'er will lie in Rofs any more. O Heavens, how am I tortur'd! never was any Mortal at so great a Loss for Words to express his Grief as I am in at present. Did my Angel but know the bitter Anguish of my Soul, thou wouldst pity me. Oh! how my Heart this Moment akes; but if it could be false to my Vows (ever to love another, besides thyself) I would tear it from my Breast, and throw it from me; for living or dead, I can be only thine. I would say more, but at present I cannot;

*For while I write, my Words are lost in Tears;
The less my Sense, the more my Love appears.*

XXXVIII. To Mr. JAMES PARRY.

My dear, Dearest,

(c)

I Have had thy Letter from Jacob these two Days, and can't tell the Grief I am in, being almost worried to Death about thee. I am fully satisfied, my Dear, that what I was told concerning your abusing or talking of me, as I have before-mentioned, all made Lies by Mamma; by which Means she thinks to make me hate my dear Boy; but she shall miscarry in her Point, and that my Dearest shall find soon. But, good God, what a Life I have here with them! 'tis incredible. I must have Patience. I am almost sure that Pen has told Mamma in what a Manner she found thee and me a little before the Horse-Race; and Mamma certainly saw thee in my Arms (but she has not told me any thing) when thou wert with me at the Bottom of the Stairs, &c. and my Shoulders were all white with the Lime from off the Wall. I told thee then that Somebody would see us, and begg'd that you would not do it; but thou wouldst have thy own Way, and I could not refuse thee any thing, Witness my Maidenhead. By all the Love we have bore one another, I charge you to be constant, and don't offer to go out of the Country, for I actually am resolved to be thy lawful Wife, let what will happen. I am a little angry with thee for thinking that I have no Regard
for

for thy Life and Safety ; therefore pray take Care of yourself, and I hope you will for my Sake. Mamma is almost raving mad, and I really was afraid she would kill me, but Heaven has spared me (I hope) for thee ; but in the mean while I lead a miserable Life ; and what adds to my Misfortune, I have lost the Paper that we both writ upon the fatal Day of our parting, and I am terribly afraid that Mamma has picked it up ; if so, good God, what shall I do ? I ha'n't Time to say more, only be constant, and don't offer to go out of the Country ; and you shall know my Resolutions soon. When you come this Way, you may send to me by *Nanny T—s* ; I have engaged her to Secrecy ; but don't trust *Peggy J—s*, for she is sly and false. Thou has a great many Enemies here , but I am still

Thy fond, constant, and affectionate,

Lantillio, Oct. 28. 1735.

PARTHENISSA.

P. S. *Don't thee give Jemmy P—ce any thing, for I will satisfy him ; he is the truest (and Nanny) in the Family. Let me hear from thee soon. I hope the Storm won't hold long.*

XXXIX. To PARTHENISSA.

My incomparable Charmer, and lovely Angel !

AT the Receipt of thine, scarce could I contain the Joy of my exulting Soul, to find that thou dost believe me (as I certainly am) innocent of the vile Fallacy, that I unjustly was accused of. The troublesome Life that thou dost lead, &c. grieves me to the Heart.

*No greater Torments light, than those I feel
When you my dearest, tend'rest Part are ill,
For oh ! with what dire Tortures am I rack'd,
Whom diff'rent Grievs successively distract !
Sometimes my Grief from this does higher grow,
To think that I have caus'd so much to you :
The great Almighty's Witness, how I pray,
That all our Crimes on me alone he'd lay.*

I need

I need not tell my Dearest, the Grief thy Absence causes me. But since thy last Letter generously tells me that thou wilt marry me, notwithstanding the persuasive Arguments which undoubtedly are given thee to the contrary; the Joy I conceive is unspeakable, to think that I shall have the only one I love, again in my Arms; for thou art the Pride and Glory of my Heart! without thee, all the World is worthless Dross: Life a base Slav'ry, Riches but a Mock, and Love, the Soul of all, a bitter Curse. If Love be Treasure, we'll be wond'rous rich; I have so much, my Heart will surely break with it; Vows can't express it. When I would declare it, how great's my Joy. I'm dumb with the big Thought, I swell and sigh, and labour with my Longing. But my *Parthenissa* will be mine, even my ravishing *Parthenissa*; the Thought is Extacy! These Arms shall hold her fast to my throbbing Breast! my ravished Eyes gaze till they're blind with looking fondly at thee; my stifling Lips shall smother all thy Smiles, and follow thee with such Pursuit of Kisses, that even our Souls shall lose themselves in Pleasure. To facilitate those happy Hours to come (provided my lovely Angel will fix the Night) I will bring three or four Friends on Horseback with me, and bring thee from thy miserable Confinement to Liberty, not in the least doubting, but I shall make the best of Husbands, and thy Life as agreeable as any Woman's Breathing. Let me have an Answer, with all possible Speed, and keep me ever in thy Thoughts, my ever dear *Parthenissa*, and never cease to love me, because I can be no other's, but thine eternally,

Ross, Oct. 30th, 1735.

JAMES PARRY.

P. S. *There is a Company of Comedians here, and I have been desired by some Gentlemen, and the Players (of which Number is one Mountier an Organist) to act the Part of Sir Hugh Evans in the Merry Wives of Windsor, and that of Captain Macheath in the Beggar's Opera. I have not given them an absolute Answer; and if I do any such Thing, I will have a Benefit to myself.*

XL. To

XL. *To Mr. JAMES PARRY.**Dear Sir,*

IT was not that I did not partake of the Misfortune you lately suffered, that I have not acknowledged the Receipt of yours (of the 29th of last Month) before this Time, but that I was willing, if possible, upon this unlucky Occasion, to accompany my Letter with something that might be (though but in Expectation) agreeable to you ; and whether what I shall now acquaint you withal will be so or not, I cannot tell, even though it should come to pass ; however, you have my good Wishes.

On Sunday last I heard that the Organist of *Birmingham* (where is my Friend *W. L.*) was leaving that Place ; but whether that Account is true or not, is yet an Uncertainty, and therefore, for the present, you must keep it a Secret. However, I have wrote to my Friend this Night, and given him such Instructions, that (if it should prove true) we shall make very strong Interest for yourself ; and the chief Reason for my writing to you now is, that you may let Mr. *L—s* at *Birmingham* (to whom you may direct by the Cross-Post) as well as myself, know, where our Letters may come directly to you, if there should be any Probability of Success, and that you may be ready to go there if there should be Occasion for it ; but till you hear again from one of us, don't say a Word of it to any Body.

There are two Churches with Organs in each, and one Organist supplies both ; and very great Advantages to be made with Scholars ; so that I fancy (if offered) it will be worth your Acceptance.

*I am, your real Friend and Servant,**Lond. Nov. 25, 1735.**Jos. P——R.*XLI. *To PARTHENISSA.**My beautiful Inchantress,**(b)*

AM I never to be blessed with a Sight of thee, or at least hear from my lovely Fair one, in order to fulfil our Vows and Contract. Oh my inconsiderate

rate, improvident, and most unfortunate Love ! and those treacherous Hopes that have betrayed both thee and me ! the Passion that I designed for the Blessing of my Life, is become the Torment of it : A Torment, answerable to the prodigious Cruelty that thy Absence causes. An Absence so hellish, that Sorrow itself wants Words to express it. Am I then ever to see those Eyes again ? Those Eyes, that have so often exchanged Love with mine, to the charming of my very Soul to Extacy and Delight. My Life was vowed to you the first Time I saw you ; and if you'll not accept it as a Present, I'm content to make it a Sacrifice. A thousand Times a Day I send my Sighs after you ; and what Return for all my passionate Disquiets, but the good Counsel of my cross Fortune ? That whispers me at every Turn, ah, wretched *Parry* ! why dost thou flatter, and consume thyself in the vain Pursuit of one never to be recovered. She's gone, she's gone, irrecoverably gone, and never more will think of thee. But hold, you have more Honour in you than to do so ill a Thing ; and so have I, than to believe it, especially of a Person that I am concerned so much to justify. Forget me ! 'tis impossible. My Case is bad enough at best, without the Aggravation of vain Suppositions. The last Letter that my Angel sent me, gave me such a Passion of the Heart, as if it would have forced its Way through my Breast, and come to you ; it laid me for some Time senseless, I wish it had been dead ; for I had then died of Love. But I revived, and to what End ? only to die again, and lose that Life for you, which you yourself (I'm afraid) do not think worth the saving. I often make the Prospect and Church-yard my Solitude.

*There, like some frantic Bacchanal I walk,
And to myself with sad Distraction talk.
Then, big with Grief, I throw me on the Ground,
And view the melancholy Fields around.*

All this Distraction is owing to the Want of you.
Why then does not my lovely Angel let me know
what

what Time I shall come with some resolute Friends, and bring thee from a Prison to a Place of Liberty? I wish for no other Happiness, but that of living and dying with thee; and I'm sure thou dost believe me. This only Comfort I have, in the Bitterness of our deadly Separation, that I never was false to you; and that for the whole World I would not have my Conscience tainted with so black a Crime. Can you then, that knows the Integrity of my Soul, and the Tenderness that I have for you; can you (I say) find in your Heart to abandon me, and to expose ourselves to the Terrors that consequently will attend our Separation, unless timely united? My Letters are long, and I fear troublesome; but I hope you'll forgive them, and dispense with the Fooleries of a Sot of your own making. Methinks I run over and over too often with the Story of my deplorable Condition, occasioned by your Neglect of me. Give me Leave to thank you from the Bottom of my Heart, for the Miseries you have brought upon me, and to detest the Tranquility I lived in before I knew you. I am so far infinitely happy, as to receive all the Letters you send to me. I therefore beg you would continue that Happiness in writing often, that I may have a Fellow-feeling, and share with you in your Grievs, and dismiss that Despair you tell me I have caused in you, that you may live in Tranquility for the future. If your Love increases as mine does, it will come to the highest Degree of Passion and Violence. Adieu! I shall die of Grief, if I do not quickly hear from you. I pray God, with all my Soul, this Letter may be safely delivered to you, to testify the Ardour of my Passion for you, and believe me, I suffer all the Evils you do; but I conjure you, not to share with me in any Degree of mine, for Fear you increase your own. I keep your Letters with more Care and Tenderness than my Life; I kiss them a thousand Times a Day, and bless the Hand that wrote them. I waited for your Answer with Impatience; conserve the Love you have for me, and believe that I never would have staid in this Country,

try, but for your Deliverance from the Sufferings you lie under for my Sake, who am absolutely yours, and a thousand Times more yours than mine own; therefore, afford me all the Satisfaction you are able, in this Tempest of my divided Thoughts, and never cease to love me, because you know that I am eternally yours,

JAMES PARRY.

Ross, Nov. 3, 1735.

XLII. *To Mr. JAMES PARRY.*

(b)

MY God, how am I used about thee! 'tis most wretchedly and barbarous. I am really afraid that I shall run mad, and in my Fits discover all, to Mamma and Aunt *J—s*. Oh, how I am worried about thee; Mamma and she use thee barbarously, and call thee all the Villains and Rogues in the World. Oh! 'tis worse than Death to me to hear it; but I must have Patience. I never (said I to them) heard that he ever committed a base Action. With that, I thought they would have killed me. But thy Usage strikes deeper into my Soul than theirs, or how could my dearest Boy, to whom I have given all that should have been valuable to me, and one who is Master of my Soul, accuse me of abandoning him, neglecting and the Lord knows what. If I could get my Letters conveyed to thee, I would for ever write; therefore don't imagine your Letters to be long and tedious to me, for I could read them, and do, a thousand Times over. But to hear thee abused adds a double Weight to my Sorrow; and did they know thee half so well as I do, they would not ill use thee thus. Send me, in your next (if you can remember) the last Song that you made a Tune to, and sent me, for I had the Mortification to see that burnt before my Face. Pray answer me sincerely (for I hear you acted Captain *Macheath*) who was your *Polly*, and who was your *Lucy*; describe them to me, and swear to me, in your next, that you never kissed them off the Stage, nor kept them Company. But in Answer to your last dear Letter, I cannot at this Time fix a Night

Night for my Escape from hence to thy dear Arms ; but continue to love me, and dearly too ; for may the Devil have me if I am not thine lawfully (as thou dost call it.) What I shall do, I am resolved to do within this Month, therefore come this Way as often as you can, and write to me always long, and very loving ; do not offer to stir out of the Country, until you have me in your Arms, and there, oh ! I could die with Pleasure. Kiss this Paper ten thousand Times, for it has lain near my Heart these six Hours. Oh ! the Life I lead ; however, indulge, in Secret, the swelling Rapture, but let not Signs of Joy appear, until thou art, past Prevention, in the Arms of thy constant, fond, and affectionate

Friday Night.

PARTHENISSA.

P. S. Never cease to love me, &c.

XLIII. *To* PARTHENISSA.

My lovely Angel,

(b)

YOURS dated Yesterday was se'nnight, I safely received from *Ambrose*, and 'tis not without Horror, that I think of thy base Usage, and flatter myself with the Thoughts of having my Fair One in my Arms undisturbed. But *Ambrose* struck me to the Soul Yesterday, by telling me that *D—y J—s* is a courting thee, and that thy Mamma, being overpersuaded by his Mother, consents to it. Consider the Oaths, Vows, and what has passed between us, which I am sure if you do as you ought, no one can balance you from me.

*A thousand tender Things to Mind I call,
For they who truly Love remember all.
Still all those Joys to my Remembrance move,
For, oh ! how vast a Memory has Love.*

Not yet ! not yet ! O ye dull tedious Days, when will you glide away, and bring that happy Hour on, in which I shall at least hear from my *Parthenissa*. Am I forgotten still, forlorn, impatient, restless every where ; not one little Moment can give me Repose.

Haste

Haste then, thou charming Object of my Wishes,
and eternally of my new Desires ; haste to my Arms,
my Eyes, my Soul, &c.

The Song is called, *The forsaken Lover*, and looks
as if it was made for me.

O say, where is my Molly gone,
Where does my Fair One hide ;
Since she is from my Bosom flown,
How can I Life abide.
Tell me ye, Sun that gilds the Day,
Ye Moon and Stars the Night ;
Say whither she has bent her Way,
And hurried from my Sight.
Whisper, ye Warblers of the Sky,
Some Tidings of my Dear ;
With rapid Wings, O hither fly,
And feast my longing Ear.
Ye Winds that fan the blushing Spray,
In Pity hear my Moan ;
Tell her my Thoughts can never stray,
From her I love alone.
Ye Streams that thro' the Meadows glide,
With a majestic Pace,
As I pass by your purling Side,
Shew me my Molly's Face.
Sopleasing would the Scene appear :
I'd plunge the murmuring Wave ;
And like Narcissus, grasp my Fair,
Within the watry Grave.
But, ah alas ! too much I fear,
I never shall regain
The Sight of her I love so dear,
Whilst I on Earth remain.

This Song (my Dearest) will go to the same Tune
as that which I made to the Lady D. Bertie's. In
Answer to yours concerning the Comedians, I was
importuned by several Gentlemen, as well as the Ac-
tors, to perform the Part you mentioned ; the M—
W—gs, Esq ; C—n, and most of the Gentlemen
circumjacent to *Ross*, came to see me. The Woman
that play'd the Part of *Polly* was something like Mrs.
Sc—e,

Sc—e, and *Lucy* was the exact Picture of Mrs. *Betty Dew*. You know how much I was in Love with the two latter ; so that I take Heav'n to witness I never kiss'd the Actresses off the Stage ; and what Money I got by them, would do no more than defray two or three Journeys into *Monmouthshire*.

But in answer to your Letter, I conjure you by all the sacred Ties of Friendship, and by all the dreadful Oaths which has past between us, that you'll harbour no Thought of *D—J—s*. (If you do, let me instantly know it, and I'll contribute all that in my Power lies, to compleate your Happiness, by leaving this Country.) If you'll fulfil your Promise to me, name but the Night, and I will bring you away with Safety. Let me know (my lovely Angel) your real Intentions, and for Heaven's Sake do not fool me. Let me hear from you by *Nanny*, for I shall return from *Newport* in two Days Time, and I hope to see you (if but through the Window) tho' not as I could wish ; yet while Heaven permits me the Blessing of seeing you alive, I can never be truly miserable. Ah ! cruel Fate, that made no Cure for Love ! Love has no Bounds in Pleasure or in Pain.

By Treaty I wou'd enter, not by Force :

With Arms I'd come not, nor with Foot nor Horse.

I'd have no Aid, and Company I'd have none,

And were it not for Love, should be alone.

Where-e'er I go, by Love I am still pursu'd,

I cannot shake him from me, if I wou'd.

He's of my Being, now become a Part,

Dwells in my Veins, and revels in my Heart :

But Doubt ! this Tyrant Doubt torments my Breast,

My Thoughts, like Birds, who frighted from their Nest,

Around the Place, where all was husb'd before,

Flutter, and hardly settle any more.

I have been very ill lately, and am hardly able to sit my Horse, and nothing but the Hopes of seeing, or hearing from my Fair One could have at this Time brought me from *Ross*. Adieu thou loveliest among Women, and believe me to be thine till Death.

JAMES PARRY.

Ross, Nov. 13, 1735.

XLIV. 70

XLIV. To Mr. JAMES PARRY.

My Dearest, (b)

N—r T—s gave me a lovely, long Letter of yours, and every Line pleas'd me, but that concerning D—y J—s ; that indeed put me into deep Confusion and Trouble, especially to think I have made thee jealous of me. I never will give thee Occasion, though I have often wish'd, in jesting with you, I cou'd. Therefore don't be uneasy, for he shall not touch my Lips. I have wrote to you a longish Letter with Lemon Juice, upon a Piece of Paper that I have sent to J—y B—ch with the Names of the Books you have burnt. I really believe Mamma has an Inclination to marry, if any Body would ask her the Question ; for she talks of buying a new Scarlet Gown, and a Blue one. I am almost dead, and wish I was with you. I have writ sorrowful enough in that to J—y, so will not cause a Relapse of Sicknes to thee ; therefore (as I hope to hear from you soon) adieu for the present, for I have not Time to say more than that I am thy fond.

Lant—io, Nov. 16th, 1735. PARTHENISSA.

XLV. To Mr. JAMES PARRY.

I Desire you'll bring all the Books you have of mine to Mrs. J—y B—ch, viz. a little Book wrote by my Great Grandfather, and a large Book wrote by a French Nobleman, an Italian, and another whom I have forgot, and a Play-Book with six Plays in it, viz. *Tamerlane*, the *Provok'd Wife*, *Sullen Lovers*, *Virtuoso*, and the *Island Princess*, &c. and a Book entitled the *English Worthies*, and the *Christian Hero* writ by the late Sir Richard Steel, and the History of *Wales*. If you'll bring them where desir'd, I shall be very much oblig'd to you. I am Yours,

Nov. 14, 1735.

PARTHENISSA.

(d)

N. B. What follows was wrote upon the Paper (as mention'd in her last) with Urine.

My

My Dear,

YOU can't imagine what hard Words I have had about thee, but I must bear them all; for one Thing I am told, you'll be like *Incle* to *Yarico*, but I can't think it. I must beg you'll act generous by me. I hope you'll not deny knowing the Circumstances I now am in. My dear, *Pen* told me, she opened one of *Jacob's* Letters, and found it to be to me. I have writ a long Paper against you come this Way next (if I can trust any one to give it) with all my Mind. Ever since Mamma found us at the Bottom of the great Stairs, she has been very uneasy, and says I am false to her. I have quite forgot what I've already writ, only I wish you may read it. I should have been glad if you had given me a more satisfactory Answer to mine concerning the Players, but I am convinc'd of your Constancy. As this Paper lay near my Heart, pray take Care of it. *Pen* will soon come to *Ross*, but will not stay long there. I should be glad that you wou'd talk with her; but, my Dear, don't be in a Passion with her; and if you have any Love in the World for me, don't go out of the Country, especially to *London*: For if you do I shall break my Heart. Stay but a Month or six Weeks however, and then I will resolve one Way or other, for I long to be in thy Arms. *Pen* is against thee, and burns all the Hand-writing that she can see of thine, lest there shou'd be a Charm in them. For God's Sake (my Dear) desire Mr. *J—s* to speak to Parson *D—s*, not to talk a Word about my coming to be married at *Dingestow*, for my Brother will come down soon; and if *D—s* should speak about it. I should be murder'd before I can come to thee. Take all imaginable Care in writing. The greatest Plague I have is to scorch those Letters of yours wrote with Lemon. I could write for ever, and shou'dst thou give thy Heart to another (if I should be kept from thee) or at least if thou dost fall in Love with any one, she must be handsomer, but none can be truer to thee than thy poor *Parthenissa*. I am satisfied that *As—e* gave you mine writ with a Pencil. I did not expect you 'till *Saturday*, otherwise I would have answered

answered you. I thought *J—b* would be as true to us, as he was to Mr. *R—d J—ys* and Mrs. *C—n*, but we are mistaken; 'tis not the same Thing. He won't lose a good Place by running any Risk of carrying Letters. I only desired him to carry you a Message the last Time you were here, and find he did not deliver it. I am forsaken by all the World excepting thee; and ev'ry one else hates me. I was sorry to hear that thou wer't sick, and I wish I had been thy Nurse; then I wou'd have cherished thee in my Bosom. Pray let me have an Answer to know how thou art, for my Health depends upon thine. Mamma uses thee barbarously, and me worse; so that I envy thy Happiness, because thou hast thy Liberty. I am so narrowly watch'd, that I have hardly Time to tie my Garters. I do now lie with Mamma, for she won't trust me to lie by myself, and I do often talk of thee in my Sleep, which is a great Misfortune. Mamma, I fear, knows all my Secrets. She told me that she had dreamt of you, how you came with a Sword to kill her, &c. &c. She is very angry with me for looking at any of thy Writing, which is in some of my Books. She talks of altering her Will, and the Lord knows what; but do her utmost, she can't cut my Inheritance or Birth-Right from me. I would write more to my Dearest, but that the Paper is just full, and shall defer writing any more till another Opportunity. So now my dear, dear Dearest, adieu. From thy fond and constant

PARTHENISSA.

XLVI. *To* PARTHENISSA.

My Lovely Angel, (b)

I Received thy Letter from *J—y B—ch*, and have not as yet given her the Books, but shall in a short Time. The Calamity thou art in I hope Time will remedy; no Pen can describe my Sorrow for thee, and never was any Mortal at such a Loss for Want of Words to express his Grief, as I at present am in. I have spoke to Mr. *J—s* (according to your Desire) begging him to injoin Parson *D—s* to Silence, in case he should be ask'd any Questions relating

relating to our meeting at *Dingestow*. Mr. *J—s* promised to speak to him. Ah! that Heaven had kept something of thine back for twenty-four Hours longer, than we had been married and all the Hurly-burly would have been over long ago. I have heard afresh (and not without Horror) that *D—k J—ys* kisses thee, and that it will certainly be a Match between you. Oh! Heavens how it shocks the whole Fa-brick of my Body. Confess—Oh! thou eternal Conqueror of my Soul, whom ev'ry Hour and ev'ry tender Joy renders more dear and lovely, tell me why (if thou dost love me, and lov'st as well as ever) thou dost let that Youth lay his Head in thy Bosom, and kiss thee with numberless Kisses. I know him to be a forward One, and his Character is such at *Hereford*. Have I treated him there, took him to Plays, Horse-Races, and given him Money (for thy Sake as a Relation) for this Purpose: A Rival cancels all Obligation of Friendship; but if Vows and Oaths have any Claim to thy Promises,

Don't let his Arms embrace your Neck, nor rest
Your tender Cheek upon his youthful Breast.

Let not his Hand within your Bosom stray
And rudely with your pretty Bubbies play.

But above all, let him no Kiss receive,
That's an Offence I never can forgive.

Do not, O do not that sweet Mouth resign.
Lest I rise up in Arms, and cry 'tis mine.

How often have I asked thee in an Hour, when my fond Soul was doating on thy Eyes, when my Arms clasped thy yielding Neck, my Lips imprinting Kisses on thy Cheeks, and taking in the Breath that sigh'd from thine: How often have I asked thee, this little but important Question, does my *M—y* love me? then kiss thee for thy Yes and Sighs, and ask again, and still my Soul was ravished with new Joy, when thou would'st answer, Yes, I love thee dearly. But now, oh! how I tremble to think I must never hear thee more pouring out thy Soul, in soft Sighs of Love? a thousand dear Expressions, by which I knew the Story of thy Heart, and while you told it, bid me feel it panted, never to see thy Eyes
fixed

fixed on my Face, 'till the soft Showers of Joy would gently fall, and hang their shining Dew upon thy Looks; then in a Transport, snatch thee to my Bosom, and sigh a thousand Times, ere thou could'st utter,—Ah! my dear, dear *Jemmy*, how dearly I love thee.—Oh the dear Eloquence those few Words contain, when sent with Lovers Accents to a Soul all-languishing. But now I fear, alas, thy Love is grown cold; if so, oh! take the other Part of the Proverb too, and say, it has bred Contempt. Indifference (my Angel) is less to be born than Hate, or any thing. Thou charming Object of my Wishes, do not deceive me, but be just, and let me know my real Fate. Oh! don't deceive the Heart that thinks of nothing but thy lovely Idea.

Thou sacred Treasure of my Soul, forgive me if I wrong thy Love, and believe me (charming *M—y*) I live not those Hours I am absent from thee. Thou art my Soul, and my eternal Felicity; I therefore conjure thee, Oh! thou most charming of thy Sex! thou lovely dear Delight of my transported Soul! thou everlasting Treasure of my Heart! let me hear immediately from thee, lest that, in the mean Time, thou dost hear of the Death of thy

Ever constant and devoted Servant, J. PARRY.

P. S. That worthy Gentleman, Mr. *P—r*, has given me to understand, that the *Organist's* Place of *Birmingham* will be vacant, and that I stand fair for it.

XLVII. To PARTHENISSA.

(b)

TRemendous Heaven! what do I hourly hear; but what do I talk of hearing for, when every one tells me, that *D—k J—y's* Lips and your's are never asunder, nay even your Bosom (and I am afraid something else) does not go unsearched by him. Confusion, Torture, Despair, Damnation, Hell, and Furies, are nothing to what this Moment I bear. Nay, even *Ambrose* told me To-day at *Monmouth*, that he does nothing but slobber you, and tumble you about. Tell me, thou bewitching Enchantress, have I, who have made the Business of my Life a

O

Study

Study to please thee, deserved this Usage from thee; have I spent my flowered Age, and precious Time to so bad a Purpose. O ye Heavens! who are Witnesses to my Love, judge between us, and tell me if I have deserved this base Usage. Good God! that a Girl of such sublime Faculties should fall from such an Height, and commit so unjust an Action, after Millions of Oaths, Vows, and Protestations to the contrary. Oh! what a fond credulous Fool have I been, to imagine that you would confine your Heart to me alone; but now, alas! by a too fatal Experience, I find I am deceived in you. Must that (I'm afraid too happy) Youth, range and sport in my verdant Vales, and downy Lawns of fruitful Bliss, and ever-flowing Springs of cool refreshing Beauty, without driving me distracted. Damnation seize the Thought. Oh! *Parthenissa*, be assured that it will be less Pain to me, to have an Eye plucked out of my Head, than to tear from my Heart the first Object of my Love. I am further informed, that *D—k J—ys* entertains you with a Song or two that I taught him (to a fine Purpose you'll allow) and that you are mightily diverted with a particular Song of his, called, *Ye Nymphs and ye Swains*, &c. I formerly have had one of the finest Voices in the World, and have no despicable one now, and I'm sure were you to be merited by Singing, my Rival would stand but a poor Chance. I need not tell thee any more of myself. As you tender your own Safety, do not ill use me, by accepting the Address of any one, for tho' I may be thought a Lamb, I shall be found a Lion; and the Heart that wants Revenge is base.---But now I'm calm. Forgive me, my Dearest, for using you so roughly, and impute it to the Violence of my Passion; but the Thoughts of *D—k J—ys* (after what you told me of when last at *Ros*) racks me. I shall return from *Newport* the Day after To-morrow; and if you could send me a Line by *N—y T—s*, you'll in a great Measure revive the drooping Spirits of him who only lives for you, and can be no one's else, but your affectionate Slave,

Dingesf. Jan. 19. 1735-6.

JAMES PARRY.
XLVIII T.

XLVIII. To Mr. JAMES PARRY.

PEN has not taken any Notice that my Dear was so near. I will soon answer you, for I have wrote half, but don't know to send it you; for, to my Sorrow, I find *Ambrose* to be false too. I have had but three Letters lately, and *N—y* says, that you told her, you had one Way or other sent five. I have not seen your last Letter as yet.

XLIX. To Mr. JAMES PARRY.

Mr. PARRY,

I Am really sorry that you received so much foul Language from my Aunt *J---ys* Yesterday, and if I could have hindered it I would, but it was out of my Power. I now must deal plainly with you, for I cannot lead this Life for ever. I cannot marry you, neither will I offer to do it, because I should be turned out of Doors the Moment I did. I am sure you'd be sorry to see me want. I therefore beg this last Favour of you, that you never will think of me any more, nor never write to me, because it will be impossible for me to read or see it. I understand that you are in Election of a good Place, thro' the Interest of good Mr. *P---r*, and I sincerely wish you may have it. You may, and I don't in the least doubt but you will, marry a young Woman more agreeable than myself, and one with a greater Fortune. I wish you may, and may all the Happiness in this World and the next attend you. I am Yours, &c.

Frid. Morn. Jan. 23, 1735-6. PARTHENISSA.

L. To Mr. JAMES PARRY.

Dear Sir,

I Received yours of the 14th Inst. and really partake with you in the Uneasiness and Misfortune which you suffer; but consider it is well worth the Endeavours of a brave Mind to struggle with Misfortunes, and never despair of seeing a better Day; and in the mean while, it is some Consolation to reflect upon the Hopes you have such reasonable Dependence upon, and which I hope to live to see brought to Maturity.

You may be assured it is not for Want of Respect that your Friend at *Birmingham* does not write to you, or that he neglects your Interest there; I hear from thence every Week, and as yet there is not any Resolution taken about the Election of an Organist; when it is, you shall hear concerning it, and I heartily wish it may be worth your Acceptance.

I shall at all Times be very glad to do you any Service, in my Power, in this Part of the World, and am

Your real Friend and Servant,

Lond. Jan. 19. 1735.

Jos. P——R.

Sir,

LI. *To J—H C——E, Esq;*

I Have been lately informed, you are the chief Person who is to manage a Prosecution against me, at the Suit of Mrs. P—! and her Daughter, so would have done myself the Honour of waiting on you upon this Occasion; but as I can't be ignorant how disadvantageous a Character you have formed of me, by the Insinuations of mine Enemies, and those who are entirely biassed by them, I chose rather to take this Liberty in writing, to assure you, I firmly believe all unprejudiced People of Honour, and the young Lady's Friends (of which Number, Sir, I take you to be) will drop a Proceeding, which will force me to do Justice to the Lady and myself, by proving all the strong Encouragements and Liberties the Lady has honoured me with. 'Tis true, I no Ways deserved them, but no young Fellow would (I believe) contradict his Inclination and Interest, when both joined and offered to him. If you'll give me Leave to wait on you, I don't doubt of convincing you, Sir, of the Truth of what I here insert; but if you will not honour me in that Manner, yet beg Leave to subscribe myself, Sir,

Your most obedient

And most humble Servant,

Monmouth, March 11, 1735-6.

JAMES PARRY.

Sir,

LII. *To Mr. JAMES PARRY.*

I Have sent you all your Letters, and one directed to me, but the Purport of it was to you; but I insist on its not being shewn, only if there is a pressing Occasion.

Occasion. The Wife of old C—d brought me the Letter, so it will be easy, I suppose, to prove it came from *Lan--io*. The Letter to me shall be forth-coming, when there's Occasion to prove her Hand. Pray write a Line to me, by Post or any Way, to assure me of the Receipt of these Letters.

I am well informed that *Parthenissa* wrote to you Sunday Fortnight, in Characters, but I hear it was stopped, and burnt.

As soon as possible let us hear how you come off at *Hereford*.

Your Humble Servant,

Sunday Morn.

M—Y J—s.

P. S. Take Care of these Letters, and don't trust yourself with them long.

Sir,

LIII. To Mr. JAMES PARRY.

MR. P— sent me a Challenge one Day in *Monmouth*, about six Weeks ago, to meet him the next Day within a Mile of his own House; upon which I went to him at the *King's-Head*, where he was the Time he sent me the Challenge, and told him it was an odd Method of sending Challenges, when it would have been as easy for him to come and deliver it by Word of Mouth; and much more odd to defer the Thing till the next Day, for I was ready to meet him that present Time, and decide the Affair as desired me, which was with Pistols, he having a strong Aversion to the Sword, as not knowing how to make Use of it. He finding my Resolution, said, the Challenge he had sent me was a rash inconsiderate Thing, and begged me to take no farther Notice of it, and that it was a Woman that had led him into the Error; so after a Debate of about an Hour we parted Friends.

About ten Days ago, I found the Report you have made mention of in your Letter to be current, which is, that I refused fighting Mr. P---l; upon which I acquainted him of the Scandal, and that I was afraid he had been the Author of it himself; he sent me three Letters to be publickly read, in order to convince the World of the Injustice they do my Character, and would himself go any where in Person.

to disprove the same; and if Dr. J—s, or any Body else, that heard Mr. R—s give himself those *Airs* upon the Green at *Rofs*, will but give me Leave to make mention of their Names in the Affair, I will make that Scoundrel rascally Coward sweat for forty-eight Hours without Intermission, and if not Spirit enough to behave himself like a Gentleman, will make him the common Jest of the Town.

When you come over, I will fix a Day for being at *Rofs*, which must be upon a Bowling-Day.

Dingestow, May 2. 1736.

I am, Sir, &c.

P. S. Say nothing of R—s till I come to Town, for if he finds the Thing talked of, he never will come in my Sight, for I was like to kick him when last at *Rofs*. Mr. P—'s Affair you may make as public as you please.

LIV. *Monmouthshire.*

THE Jurors for our Sovereign Lord the King upon their Oaths present, That *James Parry*, late of the Town of *Rofs*, in the County of *Hereford*, Yeoman, upon the first Day of *December*, in the ninth Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord *George the Second*, by the Grace of God, of *Great-Britain, France, and Ireland*, King, Defender of the Faith, by Force and Arms, at the Parish of *Lantillio Crofenney*, in the County of *Monmouth*, into the Dwelling-House of one *M. Powell*, Esq; then and there situated, lying and being, did enter, and two Pieces of Foreign Gold coined (to wit) two Pieces of Gold coined, of the Kingdom of *Portugal*, called Double Doubleloons, each of the said Pieces being of the Value of Three Pounds Twelve Shillings of lawful Money of *Great-Britain*, and one other Piece of the like foreign Gold coined, called five Moidores, of the Value of Six Pounds and Fifteen Shillings, of like lawful Money of *Great-Britain*, being the proper Goods and Chattels of the said *M. Powell*, then and there found in the said House, he the said *James Parry* then and there by Force and Arms, unlawfully, without the Consent of the said *M. Powell*, did take and carry

' carry away, against the Peace of our Sovereign
' Lord the King, his Crown and Dignity.

Witness, M--w P--ll, Esq; *Prosecutor of this*
Parthenissa. Bill, for our Lord the King.

N. B. *The Reader must observe that I returned her the Money the Beginning of July, 1735, and this Indictment was found the 6th of May, 1736. I had not seen Parthenissa from the 8th of October, 1735, till the 6th of May, 1736, and she swore I took the Money upon the first Day of December, 1735, which plainly shews her Memory to be as treacherous as she is infamous; and that I was indicted full eleven Months after I had returned her the Money: If I had been guilty of the Fact charged against me, why had she not at that Time accused me of it. Then indeed there might have been good Grounds for a just Indictment, but as it was managed, most People were of Opinion she's a W——.*

LV. To PARTHENISSA.

Dear Creature,

SINCE you had no Regard for your Soul (when at Newport) in swearing that I took the Money against your Consent, I shall have none for your Honour, by publishing our cursed Amour; wherein shall be our Courtship, &c. and even all our Letters. I have kept your Originals carefully, and my Copies securely, according to the Directions you gave me some Years ago. I am pretty easy about the Matter, and by the Time that Mr. T—n, Mr. L. J. J. Mr. S—, and Mrs. J— (not forgetting a Person living near the Hall here) give in their Evidence, I shall convince the World of the Injury done me, and that thy damn'd insatiate Lust (for you were never easy but when I was ——) has ruined your Character, as well as my Livelihood. Why was I not indicted for the Loss of your Maidenhead, or for the Watch you gave me; those you safely might have sworn to have lost inevitably; as for the Money you had it again, for which I ought to be sacrificed. My humble Service to Mr. Dicky; I presume you know the Difference, and may he long continue in your good Graces; but you may let him know that
I am

I am a Sir *Francis Drake* in Miniature. The Letter that you bad me write to your Monkey-fac'd Brother, concerning Mr. *R. F—s*, and Mrs. *G—n*, is a Judgment upon both of us. I shall never forget the Figure you and I cut in the Parlour Glafs when we were calling them Whore and Rogue. Farewel Queen *Dido*. From a foolish miserable Blockhead, and one who shall always hate himself, for being so long a Slave and St—n to a perfidious Girl. J. PARRY.

Monmouth, Limbo, May 11, 1736.

LVI. To Madam P—LL.

Madam,

IS there no Cure for Wounds but bleeding dead ; and will nothing except my inevitable Ruin appease you ; that is the unhappy Case, I am now (too late I fear) truly sensible of it. I beg you'll give Mr. *M---n* your Attorney immediate Orders to hasten the Prosecution against me, so that I may try the two Indictments the next Assize. You may remember, when I was first into Custody by your Orders (together with Mr. *S--se's* Warrant) and sent to Goal, not like one who had for Years your good Opinion, and the Affections of your fair Daughter, but like a Murderer, &c. I then informed you by a Letter written at the *Ostrey*, that if you sent me to Goal, you would for ever ruin me in my Business as an Organist ; and (what I thought would move you more) that you would oblige me to publish the Amour between your Daughter and me, with all the Letters that passed between us. This had no Manner of Effect upon you, and I was forced to Gaol, before the Gentleman, who came to bail me, could reach *Lantillio*. I was in the Election of a good Place, but lost it thro' my own Folly, and your Daughter's, and your rash Proceedings. I'm heartily concerned for any unguarded Expressions which may have dropt from me, but my Provocation was great. I expect no Mercy from you, nor I'll sue for none. Your Daughter's appearing against me at *Newport* (where she got no Credit) after I had lived with her for Years as Man and Wife) for some Minutes troubled me ; and to indict me for Gold I had with her Consent, gave me an uncommon Shock : But
when

when I consider'd that I should have the Satisfaction of confronting her in Court, my Spirits were re-animatèd, and that Hope gave me new Life. There is an Account between you and myself, of Eleven Guineas and upwards : I having received no more than 10s. 6d. from you since *September, 1731*. The Money is due to me for teaching your Daughter,—and Musick. I do not reckon the Time she staid (to my Mortification) in *Monmouthshire*, after the Death of *A. Powell*; and should you scruple Payment, I do not question but I shall recover my Due by Law : Yet I am yours and your Daughter's humble Servant,
Limbo, June 30, 1736. JAMES PARRY.

LVII. For Madam P——LL.

Mrs. P—II.

TWAS but very lately (being some Time in *Worcestershire*) that Mr. D—s favoured me with a Sight of your Letter, which you were pleased to send in Answer to my just Demand of Money, due to me for teaching your Daughter ; otherwise, in Justice to myself, I should have answered it sooner, to assure you in the first Place, I expect what is owing to me. I intirely deny your Servant's giving me Notice any way whatsoever, to desist from teaching your Daughter. Besides, had she given me any Notice of that Kind, I should not have thought myself obliged to have absented, unless discharged by you who first employed me. And as you could not but observe, that I continued teaching your Daughter three Years successively ; and having had not the least Intimation from you to desist, I am entitl'd to the Money agreed upon quarterly. I have received but Ten Shillings and Six-pence (excepting the Shilling I asked you for to give Dr. J—s's Boy the Time that I gave your Daughter five Dozen of *Pauzon Cyder*) from you, since the Year 1731, or you, as customary, would have Receipts to testify it, as you have had to the Year before-mentioned. And as you, in your Letter to Mr. D—s, are pleased to insinuate my Poverty (notwithstanding your Daughter learned her best Perfections of me) 'tis not to be supposed I should teach your Daughter for nothing, as it was my Profession ;

Profession ; and though you will not allow it, have had Ladies my Scholars superior to your Daughter in Fortune, and was always exactly paid, and I owned an Honour and Pleasure in teaching them. I beg Leave, Madam, to know when and where I declared I should be famished if it was not for your House (I am of Opinion you learnt this new Talent of your Daughter.) I positively affirm 'tis unknown to me. 'Tis perfectly well known in *Ross* that you were continually sending for me, and inviting me to eat at your House. If it was Charity, I humbly thank you ; but that shall not make me lose my Right in Demand of a just Debt : But if it was your Generosity, I think that is cancell'd, by your low-life Way of telling me and others of it, and in your Letter to Mr. *D—s*. You have told several People in *Ross* that you have asked me forty Times to eat with you before you could persuade me to it, and that it was quite troublesome ; and that I used to slip out of Doors before you could have the Opportunity of asking me to dine or sup. But this is foreign to the Matter in Hand. Notwithstanding (Madam) all that you can alledge to the contrary, I must and will insist upon my Money. I am unwilling (for your dear Daughter's Sake) to use any other Method than this, so beg you'll order immediate Payment of it ; if this Desire is not complied with, I must submit to have my Due by Law, not doubting but that I shall find a Method to bring your Daughter (as an Evidence) into a Court, (if I am not paid before my intended Proceeding) where I shall with Pleasure confront her, and recover my Demand.

I am sorry, Madam, you should complain of Injuries done to the Fatherless, for that is too severe a Jest, to one who has been ruined and prosecuted with the most flagrant Injustice, by you, and those you were pleased to authorise so to do. I have the Charity to forgive you, your Daughter, and your infamous Adviser : But the manifest Wrongs you have done the Stranger and Orphan, you will one Day be accountable for. *I am yet yours and your Daughter's*

most obedient humble Servant,

Dingestow,
Jan. 19, 1736-7

JAMES PARRY.
P. S.

P. S. The Books that I have of your Daughter's shall immediately be returned, provided I have those that she has of mine, viz. *God's being proved from the Structure of the World*; *Nature display'd*; *Wood's Rogers's Voyage round the World*; *Dampier's ditto*; *The Life of Madam de Muci*; *Callipœdia, or the Art of getting pretty Children*; *Treacherous Brother*; *The Life of Signiour Rozelli*; *The History of the Revolutions in Morocco*; and several Musick Books, which cost above Four Pounds.

In short, Madam, I'll keep nothing of her's but a precious Lock of Hair, which she was pleased to let me cut off, in order to have some of it set in a Ring; that indeed I never will part with.

LVIII. 'To PARTHENISSA.

Dear Madam,

YOU will unquestionably be surprized at the Receipt of this Letter, which comes from him who lov'd you dearer than Life, and for your Sake, ought never to think of Woman more, but erase the whole Sex out of his Memory.

My Senses, I thank Heaven, are fixt; therefore I will not upbraid you for forsaking me, writing that base Letter to Miss C—e, no not even for perjuring yourself concerning the Gold, for which I unjustly have been imprison'd.

I am (though late) inclinable to believe, that you acted against your own Inclinations, through the persuasive and threat'ning Arguments of your Mamma, that Fiend Mrs. F—s, and your Brother. If I had not loved you to Distraction, I should have put it out of the Power of Fortune, to have brought me to the low Ebb she has done. Heaven and you know how I have loved, and as it was unlawful, it punish'd both of us, with the Loss of your Character, together with mine, and my Livelihood.

The Spring of my Ruin began the fatal Day of our parting, and it proceeded afterwards through the Villany of that R— A—se; he only occasioned the Loss of what I've before mention'd; You know all this to be true: and as you have him now in your
Power,

Power, requite him accordingly; but, to use your former Words, Love! Love! has been my Ruin.

Out of the four that sought my Destruction, there are two that have paid the inevitable Debt of Nature, which were your Brother and Mr. C—ke. I sincerely forgive them, and ev'ry one (especially yourself) for the manifest Injuries done me; as I hope for Forgiveness myself.

I am inform'd that your Brother has left you 1800*l.* a Year, but I am afraid you'll not enjoy it so easily as you imagine, because some of Sir Roger Hill's Relations (whom I know in Town) lay Claim to the Estates in *Uxbridge* and *Fetter-Lane*, and have made Application to Mr. V—n, an eminent Attorney in the *Temple*, so that Mr. J—n L— must be sharp on your Side; as Mr. V—n (if he takes it in Hand, as I believe he will) will be as keen upon the other.

You have my good Wishes, and since 'twas not my Fortune to continue in your dear Embraces, may you live in Plentitude of Joys, and may every Thing propitious attend the lovely Object of my Wishes.

I am sorry to tell you, that I am obliged to publish not only your Life, but my own too, and that very shortly; my nearest Relations, &c. will not look upon me, until I justify myself to the World, concerning our fatal Amour, the which I must certainly do, by publishing the Letters from me to you, and those dear, damn'd treacherous ones from you to me; likewise the Letters of others to me upon our Affair. Happy it was for me in taking your Advice, which was, *viz.* be sure keep all the Letters you receive, and Copies of those you write.

Your Mamma, I find, will not pay me my just Debt, so I must have Patience, till I am able to take a Recourse to Law for it. So now I take my Leave of you (who still is the sacred Treasure of my Soul) subscribing myself, dear Angel, *Yours till Death*,
 Lond. Jan. 18, 1738-9. JAMES PARRY.

P. S. I understand that you'll be here soon; I shall be glad (as I know where you will lodge) to see you, tho' but at a Distance.



